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## MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

"POETRY has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward;' it has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, it has endeared solitude, it has given the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." These eloquent and impressive words preface a book of poems bearing date "May, 1797," and up to a summer morning in 1834, when, "under the pressure of long and painful disease," he yielded to the universal conqueror, and joined the beatified spirits who praise God without let or hindrance from earth, the comfort and consolation thence derived had brought continual happiness to Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Yet was the joy of his heart and mind drawn from a far higher source. He lived and died a Christian, seeking

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salvation "through faith in Jesus, the Mediator," and earnestly and devoutly teaching "thanksgiving and adoring love," ending his last will and testament with these memorable words, "HIS STAFF AND HIS ROD ALIKE COMFORT ME."

It is a rare privilege to have known such a man. The influence of one so truly good as well as great can not have been transitory. It is a joy to me now—thirty years after his departure. I seem to hear the melodious voice, and look upon the gentle, gracious, and loving countenance of "the old man eloquent," as I write this Memory.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at St. Mary Ottery, on the 21st October, 1772, and was thus a native of my own beautiful county—the county of Devon. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of Ottery, and head-master of Henry VIII's Free Grammar School—"the King's School"—was a man of considerable learning, and also of much eccentricity. It is told of him that, once going a journey, his wife had supplied

him with a sufficient number of shirts, and on his return found they were all on his back; when he put on a clean one, he had forgotten to remove its predecessor.

Coleridge was a solitary child, the youngest of a large family. Of weakly health, "huffed away from the enjoyments of muscular activity," "driven from life in motion to life in thought and sensation," he had "the simplicity and docility of a child, but not the child's habits," and early sought solace and companionship in books. In "The Friend," he informs us he had read one volume of "The Arabian Nights" before his fifth birthday. Through the interest of Judge Buller, one of his father's pupils, he obtained a presentation to Christ's Hospital, and was placed there on the 18th July, 1782. Christ's Hospital—the Bluecoat School—was in 1782 very different from what it is in 1865. The hideous dress is now the only relic of the old management that made "such boys as were friendless, depressed, moping, half-starved, objects of reluctant and degrading charity." There is little doubt that the treatment he received there induced "a weakness of stomach" that was the parent of much after misery. The headmaster was the Rev. James Bowyer. Coleridge writes of him: He was "a sensible, though a severe master," to whom "lute, harp, and lyre, muses and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were abominations." De Quincey considers his great idea was to "flog;" "the man knouted his way through life from bloody youth up to truculent old age." And Mr. Gillman relates that to such a pitch did he carry this habit, that once when a lady called upon him on "a visit of intercession," and was told to go away, but lingered at the door, the master exclaimed, "Bring that woman here, and I'll flog her!" Leigh Hunt thus describes the tyrant of the school: "His eye was close and cruel;" "his hands hung out of the sleeves of his coat as if ready for execution." He states that Coleridge, when he heard of the man's death, said, "it was lucky the cherubim who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way."

Among his schoolfellows were Charles

Lamb and, later, Leigh Hunt. The friendship with Lamb, then commenced, endured unchangingly through life. In one of the pleasantest of his essays he recalls to memory "the evenings when we used to sit and speculate at our old Salutation Tavern upon pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth." Wordsworth told Judge Coleridge that many of his uncle's sonnets were written from the "Cat and Salutation,"\* where Coleridge had "imprisoned himself for some time;" and Talfourd tells us it was there Lamb and Coleridge used to meet, talking of poets and poetry, or, as Lamb says, "beguiling the cares of life with poetry—

"Our lonely path to cheer, as travelers use,  
With merry song, quaint tale, or roundelay."

Yet full draughts of knowledge Coleridge certainly took in at Christ's Hospital. Before his fifteenth year he "had translated the eight hymns of Synesius from the Greek into English anacronautics;" he became captain of the school, and in learning soon outstripped all competitors. "From eight to eighteen," he writes, "I was a playless day-dreamer, clumsy, slovenly, heedless of dress, and careless as to personal appearance, treated with severity by an unthinking master, yet ever luxuriating in books, wooing the muse, and wedded to verse."

At the age of eighteen, on the 7th of February, 1790, after much discomfort and misery, he left Christ's Hospital for Jesus College, Cambridge. His fellow-scholars even then anticipated for him the fame which many of them lived to see. "The friendly cloisters, and happy groves of quiet, ever-honored Jesus College" he quitted without a degree, although he obtained honors—poetical honors, that is to say. His reading was too desultory; in mathematics he made no way; there was consequently little chance of the University providing him with an income, and he had to take his chance in the world. During his resi-

\*In the several memoirs of Coleridge and of Lamb, the Inn is described as being in Smithfield; I believe it was in Newgate Street, No. 17. Peter Cunningham so states. There is still a Salutation Inn (though probably not the old hotel) in Newgate Street. Cunningham adds, that "here Southey found out Coleridge, and sought to move him from the torpor of inaction." Lamb, in his famous letter to Southey, reminds him of their meetings at the old tavern.



dence at Cambridge occurred that romantic episode with which all readers are familiar. Having come up to London greatly dispirited, on the 3rd of December, 1793, he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the name of Silas Tomkin Cumberbatch. The story is told in various ways. Joseph Cottle, who professes to gather the facts from several "scraps" supplied by Coleridge at various times, infers that he enlisted because he was crossed in love. He made, of course, a bad soldier, and a worse rider. According to Cottle, he was one day standing sentry when two officers passed who were discussing one of the plays of Euripides; Coleridge, touching his cap, "corrected their Greek."\* Another account is, that one of the officers of the troop discovered some Latin lines which Coleridge had pinned up to the door of a stable. The discovery of his scholarship was made, however, his discharge was soon arranged, and he was restored to the University. Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections," states that the arrangements for his discharge took place at her father's house, at Reading, where the 15th was then quartered, and adds that it was much facilitated by one of the servants who "waited at the table" agreeing to enlist in his stead.

What motive swayed the judgment, or what stormy "impulse drove the passionate despair of Coleridge into quitting Jesus College, Cambridge, was never clearly or certainly made known to the very nearest of his friends." De

Quincey, who writes this, adds, that he enlisted "in a frenzy of unhappy feeling at the rejection he met with from the lady of his choice." In 1836 I published in the *New Monthly Magazine* "a letter from Wales, by the late S. T. Coleridge." It was addressed to Mr. Marten, a clergyman in Dorsetshire. Coleridge being at Wrexham, standing at the inn window, there passed by, to his utter astonishment, a young lady, "Mary Evans *quam afflictum et perditum amabam*—yea, even to anguish." "I sickened," he adds, "and well-nigh fainted, but instantly retired. God bless her. Her image is in the sanctuary of my bosom, and never can it be torn thence but with the strings that grapple my heart to life."

May not this incident, which seems to have been unknown to his biographers, supply a key to the motive of his enlistment, as surmised by both Cottle and De Quincey?

After his return to Cambridge he formed, with Southey, the scheme of emigrating to America. Southey, in a letter to Montgomery, long afterwards, thus briefly explains it: "We planned an Utopia of our own, to be founded in the wilds of America, upon the basis of common property, each laboring for all—a PANTISOCRACY—a republic of reason and virtue." And Joseph Cottle writes: "In 1794 Robert Lovell, a clever young Quaker, who had married a Miss Fricker, informed me that a few friends of his from Oxford and Cambridge, with himself, were about to sail to America, and on the banks of the Susquehanna to form a 'social colony,' in which there was to be a community of property, and where all that was selfish was to be proscribed." Two of the patriots were very soon introduced to the more prudent bookseller: one of them was Coleridge, the other Southey. It was speedily ascertained that their combined funds, instead of sufficing to "freight a ship," would not have purchased changes of clothing; and very soon the Pantisocratic trio were necessitated to borrow a little money from the bookseller to pay their lodgings, which were then at 48, College Street, Bristol (the house is still standing, and remains in nearly its original condition). The scheme was of course abandoned, and

\* In 1837, after the death of Coleridge, a volume of "early recollections" of the poet was published by Joseph Cottle, the bookseller of Bristol, by whom the poems of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, were originally published in 1794. The book is not "to be entirely depended upon." So, at least, Southey says. Yet it is full of curious and most interesting matter, and, beyond doubt, the publisher was the attached, and generous, and sympathizing friend of the three immortal men whom he may be said to have introduced to the world. James Montgomery's view of this work seems to me a just one: "that the reminiscent had not printed a single remark that was either dishonorable to himself or derogatory to the friendship that had existed between him and the highly gifted individuals." Cottle's bookshop stood at the N. E. corner of High Street; the house was burnt down long since, but has been rebuilt. His residence was Firfield House, Knowle, near Bristol, where he died in 1853, in his eighty-fourth year.

Coleridge and Southey married the two sisters of Mr. Lovell's wife.\*

The shades of Chatterton, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Davy, Cottle, Lloyd, and of many others who are "famous for all time," consecrate the streets of Bristol. A dark cloud has forever settled over the proud church of the Canynges, although a monument recalls the memory of the "marvelous boy"—whose birthplace is but a stone's throw off—whose grave is past finding out among the accumulated rubbish of a graveyard in London. In Bristol great Southey was born, and there (in the city jail) Savage died, his grave, in one of the churchyards, yet unmarked by a memorial stone.† Here immortal Wordsworth first saw himself in print; here Humphry Davy had a vision of a lamp, of greater worth than that of the fabled Aladdin; here dwelt the profound essayist, John Foster; here Robert Hall glorified a Nonconformist pulpit; here Hannah More taught to the young imperishable lessons of virtue, order, piety, and truth; here the sisters, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, dwelt in early youth and in venerated age; and here the artists Lawrence, Bird, Danby, Pyne, and Muller, earned their first loaves of dry bread. But Bristol was never the nourishing mother of genius; the birds from her nest, as soon as full fledged, went forth, thenceforward uncared for; they obtained no affection, and manifested no attachment. Here and there a few lines of tributary verse, and a gracious memory, bear misty records of friendships formed and services received in the great city of commercial prosperities; but Bristol has assuredly not honored, neither has she been honored by, the worthies who in a sense belong to her, and of whom all the rest of the world is rightly and justly proud.

Soon after the "enlistment," and while

\* The miserable sneer of Byron will be remembered, but the "three sisters" were of Bristol, and not of "Bath;" in "Don Juan" they were transferred to Bath because the word suited better than Bristol the rhyme of the poet.

† I had the privilege to suggest to a respected merchant of Bristol the removal of this reproach from the city, and I rejoice to say he is about to place a memorial tablet on the exterior wall of the church, marking the spot where unhappy Richard Savage was buried.

at college, Coleridge imbibed Socinian opinions. His mind became "terribly unsettled." In his monody on the death of Chatterton ("sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy") he thus indicated his sad and perilous forebodings:

"I dare no longer on the sad theme muse,  
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom."

He tells us that before his fifteenth year he had bewildered himself in metaphysics and theological controversy, "and found no end, in wandering mazes lost." One of the experiments as to his future was to become a preacher, and he did actually, on a few occasions, preach. He preached, indeed, but in so odd a dress and so out of the usual routine, that it was quite clear, as a minister, "he would not do." Yet Hazlitt thus describes one of the sermons of the "half-inspired speaker:" "I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and philosophy had met together; truth and genius had embraced under the eye, and with the sanction of religion."

It was not long, however, before he struggled through the slough of Socinianism, and was freed from the trammels of infidelity. Cottle records how "he professed the deepest conviction of the truth of revelation, of the fall of man, of the divinity of Christ, and redemption alone through his blood," and had heard him say, in argument with a Socinian minister: "Sir, you give up so much, that the little you retain of Christianity is not worth keeping." He is also represented as saying on another occasion of Socinians, that "if they were to offer to construe the will of their neighbor as they did that of their Maker, they would be scouted out of society;" and he eagerly protested against the theory that there was "no spiritual world, and no spiritual life in a spiritual world." He had "skirted the howling deserts of infidelity," but he had found a Haven—one that sheltered him in pain, in trouble, even in the agonies of self-reproach. He became a thorough Christian, and ever after, in all his speaking and writings, was the advocate of the Redeemer,

\* Joseph Cottle says: "He preached twice at the Socinian chapel in Bath, in blue coat and white waistcoat, once on the corn laws and once on the hair powder tax."

proclaiming in a memorable letter to his godson, Adam Steinmetz Kinnaird, and on many other occasions, that "the greatest of all blessings, and the most ennobling of all privileges, was to be indeed a Christian." This passage is from his last will and testament (dated September 17th, 1829); a few of the small things of earth he had to leave he bequeathed to Ann Gillman, "the wife of my dear friend, my love for whom, and my sense of unremitting goodness and never-weary kindness to me, I hope, and humbly trust, will follow me as a part of my abiding being, in that state into which I hope to rise, through the merits and mediation, and by the efficacious power, of the Son of God incarnate, in the blessed Jesus, whom I believe in my heart, and confess with my mouth, to have been from everlasting the way and the truth, and to have become man that for fallen and sinful men He might be the resurrection and the life."

In 1796 he devised a publication which he called the *Watchman*, the motto of which was, "That all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free." The first number was issued on the 5th of February, 1796, to be published every eighth day, at the price of fourpence. It soon died, not having paid its expenses, but involving its editor in a heavy debt, which happily a friend discharged. In the "*Biographia Literaria*" there is a lively account of his travels in search of subscribers, mingled with some painful reminiscences of "those days of shame and regret," the degrading anxieties of his canvass. He was reminded by one to whom he applied, that twelve shillings a year was a large sum to be bestowed on one individual when there were so many objects of charity; a noble lord, whose name had been given him as a subscriber, reproved him for impudence in directing his pamphlets to him; a rich tallow-chandler was "as great a one as any man in Brummagen for liberty and them sort of things," but begged to be excused; while an opulent cotton dealer in Manchester was "overrun with these articles," and another "had no time for reading, nor money to spare." At the ninth number he "dropped the work," and had the satisfaction of seeing his ser-

vant light his fire with the surplus stock, recording the event in this expressive line—

"O watchman, thou hast watched in vain!"

But, in truth, he soon disgusted all his Jacobin supporters by attacking "modern patriotism," and raising a warning voice against it. Like "Balaam, the son of Beor," he blessed where he was employed to curse. Instead of advocating infidelity and the freedom that France was then brewing in her infernal cauldron, French morals, and French philosophy, he "avowed his conviction that national education, and a concurring spread of the gospel, were the indispensable conditions of any true political amelioration." Loyalty is now the easiest of all our duties—thank God! It was not so when Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth were Republicans.

The help of Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood—worthy sons of a great father,\* honored be the name!—by settling on Coleridge an annuity of £150, placed him at comparative ease. "Thenceforward," he writes, "instead of troubling others with my own crude notions, I was better employed in attempting to store my own head with the wisdom of others." By that help "I was enabled to finish my education in Germany." In September, 1798, he sailed with Wordsworth and his sister from Great Yarmouth to Hamburg. He was but fourteen months absent, and returned to London in November, 1799. The fruits of his journey were seen in his translation of "*Wallenstein*," which he wrote at a lodging in Buckingham Street, Strand;† and soon afterwards he was

\* The Wedgwoods then resided at Cote House, near Bristol.

† His travels in Germany, entitled, "*Fragments of a Journey over the Brocken*," etc., he gave to me in 1828, for publication in the *Amulet* (one of the then popular "annuals," of which I was editor from the year 1825 to the year 1836; they were subsequently reprinted by Mr. Gillman, in his "*Life of Coleridge*." They contained the well-known poem—

"I stood on Brocken's sov'ran height."

In 1835, however, I printed, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which I was then the editor, three letters from Coleridge to his wife (his "dearest love," from her "faithful husband,") dated May, 1799, which contain more details of his tour than are found in the "*Fragments*." I can not call to

engaged in the literary department of the *Morning Post*. Subsequently he visited Malta, Rome, Naples, and other parts of Italy. From Italy, however, he made a rapid exit, an order for his arrest having been sent, it is said, by Bonaparte, in consequence of his writings in the *Morning Post*.

The *Friend*, another literary venture, was published weekly; it reached its twenty-seventh number, and ceased. It was printed at Penrith, and Coleridge was actually induced to set up a printer there, to buy and lay in a stock of type, etc. The result was certain; the printer failed, and Coleridge had to sustain a severe pecuniary loss.

The circumstances that kept Coleridge apart from his wife during the greater portion of his life is one of those mysteries into which it is not our business to inquire. Coleridge was married to Miss Sarah Fricker on the 4th of October, 1795, at the church of St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol. There is abundant testimony to the amiable qualities and pure character of Mrs. Coleridge. De Quincey, perhaps, is the best authority on the subject: "She was in all circumstances a virtuous wife and a conscientious mother;" moreover, she was the opposite of commonplace: the affection borne for her by her sister's husband, Southey, and her long and close companionship with the high-souled Laureate, would suffice as evidence on that head. De Quincey records that, wishing her daughter to learn Italian, and in her retirement at Keswick finding it impossible to procure the aid of a master, she resolutely set herself to the task of acquiring the language, that she might teach it to her child; and Cottle prints a poem written by her, of far more than ordinary merit. She wanted, it is believed, "a candid admiration of her husband's intellectual powers;"

mind from whom I received them; a prefatory note states that they were given to the writer by Mr. Coleridge in 1828. It would appear that Wordsworth and Coleridge did not long travel together; Coleridge names his companions—Wordsworth is not among them. One of them, Dr. Clement Carlyon, F.R.S., published in 1836 a volume entitled "Early Years and Late Recollections," a principal part of which is occupied with details of this tour; it contains very little of any value. He states, however, that the beautiful poem, "I stood on Brocken's sov'ran height," was certainly written at the inn at Werningerode.

wanted, perhaps, the power to comprehend them, and was "not capable of enlightened sympathy with his ruling pursuits." Nothing more. But that was enough.

These lines are from a poem addressed by Coleridge to his "pensive Sara," not long after their marriage:

"Meek daughter, in the family of Christ,  
Well hast thou said, and holily dispraised  
These shapings of the unregenerate mind,  
Bubbles that glitter as they rise, and break  
On vain Philosophy's aye-bubbling spring."

One who knew her well informs me that "she was a woman of rare qualities, clever, accomplished, and witty, and possessed taste and judgment in no common measure. Extremely industrious, laboring for the mental and bodily needs of her children through the whole of a long life. Frugality in her reached to a great virtue; she was of transparent truthfulness in thought, word, and deed." "She probably," adds my authority, "withheld that 'candid admiration of her husband's powers' which she is assumed to have lacked, for she wanted neither the power to appreciate nor the will to admit them. The mystery of their so long living apart is explained without the slightest slur on the character or the disposition of either."

The three children of that marriage have all been, or are, distinguished. The eldest was Hartley Coleridge, who died young, but not until he had given to the world many poems that place his name high among the poets of the century, giving him rank, indeed, beside his great father. He was tenderly beloved by his uncle, Southey. A friend informs me that great Wordsworth grieved for him as for a younger brother. He selected the place of his burial in Grasmere churchyard, close to the resting-place he had chosen for himself, saying, "Hartley I know would like to lie near me!" Sarah, the only daughter, married her cousin, H. N. Coleridge, and edited some of her great father's works, inheriting, indeed, much of his genius. Ample proof of this is given in her notes to the "Biographia Literaria," and the Introductory Essay to the "Aids to Reflection." Those who knew her, describe her as lovely in person and in mind. Derwent Coleridge, the youngest of his children, is happily still with us—not much past



the prime of life—and very lately he has written a memoir and edited the works of his friend, Mackworth Praed. He has long been recognized as a ripe scholar, and until very recently was the Principal of St. Mark's College, Fulham: he is now the Rector of Hanwell. His published works are many, and of rare excellence. He is valued, not only as a divine, but as an editor and a biographer, but chiefly as an educationalist. Thus the name has been continued in honor and in usefulness, and no doubt it will be so to another generation, for not long ago, a grandson, Herbert Coleridge, achieved eminence—and was called away. There are others who are bearing it with distinction.

Genius is sometimes, though not often, hereditary.

The cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol, in which Coleridge and his young wife went to reside, in 1795, heedless of all the requirements of life, and with literally nothing "to begin life" upon, is still standing, and is one of the "lions" of the place. The village was then essentially rural: it is now a fashionable watering-place. The cottage, which the poet thus describes—

"Low was our pretty cot—our tallest rose  
Peeped at the chamber window;  
    . . . In the open air  
Our myrtles blossom'd, and across the porch  
Thick jasmynes twined"—

is now poor enough. "The white-flowered jasmine" and the "broad-leaved myrtle" ("meet emblems they of innocence and love") no longer blossom there; but the place has a memory; for there, out of "thick-coming fancies," were planned and penned some of the sweetest and grandest poems in our language—poems that have given joy to millions, and will continue to delight as long as that language is spoken or read. It is called "Coleridge Cottage." The Bristolians love the place for its fresh sea-breezes, and the airs redolent of health that come from heath-covered downs. Will no generous hand restore as well as preserve it, that thither the young and hopeful and trustful may make pilgrimage, that there the aged may think calmly over a troubled past,

"And tranquil muse upon tranquillity."

In 1816 the wandering and unsettled

ways of the poet were calmed and harmonized in the home of the Gillmans, at Highgate, where the remainder of his days—nearly twenty years—were passed in entire quiet and comparative happiness. Mr. Gillman was a surgeon, and it is understood that Coleridge went to reside with him chiefly to be under his surveillance to break himself of the fearful habit he had contracted of opium eating; a habit that grievously impaired his mind, engendered terrible self-reproach, and embittered the best years of his life.\* He was the guest and the beloved friend, as well as the patient, of Mr. Gillman, whose devoted attachment, with that of his estimable wife, supplied the calm contentment and seraphic peace—such as might have been the dream of the poet and the hope of the man. Honored be the name, and revered the memory, of this "general practitioner," this true friend! It is recorded that Fulke Greville, the counselor of kings, ordered it to be placed on his monument, as the proudest boast, that he was

"The friend of Sir Philip Sidney."

It is a loftier title to the gratitude of posterity that which James Gillman claims, when his tombstone records that he was

"The friend of S. T. Coleridge,"

carving also on the stone two of his dear friend's lines—

"Mercy, for praise, to be forgiven for fame,  
He asked, and hoped through Christ—do thou  
the same."

He died on the first of June, 1837, having arranged to publish a life of Coleridge, of which he produced but the first volume.†

Coleridge's habit of taking opium was no secret. In 1816 it had already reached

\* De Quincey more than insinuates that, instead of Gillman persuading Coleridge to relinquish opium, Coleridge seduced Gillman into taking it.

† Gillman published but one volume of a Life of Coleridge. The volume he gave me contains his corrections for another edition. De Quincey says of it, that "it is a thing deadlier than a doornail, which is waiting vainly, and for thousands of years is doomed to wait, for its sister volume, namely, Volume Second." It must be ever regretted, that of the poet's later life, of which he knew so much, he wrote nothing; but the world was justified in expecting, even in the details of his earlier pilgrimage, something which it did not get.

a fearful pitch; having produced "during many years an accumulation of bodily suffering that wasted the frame, poisoned the sources of enjoyment, and entailed an intolerable mental load that scarcely knew cessation." The poet himself called it "the accursed drug." In 1814 Cottle wrote him a strong protest against this terrible and ruinous habit, entreating him to renounce it. Coleridge said in reply, "You have poured oil into the raw and festering wound of an old friend, Cottle, but it is oil of vitriol!" He accounts for the "accursed habit" by stating that he had taken it first to obtain relief from intense bodily suffering, and he seriously contemplated entering a private insane asylum as the surest means of its removal. His remorse was terrible and perpetual; he was "rolling rudderless," "the wreck of what he once was," "wretched, helpless, and hopeless." He revealed this "dominion" to De Quincey, "with a deep expression of horror at the hideous bondage." It was this "conspiracy of himself against himself" that was the poison of his life. He describes it with frantic pathos as "the scourge, the curse, the one almighty blight, which had desolated his life;" the thief—

"To steal

From my own nature, all the natural man."

The habit was, it would seem, commenced in 1802; and if Mr. Cottle is to be credited, in 1814 he had been long accustomed to take "from two quarts of laudanum in a week to a pint a day." He did, however, ultimately conquer it. There is more joy in heaven over one that repenteth, than over ninety and nine who need no repentance!

It was during his residence with the Gillmans that I knew Coleridge. He had arranged to write for the *Amulet*, and circumstances warranted my often seeing him—a privilege of which I gladly availed myself. In this home at Highgate, where all even of his whims were studied with affectionate and attentive care, he preferred the quiet of home influences to the excitements of society; and although I more than once met there his friend, Charles Lamb, and other noteworthy men, I usually found him, to my delight, alone. There he cultivated flowers, fed his pensioners, the birds, and wooed the

little children who gamboled on the heath, where he took his walks daily.\* I have seen him often—as Thomas Carlyle (honored and loved among his many friends) saw him often—"on the brow of Highgate Hill, looking down on London, and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle, attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave hearts still engaged there." It is a beautiful view, such as can be rarely seen out of England, that which the poet had from the window of his bed-chamber. Underneath, a valley, rich in "patrician trees," divides the hill of Highgate from that of Hampstead. The tower of the old church, at Hampstead, rises above a thick wood—a dense forest, it seems, although here and there a graceful villa stands out from among the dark green drapery that enfolds it. It is easy to imagine the poet often contrasting this home-scene with that of "Brocken's sov'ran height," where no "finer influence of friend or child" had greeted him, and exclaiming—

"O thou queen!  
Thou delegated Deity of earth,  
O, dear, dear England!"

And what a wonderful change there is, when the pilgrim to the shrine at Highgate leaves the garden and walks a few steps beyond the elm avenue that still fronts the house. Here he looks over London, "the mighty heart" of a great free country—

"Earth hath not any thing to show more fair;  
Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty."

Forty years have brought houses all about the place, and shut in the prospect; but from any ascent you may see regal Windsor on one side, and Gravesend on the other—twenty miles of view, look which way you will. But when the poet dwelt there, all London was within ken a few yards from his door. The house

\* "His room looked upon a delicious prospect of wood and meadow, with colored gardens under the window, like an embroidery to the mantle. Here he cultivated his flowers, and had a set of birds for his pensioners, who came to breakfast with him. He might have been seen taking his daily stroll up and down, with his black coat and white locks, and a book in his hand, and was a great acquaintance of little children."

LEIGH HUNT.

has undergone few changes, and the garden is much as it was, when I used to find the poet feeding his birds there. It has the same wall—moss-covered now—that overhangs the dell; a shady tree-walk gives shelter from sun and rain; it was the poet's walk at mid-day. A venerable climber—the glyceras—was no doubt planted by the poet's hand; it was new to England when the poet was old, and what more likely than that his friends would have bidden him plant it where it has since flourished—forty years or more. Many who visit it will say in the words of Charles Lamb, his "fifty years' old friend, without a dissension:"—"What was his house is consecrated to me a chapel."

I was fortunate in sharing some of the regard of Mr. and Mrs. Gillman. After the poet's death, they gave me his inkstand (a plain inkstand of wood), which is before me as I write, and a myrtle on which his eyes were fixed as he died: it is now an aged and gnarled tree in our conservatory.\*

One of the very few letters of Coleridge I have preserved, I transcribe, as it illustrates his goodness of heart and willingness to put himself to inconvenience for others:

"DEAR SIR," it runs, "I received, some

\* Mrs. Gillman gave me also the following sonnet; I believe it never to have been published; but, although she requested I "would not have copies made of it to give away," I presume the prohibition can not now be binding, after a lapse of thirty years since I received it. The poet, he who wrote the sonnet, and the admirable woman to whom it was addressed, have long since met.

"SONNET ON THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

"And thou art gone, most loved, most honor'd friend!

No, never more thy gentle voice shall blend  
With air of earth, its pure, ideal tones  
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,  
The heart and intellect. And I no more  
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathom'd deep,  
The human soul; as when, push'd off the shore,  
Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep,

Itself the while so bright! For oft we seem'd  
As on some starless sea—all dark above,  
All dark below; yet, onward as we drove,  
To plough up light that ever round us stream'd.  
But he who mourns is not as one bereft  
Of all he loved: thy living Truths are left."

"WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

"Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, America.

"For my still dear friend, Mrs. Gillman, of the Grove, Highgate."

five days ago, a letter depicting the distress and urgent want of a widow and a sister, with whom, during the husband's lifetime, I was for two or three years a house-mate, and yesterday the poor lady came up herself, almost clamorously, soliciting me, not indeed to assist her from my own purse—for she was previously assured that there was nothing therein—but to exert myself to collect the sum of £20, which would save her from, God knows what. On this hopeless task—for perhaps never man, whose name had been so often in print for praise or reprobation, had so few intimates as myself—I recollected that before I left Highgate for the seaside, you had been so kind as to intimate that you considered some trifle due to me. Whatever it be, it will go some way to eke out the sum, which I have with a sick heart been all this day trotting about to make up, guinea by guinea. You will do me a real service (for my health perceptibly sinks under this unaccustomed flurry of my spirits) if you could make it convenient to inclose to me, however small the sum may be, if it amount to a bank note of any denomination, directed to 'Grove, Highgate,' where I am, and expect to be any time for the next eight months. In the meantime, however, believe me,

"Your obliged,

"4th December, 1828. S. T. COLERIDGE."

I find, also, at the back of one of his letters, the following poem, which I believe to be unpublished, for I can not see it in any edition of his collected works:

#### LOVE'S BURIAL-PLACE.

A MADRIGAL.

*Lady.*—If Love be dead,—

*Poet.*—And I aver it.

*Lady.*—Tell me, Bard, where Love lies buried.

*Poet.*—Love lies buried where 'twas born.

O gentle dame, think it no scorn,

If in my fancy I presume

To call thy bosom poor Love's tomb,

And on that tomb to read the line—

"Here lies a Love that once seemed mint,

But caught a chill, as I divine,

And died at length of a decline!"

I have engraved a copy of his autograph lines, as he wrote them in Mrs. Hall's Album; they will be found, too, as a note, in the "Biographia Literaria:"

"ON THE PORTRAIT OF A BUTTERFLY, ON THE 2ND LEAF OF THIS ALBUM.

"The Butterfly the ancient Grecians made  
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name;  
But of the soul escaped the slavish trade  
Of earthly life! For in this mortal frame  
Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,  
Manifold motions making little speed,  
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed!

"30th April, 1830. S. T. COLERIDGE."

All who had the honor of the poet's friendship or acquaintance, speak of the marvelous gift which gave to this illustrious man almost a character of inspiration. Wilson, in the "Noctes," writes thus: "Wind him up, and away he goes, discoursing most eloquent music, without a discord, full, ample, inexhaustible, serious, and divine;" and in another place, "he becomes inspired by his own silver voice, and pours out wisdom like a sea." Wordsworth speaks of him "as quite an epicure in sound." The painter Haydon makes note of his "lazy luxury of poetical outpouring;" and Rogers ("Table Talk") is reported to have said, "One morning, breakfasting with me, he talked for three hours without intermission, so admirably, that I wish every word he uttered had been written down."\* And a writer in the *Quarterly Review* expresses his belief that "nothing is too high for the grasp of his conversation, nothing too low; it glanced from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, with a speed and a splendor, an ease and a power, that almost seemed inspired." De Quincey said he had "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and the most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men." Montgomery describes the poetry of Coleridge as like electricity, "flashing at rapid intervals with the utmost intensity of effect," and contrasts it with that of Wordsworth, "like galvanism, not less powerful, but rather continuous than sudden in its wonderful influences." Of Coleridge, Shelley writes:

"All things he seem'd to understand,  
Of old or new, at sea or land,  
Save his own soul, which was a mist."

The wonderful eloquence of his conversation can be comprehended only by those who have heard him speak "linked sweetness long drawn out;" it was sparkling at times, and at times profound; but the melody of his voice, the impressive solemnity of his manner, the radiant glories of his intellectual countenance, bore off, as it were, the thoughts of the listener from his discourse, and it was

\*Madame de Stael said that Coleridge was "rich in a monologue, but poor in a dialogue;" and Hazlitt said sneeringly, "Excellent talker, very—if you would let him start from no premises, and come to no conclusions."

rarely he carried away from the poet any of the gems that fell from his lips.

I have listened to him more than once for above an hour: of course without putting in a single word; I would as soon have bellowed a loose song while a nightingale was singing. There was rarely much change of countenance: his face at that time was overladen with flesh, and its expression, perhaps, impaired, yet to me it was so tender, and gentle, and gracious, and loving, that I could have knelt at the old man's feet, almost in adoration. My own hair is white now, yet I have much the same feeling as I had then, whenever the form of the venerable man rises in memory before me. But I can not recall now—and I believe could not recall at the time, so as to preserve as a cherished thing in my remembrance—a single sentence of the many sentences I heard him utter. Yet in his "Table Talk" there is a world of wisdom, and that is only a collection of scraps, chance-gathered. If any left his presence unsatisfied, it resulted rather from the superabundance than the paucity of the feast.\* And there has never been an author who was less of an ego-tist: it was never of himself he talked; he was always under the influence of that Divine precept, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

I can recall many evening rambles with him over the high lands that look down on London; but the memory I cherish most is linked with a crowded street, where the clumsy and the coarse jostled the old man eloquent, as if he had been earthly, of the earth. It was in the Strand: he pointed out to me the window of the room in the office of the *Morning Post* where he had consumed much midnight oil; and then for half an

\*It may not be forgotten that the Rev. Edward Irving, in dedicating to Coleridge one of his books, acknowledges obligations to the venerable sage for many valuable teachings, "as a spiritual man and as a Christian pastor," lessons derived from his "conversations" concerning the revelations of the Christian faith—"helps in the way of truth"—from listening to his discourses. Charles Lamb thus writes: "He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight, yet who would interrupt him, who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse fetched from Hebron or Zion?" Coleridge has said, "he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtle fancies by word of mouth."



hour he talked of the sorrowful joy he had often felt when, leaving the office as day was dawning, he heard the song of a caged lark that sung his orisons from the lattice of an artisan, who was rising to begin his labor as the poet was pacing homeward to rest after his work all night. Thirty years had passed, but that forgotten melody—that dear bird's song—gave him then as much true pleasure, as when, to his wearied head and heart, it was the matin hymn of nature.

I remember once meeting him in Paternoster Row. He was inquiring his way to Bread street, Cheapside, and, of course, I endeavored to explain to him, that if he walked straight on for about two hundred yards, and took the third turning to the right, it would be the street he sought. I noted his expression so vague and unenlightened, that I could not help expressing my surprise, as I looked earnestly at his forehead, and saw the organ of "Locality" unusually prominent above the eyebrows. He took my meaning, laughed, and said, "I see what you are looking at: why, at school my head was beaten into a mass of lumps, because I could not point out Paris in a map of France." It has been said that Spurzheim pronounced him to be a mathematician, and affirmed that he could not be a poet. Such opinion the great phrenologist could not have expressed, for he had a large organ of Ideality, although at first it was not perceptible, in consequence of the great breadth and height of his profound forehead.

I attended one of his lectures at the Royal Institution, and I strive to recall him as he stood before his audience there. There was but little animation; his theme did not seem to stir him into life; even the usual repose of his countenance was rarely broken up. He used little or no action; and his voice, though mellifluous, was monotonous; he lacked, indeed, that earnestness without which no man is truly eloquent.

Whenever it was my privilege to be admitted to the evening meetings at Highgate, I met some of the men who were then famous, and have since become parts of the literature of England. Of some of them I shall hereafter give "written portraits."

I need not say that I was a silent list-

ener during these evenings; but I was free to gaze on the venerable man—one of the humblest, yet one of the most fervid, perhaps, of the worshipers by whom he was surrounded, and to treasure in memory the poet's gracious and loving looks—the "thick waving silver hair"—the still, clear, blue eye. On such occasions I used to leave the presence as if I were walking in a dream, trying to recall a sentence of the many weighty and mellifluous sentences I had heard—seldom with success—and feeling at the moment as if I had been surfeited with honey.

May I not now lament that I did not foresee a time when I might be called upon to write concerning this good, and great, and most lovable man? How much I might have enriched these pages—weak records of the impressions I received!

The portrait of Coleridge is best drawn by his friend Wordsworth; and it sufficiently pictures him:

"A noticeable man, with large gray eyes,  
And a pale face, that seem'd, undoubtedly,  
As if a blooming face it ought to be;  
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,  
Depress'd by weight of moving phantasy,  
Profound his forehead was, though not severe."

Wordsworth elsewhere speaks of him as "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes," and as "often too much in love with his own dejection." The earliest word-portrait we have of him was drawn by Wordsworth's sister in 1797. "He is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair. His eye is large and full, and not dark, but gray—such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead."

This is De Quincey's sketch of him in 1807: "In height he seemed about five feet eight inches, in reality he was an inch and a half taller.\* His person was broad and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, though not what painters technically call fair,

\* De Quincey elsewhere states his height to be five feet ten inches—exactly the height of Wordsworth—both having been measured in the studio of the painter, Haydon.

because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were soft and large in their expression, and it was by a peculiar appearance of haze or dimness which mixed with their light." "A lady of Bristol," adds De Quincey, "assured me she had not seen a young man so engaging in his exterior as Coleridge when young—in 1796. He had then a blooming and healthy complexion, beautiful and luxuriant hair falling in natural curls over his shoulders." Lockhart says, "Coleridge has a grand head; nothing can surpass the depth of meaning in his eyes, and the unutterable dreamy luxury of his lips." Hazlitt describes him in early manhood as "with a complexion clear, and even light; a forehead broad and high, as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. His mouth open, his chin good-humored and round, his nose small. His hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, fell in smooth masses over his forehead—long, liberal hair, peculiar to enthusiasts.

"A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread."

Sir Humphry Davy, writing of him in 1808, says, "His mind is a wilderness, in which the cedar and the oak, which might aspire to the skies, are stunted in their growth by underwood, thorns, briars, and parasitical plants; with the most exalted genius, enlarged views, sensitive heart, and enlightened mind, he will be the victim of want of order, precision, and regularity." And Leigh Hunt speaks of his open, indolent, good-natured mouth, and of his forehead as "prodigious—a great piece of placid marble." Wordsworth again—

"Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy,  
Tossing his limbs about him in delight."

In the autumn of 1833, Emerson, on his second visit to England, called on Coleridge. He found him "to appearance, a short, thick old man, with bright blue eyes, and fine clear complexion." The poet, however, did not impress the American favorably, and the hour's talk was of "no use, beyond the gratification of curiosity." They did not assimilate: it was not given to the hard and cold thinker to comprehend the nature of "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes;" and assuredly Coleridge could

have had but small sympathy with his unsought-for, and perhaps unwelcome, guest. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* pictures him, as he appeared not long before his death: "His clerical-looking dress, the thick, waving silver hair, the youthful-colored cheek, the indefinable mouth and lips, the quick, yet steady and penetrating greenish-gray eye, the slow and continuous enunciation, and the everlasting music of his tones."

Such, according to these high authorities, was the "outer" man Coleridge: he who

"In bewitching words, with happy heart,  
Did chaunt the vision of that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner."

There are several portraits of him. The best would appear to be that which was painted by Alston, the American artist, at Rome, in 1806. Wordsworth speaks of it as "the only likeness of the great original that ever gave me the least pleasure."\* The wood-cut is engraved from the portrait by Northcote: it strongly recalls him to my remembrance—the dreamy eyes, the full, yet pale face—

"That seemed, undoubtedly,  
As if a blooming face it ought to be;"  
the full mouth, the "low hung" lip, the broad and lofty forehead—

"Profound, though not severe."

But it does little justice to the high and holy expression his features derived from his soul. It would have been, indeed, difficult, perhaps impossible, for any artist to have produced a satisfactory portrait of the poet. What would we not give for copies of the great of past times such as those which the sun supplies to us of existing celebrities!

In his later days he took snuff largely. "Whatever he may have been in youth," writes Mr. Gillman, "in manhood he was scrupulously clean in his person, and especially took great care of his hands by frequent ablutions."

Although in his youth and earlier manhood Coleridge had perpetually been

"Chasing chance-started friendships,"

not long before his death, he is described as "thankful for the deep, calm peace of mind he then enjoyed—a peace such as he had never before experienced,

\* This portrait is now in the National Portrait Gallery—a recent acquisition.

nor scarcely hoped for." All things were then looked at by him through an atmosphere by which all were reconciled and harmonized.

It is true that he failed to perform all he proposed: of what high soul can it be said otherwise? But his friend, Justice Talfourd, who, while testifying to the benignity of his nature, describes his life as "one splendid and sad prospectus," does the poet and philosopher scant justice. What he *might* have done was, perhaps, hardly known to himself, and could but be guessed at by others. Whatever the "promise" may have been, the "performance" was prodigious. To quote the words of his nephew, H. N. Coleridge, "he did, in his vocation, the day's work of a giant." The American edition of his works, which is not quite complete, extends to seven closely-printed volumes, each of more than seven hundred pages! If he had done nothing but "talk," his life would not have been spent idly or in vain, as the "Table Talk" may testify; but as a writer, who of the generation has done more? If, as Hazlitt writes, "in the later years of his life he may be said to have lived on the sound of his own voice;" and if, according to Wordsworth, "his mental power was frozen at its marvelous source;"\* yet, what a world of wealth he has bequeathed to us! How rich is the legacy mankind inherits from the Philosopher, the Translator, the Commentator, and the Poet.

"After a long and painful illness, borne with heroic patience, which concealed the intensity of his sufferings from by-standers, Coleridge died;" if that must be called death which removes the soul from its impediment of clay, extends immeasurably its sphere of usefulness, and perpetuates the power to benefit mankind so long as earth endures.

His mortal remains lie in a vault in

the graveyard of the old church at Highgate. He was a "stranger" in the parish where he died, notwithstanding his long residence there, and was therefore interred alone. Not long afterwards, however, the vault was built to receive the body of his wife. There they two rest together. It is inclosed by a thick iron grating, the interior lined with white marble. When I visited the tomb in 1864, one of the marble slabs had accidentally given way, and the coffin was partially exposed. I laid my hand upon it in solemn reverence, and gratefully recalled to memory him who, in his own emphatic words, had

"Here found life in death."

The tablet that contains the epitaph is on one of the side walls of the new church, consecrated two years before the poet's departure; and although it shut out his view of mighty London, it is pleasant to know that in his later days he had often looked on that beautiful temple of God. The tablet that records the death of Mr. Gillman (and also that of his wife, who survived him many years), also in this church, is of exactly the same size and form as that of the friend he loved so dearly.

Within a few months past I again drove to Highgate, and visited the house in which the poet passed so many happy years of calm contentment and seraphic peace; again repeated these lines, which, next to his higher faith, was the faith by which his life was ruled and guided—

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all!"<sup>†</sup>

I would only omit the word "perchance" when I quote these lines from the poet, and to the poet apply them—to him who works untrammelled in another sphere, beloved by the Master he served in this—

"Much at the throne of mercy and of God,  
Perchance thou raisest high th' enraptured hymn,  
Amid the blaze of seraphim!"

\* Very early in his life, Lord Egmont said of him, "he talks very much like an angel, and does nothing at all." De Quincy speaks of his indolence as "inconceivable," and Joseph Cottle relates some amusing instances of his forgetfulness, even of the hour at which he had arranged to deliver a lecture to an assembled audience.

† It was once said to me, by a common "navvy," "I wouldn't give much for a man's Christianity, if his dog was none the better for it."

The Edinburgh Review.

# THE LAST CAMPAIGN IN AMERICA.

(Concluded from Page 620.)

THE tactics used in Europe, where the commander of an army can sweep the battle-field with his glass, and direct the march and instantly know the actual danger or success of each division, are evidently not to be applied to warfare conducted in the midst of forests, broken only by clearings too small in many cases for the free movement of a brigade. Combined movements can here be done by guess-work only; and the front of the army, instead of being at least at double its artillery range from the enemy at the close of the day, is often within earshot. Hence sprang the practice early in the war, of each corps intrenching slightly the ground on which it was to sleep. The facility with which that could be done (in a manner presently to be described) caused the same system of breast-works to be applied extensively in the midst of battle, so as to avoid the constant danger of being taken in flank by sudden movements of the enemy through the wood. Flank attacks are alarming to the best of troops, and are especially applicable to the case of a forest engagement, where the enemy's line, broken into skirmishers, each covered by a tree, could be forced back from the front only by slow degrees, and with considerable sacrifice of men; and yet may be approached without observation at either extremity. At the period of the war of which we are writing, it had become a fixed habit of the armies to cover every hundred yards gained by a breast-work wherever the materials could be found. It followed that the so-called battles degenerated into a series of long and bloody skirmishes, carried on chiefly from under rude shelter, and occupying sometimes many days without any decisive result. The fighting, in fact, had grown to resemble rather the last part of a siege on a great scale, with its constant intrenching, sorties, counter-attacks, and vast expenditure of powder, than such conflicts as Europe has seen on her great fields. Indeed, the latter have often been fought—as Leipsic, Waterloo, Wagram, Borodino testify. Yet the length of the American con-

licts, the often-repeated attempts of their generals to search the enemy's lines, and the deadly fire of the arms employed, have made their character scarcely less bloody than that of the actions with which we contrast them.

We must now describe more particularly the breast-works which are so identified with our subject, and in the forming of which the Federals especially were so skillful and laborious as greatly to counteract the individual inferiority of their soldiery; for many of these, town-bred or recent immigrants, were no match in regular skirmishing for the active Southerners, trained from their youth to free use of the rifle, who formed the mass of the hostile army.

Given a piece of ground to be occupied, and thickly covered with trees, there would be found in every brigade some hundreds of stout arms ready to wield the formidable bushman's axe, used throughout the North American continent, and carried in profusion with the regiments. A line being roughly marked, a few minutes suffice to fell the trees along its length, letting each fall towards the front; and some further chopping completes a rough "abattis" (or "entanglement," as it is technically called), forming a very awkward obstacle to an advancing enemy. Behind this, and against its rear, two or three hours of spade labor is enough to throw up a line of parapet with ditch, or row of rifle-pits, sufficient to shelter the defenders of this woodland barricade. But to inclose the whole of the army's front in this fashion, would be to renounce all attempt to advance. Openings must therefore be left at frequent intervals, and these again are covered by separate intrenchments, with guns disposed to flank each other, and the approach to the general line. If a retreat be thought of, other lines formed to the rear may be so arranged as to make it secure. If the enemy be forced from his opposing works, a little ingenuity converts them to the captor's use. Allow but a little time in advance, and it is hard to say how resolute men could be forced from a succession of such works as these. They are, indeed, but the revival on a larger scale of those against which British valor and discipline were shattered at Sara-



toga, to the ruin of our war against the revolted colonies. But it is time to return to our narrative.

The battle of the Wilderness, begun late on the 5th, was renewed next day, and continued even after darkness closed over the scene. Longstreet had come upon the ground at dawn, to the great relief of Hill, whose corps showed symptoms of giving ground before the pressure of Hancock. The newly-arrived general restored the day; and sought soon after to decide it by turning the extreme left of the Federals with one of those wide sweeping movements so successful under Jackson. To do this it was needful to march his troops to their right; and in guiding his advanced brigades that way, he was shot at through the cover by some of his own men while passing along the front of his second line, and desperately wounded, General Jenkins being killed by the same volley. Less happy in this respect than his great comrade was at Chancellorsville, the fall of Longstreet ruined the success of the manœuvre he had undertaken, and the Confederates made no real progress during the rest of the day. As it closed, however, General Gordon, whose troops formed their extreme left, stole up to the breast-works which covered Sedgwick's right near the Rapidan, and carried them by a swift surprise made before the pickets were posted for the night. Great part of two Federal brigades were captured, and the rest of the division fled. But the pursuers were checked by another line of intrenchments raised by some reserve artillery close at hand; and Sedgwick, by gallant exertions, rallied his men behind this, which, though somewhat at an angle with the general front, served to protect the right of the army sufficiently for Grant's purpose.

Lee in these encounters had already incurred a loss of 7,000 men, including two of his best generals; and although the Federals estimated theirs at double that number, yet the spirit of their soldiery was good, and their position unshaken. Another day would see it so strengthened that the Southern marksmen would lose the advantage of that greater activity and quickness of aim which had told hitherto in their favor, and Grant would be enabled to guard

his front sufficiently, and yet to continue his original movement by a gradual extension of his left. Lee's offensive battle, in short, had failed in its object, and with the versatility of true genius, he shifted it at once for the opposite course. For the rest of the campaign we shall find him steadily pursuing that defensive warfare which the great German writer, Clausewitz, points out for the natural course of the weaker party, and which here became especially necessary to him, as he discovered that his new antagonist was unsparing to a marked degree of the lives of his men. Grant has, in fact, much to answer for in this year's history as regards the charge of wasting his army by pressing it on against unfair odds of position. To justify him in any measure, it must be borne in mind that he came to his new work in Virginia after a train of striking successes won greatly by the judicious employment of superior numbers—that he had sound reason to believe that the enemy had no such supplies of recruits to draw from as were available to himself—and that the Government he served were of necessity compelled to insist on constant advance, and on seeming advantage at any present sacrifice. Add to these conditions that the general was of disposition as obstinate as brave; and his troops resolute and patient rather than daring in their character; and we may account for much of the waste of life now so notorious. A little more of success in the results, and we should have heard nothing but praise. Doubtless Grant is deficient in that sublime quality of genius which instinctively knows the impossible, and recoils from it alone. His warfare shows marvelous resemblance to that of Masséna, whose obstinate clinging to his purpose and patient waiting for opportunity saved France and covered himself with glory in 1799, as they proved the ruin of his fame and of Napoleon's Peninsular designs when met by Wellington at Torres Vedras.

The morning of the 7th saw Lee resting on the defensive, and expecting Grant to advance. But the latter, finding himself no longer pressed, began in the afternoon to detach to his left in the direction of Spottsylvania, the coveted point where, as before noticed, the chief roads

of the district intersect. His movement was complicated by the attempt to conceal it, and the march of the Federals filled so much time, that daybreak arrived on the 9th, and found the cross-roads occupied by a mere advanced guard; while Lee, being warned by the operation of his cavalry, and at once divining the full purpose of the Federals, had resolved to throw himself across their path, and compel them to become the assailants. His right (now under Anderson) marched rapidly for this purpose; and arriving at the double-quick, drove the Federals sharply from the neighborhood of the Court House. This corps was speedily supported by Hill and Ewell; and the Confederates intrenched themselves at once in their new position, which covered the cross roads, and ran in semicircular form through a piece of ground peculiarly adapted for their purpose of defense.

There followed for the next ten days a series of the most obstinate skirmishes which this war has seen. The Federals were not discouraged by the loss on the 9th of Sedgwick, the most popular officer of their army, who was shot behind a parapet, as he superintended the intrenching of his corps on its arrival. They pressed their adversaries none the less closely, plying the weaker points with incessant attacks, one of which went near being fatal to Lee's army. This was at dawn on the 12th, when the line of Ewell was suddenly pierced by Hancock, who had massed his whole corps in the darkness close to a salient point, and now poured his divisions into the openings of the breastworks in two great columns. The surprise was successful at first, and half of the division which still bore the honored name of "Stonewall," were captured at once, with their commander, General E. Johnson. But Ewell had a second line of great strength behind him, and Early's troops held this with unshaken fortitude until succor came up; so that, although Hancock sent 3,000 prisoners and eighteen guns to the rear, the final result of the day was simply a slight contraction of the position of Lee.

Yet that general soon after voluntarily abandoned it. In fact, his supplies were now brought up by cartage from

the rear with more difficulty than those of Grant from Fredericksburg, of which place the Federal cavalry had long taken possession: besides which, other movements, to be noticed hereafter, had alarmed Richmond, and caused him to desire to draw within easier distance of his capital, and to cover more effectually the railroads which fed it. Just halfway between Spottsylvania and Richmond his line of retreat would bring him to Hanover Station,\* a place suitable for his purpose, where the Pamunkey (formed by the junction of the North and South Anna rivers), crosses the country on its course eastward, giving a strong line of defense. To this Lee determined to retire, influenced partly by the reasons already given; partly, no doubt, that Grant had already received such vast reinforcements as almost made up his losses, and gave him the means of holding his foe in his position by attacking it with a part, while the rest could outflank it by a wide march westward. It is probable that the Federal general, who is (as he clearly has shown in former campaigns) scarcely more obstinate in purpose than versatile in expedient, had already determined to do this very thing, which, if conceived, was certainly not yet executed.

Lee therefore on the 19th made a sudden attack on the Federal right with his own left, while his other troops moved off from their intrenchments. So perfectly was his retreat executed that Grant and Meade failed to apprehend it in time to profit by a direct pursuit, and when knowing it, preferred to press their columns forward by the open but more circuitous route which lay to their right, gaining the long-desired point of Bowling Green on the 21st. The Federals had now mastered the railroad from Aquia Creek, and met with no opposition for the next few miles, even carrying with but moderate loss the passages of the Pamunkey.

And now a space of barely twenty miles lay between the army and its object; but a careful reconnoissance soon showed Lee to be so strongly posted as to defy all assault. His right was cov-

\* Called by the Northern journals, Sexton's Junction. It lies eight miles northwest of Hanover Town.







ered by an impassable swamp, his left by a stream of some depth, with strong works filling the intervening space and projecting forward into the centre of the new line occupied by the Federals; so that the latter were in most critical case if once assailed, being exposed to be cut in two and driven separately on the passages of the river—some four miles apart—which had been abandoned to them. The actions of the 24th and 25th, by which the latter had been carried, so far from being the victories they had been styled by the press, proved to have been mere affairs with the enemy's advanced guard, thrown forward to conceal as long as might be the strength of his position. The judgment of the Confederate general never appeared more plainly than in this instance; and Grant paid the highest compliment to it by deciding at once to throw his army—for the third time in this campaign—directly to its left, and by this flank march to avoid the risk of an unsuccessful attack. With surprising dexterity he withdrew it, corps by corps, unmolested over the river, and followed the course of the latter further down to a more open country, where he crossed it once more, after a circuitous march of twenty-five miles. Strangely enough, his leading corps, under Warren, entered Hanover Town on the 28th of May, just two years to a day since the same officer had led the advance of Porter into that place, on the first approach of McClellan to Richmond. And now came the striking justification of that hardly-judged commander at the hands of his successor. Lee had at once confronted the Federal army by a slight wheel of his right, and his whole force, still on the defensive, was once more directly interposed between the city and Grant. But the latter, who had lost his Fredericksburg line of supply by his last flank march, and probably doubted the sufficiency of that just opened by wagon-train from the mouth of the Rappahannock (for thither his transports had been directed), resolved to continue his flank march onwards. He pushed his advance across the piece of country between the Pamunkey and Chickahominy with much caution on the 29th, and that day began to use the railroad from Whitehouse to the latter stream, which

had been during all McClellan's weary leaguer the chief means of transport. His left wing now occupied precisely the same ground which that general's right had done during the long pause in the peninsular campaign; and the same nearness to Richmond which the other won by a better strategy, he had bought by the sacrifice of more than one-fourth of the well-trained troops which had mustered on the Rapidan a month before. The hospitals at Washington and Fredericksburg were crowded with tens of thousands of wounded; and the resources of that noble institution, the Sanitary Commission, and of the medical department whose shortcomings its supplies, were taxed to the utmost.\*

On the other side, the army of Virginia had also suffered severely, and in spite of its general's caution was reduced a full fifth, while Grant, whose losses before leaving Spottsylvania had been already largely made up by drafts from Ohio, was further reinforced on his march down the Pamunkey by the cavalry of Sheridan (for some time absent from the main body), and was now near enough to Butler's present head-quarters to draw his friend Smith thence with the 18th corps. He resolved, therefore, to attack his opponent, who had followed his move down to the Chickahominy; and, if possible, to overwhelm him by superior numbers before his losses were repaired. The Confederates had, however, been so successful in the valley that Lee, for a time, withdrew Breckenridge to his aid, and had thus available for the shock a force not much less than that which originally opened the campaign.

\* It is to be regretted that there has been no more perfect account published of the operations of this body than the dry statement we have received from its committee. Founded at first in imitation of our Crimean Funds, it has become a fixed institution of the Federal army, and one of vast importance to the State. The varied exertions made by its promoters to maintain their resources, though stimulated (as is natural in that land of politics) in some degree by party sentiment, have spread abroad a spirit of unselfish sacrifice, contrasting strongly with the baser motives for the prosecution of the war, justly charged against many of the Republicans. The hands of the Government have thus been directly strengthened, while the operations of the generals have been indirectly aided by their facilities for moving with much less than the usual care for the efficient maintenance of their hospitals.

Leaving the two great hosts once more facing each other after a month of constant fighting, marching, and intrenching, we turn to follow the courses of those minor operations on which Grant had counted for the success of his double scheme. In addition to the movements of Sigel and Butler on their respective lines, he had detached Sheridan with the cavalry of the Potomac army as soon as the course of the first two days' battle had shown this arm to be unavailable about Spottsylvania, with orders to pass through the country to the north of Richmond, and operate between it and Lee. In this there was nothing original; for Stoneman had received the same charge from Hooker the year before. Nor did Sheridan perform any more striking feat upon his raid, which would be little noteworthy, but for its having led to the death of General Stuart, who was shot down in a charge upon a party of the Federal horse which had appeared close to Richmond on the 11th May. Compared absurdly enough to Murat, the Confederate general resembled that great *sabreur* in his fondness for dress and his personal daring, but by no means in the love for a decisive sweeping charge which made the name and fortune of the King of Naples. He had never, though for two years in constant command, made any improvement in the wretched tactics of his own arm of the American service, nor even won from President Davis the promotion he coveted. Yet was he unrivaled in the outpost duties of that difficult country, and doubtless has been sorely missed by his old commander, and the army for which he had so long kept watch.

Sigel's expedition up the Shenandoah was chiefly remarkable for its fully revealing to the Federals the intense hostility to their cause (pregnant fact for Northern statesmen to weigh!) which the deeds of former generals in that district had created. This, and a natural hesitancy, caused him to strip his column so much in order to guard his communications, that when met suddenly by Breckenridge beyond Strasburg, he was very decisively beaten (15th May), with heavy loss in guns and men, and driven down to Winchester. Lincoln instantly superseded—this time without a murmur

against the act—the unsuccessful commander, and sent to the post a personal friend, General Hunter. The latter, in the absence of Breckenridge (called, as we have seen, to the aid of Lee on the Chickahominy), began another of those marches up the valley which the high land on either side has throughout the war kept so distinct from other operations.

Butler at this time aided his chief but little more than did the German. His first movement was a feint upon York River to draw the attention of the enemy from the south of Richmond, and it so far succeeded, that when he debarked his force high up the James, he struck without difficulty the railroad from the capital to Petersburg, and sent his cavalry far across the country to that of Danville, promising in his first dispatches to wrest them from the enemy. But neither of these important lines was retained by the Federals. Alarmed by a report that Lee was falling back on Richmond, Butler drew in his posts, and confined his operations to a feeble demonstration against Fort Darling, the chief work upon the river; and being sharply attacked in flank by Beauregard on the 16th May (when the Federals lost, by surprise, a whole brigade captured), he abandoned the offensive entirely, and intrenched his troops strongly upon a deep loop of the river at Bermuda Hundred. His campaign had failed decisively as a separate operation, and Smith with half his force soon left him to join Grant and the main army.

Returning to the latter, we must speak but briefly of the one last attempt which he made to force his way straight into Richmond over the new line of intrenchments which Lee held to the north of the Chickahominy. The so-called battle of Coal Harbor took place on the 3rd of June, the position held by the Confederates running from north to south transversely across that wrested by them from Porter at the battle of Gaines's Hill two years before. But the science of the defensive had been practiced since then, with terrible effect, by both armies, and Grant's assault was repulsed as sharply and decisively as any of the war. As at Fredericksburg, the Federals moved boldly on, meeting the terrifi-

discharges of the heavy guns without turning, until shaken and torn by the deadlier\* volleys of the enemy's riflemen, and, falling back, suffered still more severely than on their advance. In an hour and a half 7,000 of their number were put *hors de combat*, and Grant's campaign, as first laid out, came to an abrupt end in this last bloody reverse. Abandoning suddenly the aid of strategy proper, he resolved to place himself south of Richmond, and by the slower process of partial investment and gradual occupation or destruction of the railroads, to compel the enemy to an evacuation. A new flank march, as ably conducted as any of the former, leaving between himself and Lee the great swamp through which McClellan had been forced to make his celebrated "strategic movement," brought him to the James. On the 15th of June, his army united with Butler's, and on the same day commenced that tedious siege of Petersburg, which, with an equally slow process of advance on the northern bank of the river, has occupied the rest of the year without direct advantage to the cause of the Union.

Lee's victory of Coal Harbor was won at an opportune time; for two days later (5th June) Hunter, in his progress up the Valley, attacked and defeated the small force opposed to him, killing the Confederate general W. Jones, and opening the way to Lynchburg. His advance Grant intended to support by detaching the cavalry of Sheridan across country into the Shenandoah. But this movement had to be made in the face of Hampton, a worthy successor of Stuart, and was foiled by his watchfulness; while Lee used his railroad communication to transport two divisions of his army to the threatened point under Early, who easily repulsed the Federals, and drove them once more down to the Potomac. His incursion into Maryland, and subsequent chequered campaign against Sheridan (who was sent with large reinforcements in Hunter's place), we do not here notice; for the events in that district have never influenced to any effect the position of affairs around Richmond. But we must not take leave

of the Virginian campaign, considered separately, without noting the important fact that the Federal design in that quarter had so far succeeded as effectually to prevent the sending of men by President Davis to the army opposing the invasion of Sherman.

We left that general preparing to enter on his task with resources in men as far superior to those of Johnston as Grant's were to Lee. But he had neither the constant assistance of a fleet forming a moveable base of supplies, nor could he expect any large addition of fresh troops should his present force be consumed. The first of these deficiencies he made up for by the laborious energy with which he collected, before moving, all needful stores, and the care which he used to distribute and guard them along his communications; the second, by avoiding the open assaults in which Grant had so terribly diminished the veteran army of the Potomac.

Moving at the beginning of May, simultaneously with the latter, Sherman was at once confronted by Johnston, who lay at Dalton, thirty miles from Chattanooga. The forcing him from this and a series of similar positions, until the Confederates were pushed eighty miles southward to the Chattahoochee River which crosses the Chattanooga Railroad close to Atlanta, occupied to the 10th July; and was effected by a series of most dexterous flank manœuvres, the only general assault attempted by the Federals (that of 27th June at Resaca), failing decisively. It should be premised that the country, though broken and difficult, was much more open than the scene of war in Virginia. Of this, and his great superiority in infantry and artillery—in which arms his force just doubled that of the Confederates—Sherman most skilfully availed himself. He did not make a flank march of his whole force, nor extend one end of his line round Johnston's wing, as ordinary precedent would have bade; but holding his enemy in check with a part of his army, detached one or two of his corps by a distant line to seize and intrench themselves on some point which should threaten the Confederate communications. Not all Johnston's energy, nor the exertions of Wheeler

\* Eighty-one per cent. of the wounded at Fredericksburg were struck by the small-arm fire according to the medical report.

(whose cavalry outnumbered that of the invaders, could prevent this manœuvre being repeated again and again. The Federal generals carried out faithfully their commander's orders to keep to the use of fieldworks and guns wherever practicable; and Johnston continually found himself with separate armies established in front and flank, each so strongly as not to be dislodged by his available means, and was thus forced to a new retreat. As Sherman advanced, the railroad was completely repaired, and its use for the future systematically secured. Intrenchments were thrown up at every station or bridge, and a small garrison left with provisions, ammunition, and the means of repairing any sudden damage to the adjacent parts of the line. This being done at every few miles, defiance was bid to any attempt to disturb the communication from Chattanooga to head-quarters; while almost equal care was used to cover the trains which supplied the flanks. Such an elaborate system involved much delay; and Johnston was enabled (as before intimated) to detain the Federals seventy days on their approach to Atlanta.

The advance was none the less unbroken; and when Sherman was preparing elaborately for his passage of the Chattahoochee, he was relieved of a great part of his difficulties by the removal of the formidable opponent whose personal ability he fully appreciated. President Davis, who had since the days of Vicksburg been on but indifferent terms with Johnston, had yielded to the clamor raised against the latter for so repeatedly giving ground, and now superseded him in favor of one of his corps commanders, General Hood, known hitherto as a gallant soldier and bold general of division, but in no way marked for the higher qualities of command. This step, so fatal to the Confederate interests in that quarter, was the more inexcusable, in that Johnston's policy of retreating when liable to be thoroughly outflanked was just what Lee had used—as has been previously shown—at the same time, without a word of blame from any quarter.

The progress of the Federals thenceforward has been due both to superior

generalship and larger resources. Hood purposely abandoned to them the outer line of works which his predecessor had proposed to defend, and suffered them to approach the strong inner chain which had been long since raised round the so-called Gate City of Georgia. He had resolved on assuming an offensive system, and hoped to repeat upon their flanks, as they drew near, some of those sudden and overwhelming assaults which he had seen so successful in the hands of Jackson. But the enemy was too wary and his means too small for this scheme. His attacks, made successively on the 20th, 22nd, and 27th of July, failed with great loss, and he was reduced to the safer and less showy policy of strengthening and extending his works to counteract those by which the place was straitened by Sherman. The latter for the next month carried on the double endeavor to enclose the town by siege operations, and to cut off its supplies by separate forays of his cavalry. Kilpatrick with the latter reached, but could not permanently destroy the railroad from Macon, which fed Hood's army; and the Confederates had so protected it for fifteen miles southward of the city by a chain of intrenchments, that Sherman failed to master it by extending his approaches that way. After a fair trial of this process, he changed it suddenly for a bolder strategy. Leaving Slocum with one corps to guard his entrenchments and the head of that railroad which he had secured with such care, he threw the rest of his army completely round Hood's works with a wide sweep to his right, and appearing south of the Confederates, seized a part of the railroad. Of course the difficulties in the way of this movement lay greatly in the matter of supplies, all of which had to be transported with the columns. But these yielded to his foresight and energy; and the manœuvre was crowned with success. Hood failed to arrest his opponent by seizing the opportunity for an attack in flank upon the way; and afterwards in the attempt to cover different points, divided his forces, and fought with two-thirds of them only in the engagement that followed, which ended in his defeat and retreat southwards. Slocum meanwhile entered Atlanta without opposition on



the 2nd of September, and the first object of the campaign was gained.

Here for a time Sherman paused, and was occupied with storing his new acquisition, and preparing to use it for a new advance. The security of his system of supply had been already sharply tested by the Confederate cavalry, which had been occupied during the recent operations in a vast raid carried as far as Nashville, in the vain hope of interrupting it. Their absence had greatly contributed to Hood's inability to discern and check his adversary's movement, while the design which thus removed Wheeler at a critical juncture had so completely failed that, in Sherman's own words, "No matter when or where a break has been made, the 'repair train' seemed on the spot, and the damage was repaired generally before I knew of the break." The Federal general was therefore fully prepared to push forward with similar precautions to Macon, or beyond it, when his arrangements should be matured; and Hood's reduced numbers gave no promise of opposing him to any effect. But from the first it seemed probable that the Confederates would prefer to use their lesser force to attempt a counter-stroke on his rear at Chattanooga or Nashville; and in such case he had resolved to invade the country beyond by the bolder means proved practicable in the spring, and to attempt that opening of the Savannah river, and consequent severing of the Confederacy, which had been denied to the forces acting from the sea. To this end he chiefly turned his thoughts, and during the long space allowed to the inhabitants of Atlanta to remove from what had for the time become a mere Federal depot, in apparently unguarded conversations with all classes he drew the needful intelligence of the state and resources of the country through which he purposed to pass.

It will now be seen that the subsequent movements of Hood, first westward—thus isolating himself from the Confederate centre—and then upon the railroad, was just what his opponent desired. For a time Sherman followed him, and, as was expected, found him unwilling to run the risk of another battle. Hood having, utterly failed by surprise

to make any important rupture of the line, yielded Dalton, the only station he had taken, to the advance of the Federals, and moved again westward into Alabama, preparing there to cross the Tennessee. This left Sherman opportunity for the full development of his project on Savannah; and his greatly superior force enabled him to leave a sufficient guard for his railroad under Thomas (who has most ably performed his allotted task of occupying the rash invader without yielding any decisive point), and to carry a perfectly equipped army of 45,000 men through the heart of the State thus exposed. The details of the march to the Ogeechee are fresh in the memory of our readers; and all may discern the ability of the strategy and the excellence of the organization to which its success is due; while juster information\* than mere Confederate rumor shows that the movement has been conducted with a marked observance of discipline and abstinence from outrage. And while we close this notice, the telegraph brings word that the capture of Savannah has rewarded the long toil begun at Nashville; and with it comes the most striking of commentaries in the news, that what the army alone has there accomplished, army and fleet combined have failed to do at Wilmington, attacked by them from the seaward side.

That Sherman's triumph brings the war near to its close we do not attempt to predict. To us it seems that the end of the struggle is even more a political and financial than a military question. But we return to our original thesis in declaring that this great contest abounds with important professional lessons, to which a new one has been added by the autumn events in Georgia. If a general's perfect adaptation of given means to a required end—if careful forethought in design, with a just mixture of audacity and caution in execution—may fairly challenge our admiration; Sherman's campaign in 1864, and those of Grant and Lee in the preceding years, seem not unworthy to be classed with the highest achievements which the annals of modern warfare record.

\* Sherman's orders in detail have already been published, and were most precise as to respect for persons and property, even to avoiding dis-

Frazer's Magazine.

## THE HIERARCHY OF ART.

BY FRANCIS POWER CORRE.

## PART II.

IN the preceding part of this essay it was maintained that the priesthood of Art had three orders—the Primary, or Creative; the Secondary, or Reproductive; and the Tertiary, or Receptive. The relation of these orders to each other was discussed in reference to Art in general and also with special application to two out of the five great Arts, namely, Poetry and Music, and their various reproductions and receptions. There remain three other Primary Arts, of which, with their Secondary and Tertiary forms, it now behoves us to treat, *viz.*, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting.

Architecture differs from the other four great Arts in one remarkable particular. Poetry, Music, Sculpture, and Painting, can and ought always to be exercised purely for their own sakes and not for any ulterior purpose. The rule of *de l'Art pour l'Art* is clear and literal as regards them. When any of these arts is practiced principally with a view to some other object beside Art, their proper character is deteriorated if not destroyed—be that other object in itself never so good and laudable. The *Beautiful* is an end in itself, the true and only end of Art. The *Good*, indeed, and the *True* are so inseparably linked with the *Beautiful* that every work really attaining the *Beautiful* must partake of Truth and Goodness. But it is not for the sake of instilling Truth or preaching Goodness that the *Beautiful* should be produced. When any artist attempts to do so, and makes a poem or picture whose main purpose is to develop scientific facts or enforce moral lessons, the result is an inferior and imperfect work of Art.

But this great principle which holds good through all the realms of Art, and is of easy application as regards Poetry, Music, Sculpture, and Painting, is found hard to reconcile with the necessities of Architecture. The number of

training for the army supplies without leaving food for the inhabitants. Howard and Slocum, the executive officers of his columns, were old officers noted for maintaining strict discipline, and may be trusted to have seen them rigidly obeyed.

buildings which are erected mainly as works of Art, must always be trifling compared to those constructed for definite utilitarian purposes. We build houses, fortresses, churches, that we may dwell in them, use them for military operations, perform in them religious services; but not mainly or primarily to create works of architectural Art. Indeed, the edifices which may be considered purely artistic are not at first sight easily discoverable. Almost every building (except such a merely fantastic thing as a modern imitation temple) has another purpose beside Art. A man makes a poem, a piece of music, a statue, or a picture, because he wishes to express something beautiful, and (if he be a true artist) for no other reason. But very rarely indeed does any one erect an edifice, large or small, without having in view some other purpose beside expressing beauty in the abstract. Some want must be supplied, some event recorded, some convenience attained, by almost every building which men think of constructing. Thus for Architecture, the great rule of *de l'Art pour l'Art* must, it appears, be taken with some modification. What may this modification be?

It would seem that the principle on which a work of Architecture must be admitted to rank as pure Art, or excluded from such claim, is this—when the purpose of a building is such that the architect is free to consult *Beauty before Utility*, then that building may be pure Art. When the purpose is such that the architect must consult *Utility before Beauty*, then the building can not be pure Art. In the first case the purpose merely designates the character of the work, leaving the artist to the full development of whatever sense of beauty he may possess. In the second case, the purpose overrides the whole work, limiting in every direction the artist's idea of beauty by considerations altogether apart from those of art. Only those edifices which belong to the first class are to be criticised from the standpoint of pure Architecture, and this class we must suppose to constitute not only *true Art* but the *best art* which Architecture can create. Fancy temples, even such pretty ones as those in the Villa Reale, at Na-

ples, seem always to involve some degree of folly, if not of impertinence. We intuitively expect a building to have a purpose of utility (be it only that of a cenotaph), and are not contented to learn that it exists only for its own sake as a beautiful object. If we are told a building has no reason of existence beyond its supposed beauty, we experience a sense of being trifled with, and regard the work, however graceful it may be, as in some way incongruous and idle. On the other hand, again, the purpose for which a work claiming to be architectural Art is destined, must needs be an elevated one. The lower forms of Utility, even were they compatible with beauty, would make high Art ridiculous. A grand building destined to be a shop or shambles would have all its beauty of Form nullified to the imagination by its unbeautiful Purpose. But buildings devoted to Religion, Justice, or the memory of the mighty dead, have, in their noble purposes, elements of grandeur auxiliary in the highest degree to the effect of any beauty they may possess. Thus we arrive at the conclusion that the universal principle of all the Arts, *de l'Art pour l'Art*, "Art for Art's sake, having no other purpose," must be modified as regards Architecture—"Art having the end of Art (*i. e.*, Beauty) for its predominant purpose, and some elevated utility for its subordinate purpose."

The buildings which may or may not be thus classed as belonging to pure Art, may now be sufficiently easily defined. All kinds of human abodes—palaces, castles, houses, cottages; all kinds of business erections—factories, warehouses, shops, markets, schools, must necessarily be excluded. The architect who designs such buildings is called upon to consider first of all the utility of his work; what the people who will inhabit his house or use his school will require for their accommodation. The walls, corridors, and chambers must be constructed of the size and form they will need, whether by so doing they accord or disaccord with the ends of Art. He must make windows, not because the beauty of his façade will be improved by them, but because the inhabitants of his rooms will require light. He must build chimneys, not because chim-

neys are beautiful, but because the people who are to use his building will want warmth; and so on through every department.

In his whole design Beauty must be subordinate to Use. If he transgress this principle and endeavor to make Art paramount in an edifice designed for Use; and, to accomplish this end, insert much that is useless, and omit much that would have been useful, out of regard for Art, he commits an egregious mistake—a similar one to that of the poet or painter who makes a poem or a picture the vehicle of moral lessons or scientific information. He errs as to the very purpose of his work; and the inhabitant of the house which has been made uncomfortable to make it architectural, or the audience in a musical-hall which has been unfitted for music to suit the laws of proportion, have each a right to denounce the architect's work as a failure and an impertinence. His business was first to make a habitable house and a good hall, suited according to the principles of acoustics for hearing music. Only when he had secured comfortable habitability and unshattered sound was he at liberty to think of architectural beauty.

The scope of pure Art in Architecture being narrowed by the exclusion of all such buildings as we have considered, and all those which must obviously be classed along with them, there remain only two descriptions of edifices whose position is to be determined, namely, Religious Edifices and Monuments. We will discuss these questions as carefully as possible.

1st, Are religious edifices susceptible of becoming works of pure art? Two very different ideas of what is a religious edifice may be traced among mankind. To the old Greek a temple was a house of the gods, wherein the blessed and beautiful Immortals sojourned to receive the homage of men. To the modern English Protestant a church is man's place of prayer, whereto he resorts to perform exercises of devotion (more conveniently paid there than elsewhere), addressed to a Being who is equally present in all other places. Between these two opposite conceptions lie a hundred shades of belief which have called into existence fanes intended for every form

of worship ranging from the most material to the most spiritual.

When we conceive of a temple as a house for such a being of beauty and power as one of the old gods of Olympus, it is clear that the office of the architect would be simply to design the most perfectly beautiful house he could imagine—an ideal edifice uniting every element of grandeur and grace. In doing this, the idea of beauty would be his *primary* idea, just as in the case of an architect building a modern mansion, the idea of utility would be primary. Regard for convenience of worshippers would be secondary to the Greek architect, just as beauty would be secondary to the modern one. Here, then, the Greek would work in the field of Pure Art. His edifice would be as strictly a work of Art, ruled by the principle, *de l'Art pour l'Art*, as that of any sculptor or painter.

On the other hand, when we conceive of a Protestant church as a place for the performance of human exercises of devotion, it is clear that the office of the architect of such a church is before all things to design a building calculated to fulfil that purpose by such arrangement of size, shape, light, sound, as shall best enable the congregation to go through the offices therein to be performed. A church in which the people can not see or hear the minister, or the minister conveniently perform his rites, or in which the music is badly heard, or light, or air, or warmth, or means of entrance and egress deficient—a church with any such defects is a failure, however beautiful its architecture may be. True, the architect, *after securing these objects*, ought, if possible, to add further such beauty and solemnity of style as may serve to impress the minds of the congregation with sentiments befitting religious service. But although this secondary duty of the architect might at first sight appear a primary one (and would probably be so considered by minds of the High Church type), it can not strictly be so accounted. Protestants frequent their churches not to undergo æsthetic influences, but to join in certain forms of worship and to listen to certain predications. If they are all the time vainly struggling against adverse physical conditions preventing them from hearing their minister, seeing

their prayer-books, assuming proper postures, or enjoying such an atmosphere as may leave their lungs free from irritation, it is plain enough that the most impressive architecture can do little to solemnize their minds. The architect of such a church will have made a gross mistake in building even the most beautiful edifice with these defects. It may be added that the special requirements of a northern climate, and of the more Calvinistic forms of Protestantism unite every possible difficulty and disadvantage in the way of sacred architecture, just as the climate and simple sacrifices of Greece afforded it every possible advantage and facility. A really beautiful edifice, suited to Evangelical worship on an English winter's day, may be said to be an impossibility; and it is a fortunate coincidence that the same minds which prefer such worship should be usually indifferent to architectural beauty. It is a question not to be too contemptuously dismissed, whether, after all, the supposed revival of church architecture in England has not been a mistake, and whether the much-abused square chapels and churches of sixty or eighty years ago, with their direct and simple suitability to the actual necessities of the *cultus* to be performed in them, were not in better taste (supposing them to be handsome and grave of their kind) than all our recent mediæval imitations.

Catholic churches and cathedrals have a much nearer claim to be works of pure Art than Protestant ones; and for this reason, that they resemble much more in character the Greek temple than the Protestant place of prayer. A Catholic church, in the first place, always contains the Host—believed to be a divine presence, specially located within the building; commonly, also, it is the shrine of some dead saint, over whose bones the edifice is a sacred monument. Although prayers are used, the chief religious service (namely the mass) hardly requires any arrangement for the congregation; nor even for the occasional sermon is preparation made beyond a pulpit fixed against some convenient column. The processions, for which space is wanted, afford rather scope for the architect's ideas of grandeur than any check to his fancy. When we add to all this that in



the lands where Romanism survives in splendor, the climate exonerates the builder from all care for warmth and light, we have assuredly found reasons enough why Catholic architecture has been always a great and noble Art, and Protestant architecture a very different thing.

Moslem mosques, again, are simply places of prayer; but the forms of prayer to be performed therein are so simple, the climate of Mahometan countries so inexact, that in designing them the architect is left almost wholly free to follow the guidance of beauty. He has only to plan beautiful courts, or shaded *loggie*, or great, lofty halls, where the Faithful might freely enter and depart at will, finding therein ample space and perfect calm and solemnity for private devotion, or for occasional listening to some reader of the Koran. The strong religious and artistic genius of the Arab race has found accordingly in Architecture the free field denied to it in sculpture. A beautiful mosque is not an ideal House of the Gods, but an ideal Outer Court of Heaven—the most solemn and grand and sacred place the architect could design.

It would detain us too long to glance at the relation to pure Art held by Egyptian temples, Hindoo, Buddhist, and Guebre temples, Druid circles, and that first Temple of Zion, whose architecture, could we recover it, would probably afford the most perfect instance of purely ideal Art, inspired by the highest veneration. A building which should bear in Architecture the rank which Isaiah bears in Poetry would be a glorious fane indeed! Probably, as regards heathen temples, the architects were usually little trammelled by such utilitarian considerations as disturb those of our churches, and remained free to design as much beauty as their artistic and scientific attainments permitted them to conceive or execute.

Religious buildings, then, we conclude, may either belong to the class of pure Architectural Art, or have no right to aim at being works of Art at all. The Parthenon was pure Art. A London church, designed to admit a thousand people to "sit under" a fashionable preacher, only becomes incongruous and ridic-

ulous when it makes pretensions to being a work of Art.

2. Monuments, whether actual tombs, or cenotaphs, or trophies, or memorials of any kind, are obviously at present the surest form in which we can practice Architecture. Their purpose, even if it include the inhumation of a corpse, leaves the architect free to design whatever edifice may seem to him most beautiful as representing the sentiment of Grief or Triumph, which the monument is intended to perpetuate.\*

Thus, in conclusion, we find that to judge of Architecture *as Art* we must exclude from view the great majority of buildings, and confine our attention to such temples, mosques, cathedrals, and monuments of all kinds as may reveal the architect's conception of Beauty freely developed without regard to utilitarian aims.

How does the primary creative Art of Architecture which remains after such elimination meet the definition with which we started, viz., that all Primary Art is derived from God's revelation of the Beautiful through his works? Architecture does not copy nature as poetry, sculpture, and painting do. How can we affirm it is derived from it at all?

It must be avowed that the relation between architecture and nature is not quite of that same kind as that between nature and the three great arts we have named. True that a great deal of architectural form is imitated from nature. Columns were undoubtedly copied from the stems of trees, which had originally in the primitive wooden buildings held the place of supports. The capitals were copied by the Egyptians from palms and lotus; and by the Greeks first from the simple beveling of the wood, as in Doric—from the horns of the sacrificial rams, or the curling locks of women, in Ionic; and, lastly, for the Corinthian (according to the familiar legend told by Vitruvius of Callimachus) from the basket of toys

\* It is a singular proof how little the true principles of these matters are sought for among us, that it should have become a fashion of late in England to make even monuments serve a double purpose, and to attempt to combine adorning churches with colored glass windows and recording the memory of some departed friend. The very idea of a monument is nullified by this ingenious device so much in favor with the clergy.

laid over a sprouting acanthus, by a nurse mourning at a young girl's grave. Fantastic resemblances for these orders have been drawn yet further; and we are told (most erroneously) that the Doric represents the proportions of a man, the Ionic of a woman, and the Corinthian of the girl from whose tomb it took its birth. In Gothic architecture, again, the interlacing tracery of the roof may well have been suggested by the crossing branches of the forest—the columns being trunks of stately trees, and the capitals bearing bunches of grapes, nests of birds, human faces, or (as in Milan) figures of saints and angels. But these and all other details of ornament, obviously copied from natural objects, can not be really said to prove architecture a derivation from nature in the sense in which sculpture and painting are so. Much of what is most beautiful in architecture is also the most remote from any transcript of natural beauty, either literal or idealized. Rather is there a formal repetition and conventional representation of such objects as are copied, altogether adverse to nature. The relation of architecture to nature must be quite other than this, to give it the rank it actually holds among the primary arts. What may this true relation be?

In discussing the subject of Music we arrived at the conclusion that it represented nature inasmuch as it represented *human* nature, the passions and sentiments of the soul of man; and of these such only as are beautiful—in other words, it was a true primary art by being “directly derived from God's revelation through nature”—the nature of his highest creature. Now, it would appear that architecture is similarly thus derived from the beautiful in *human* nature only. It represents a certain number of the sentiments natural to man, which are beautiful in themselves, and which find in it an expression, if not similar to that they find in Music, yet of parallel power. The impression, for instance, of religious awe conveyed by an oratorio of Handel, and the same impression conveyed by the interior of Milan Cathedral, are probably as nearly equivalent to the individuals susceptible of their respective influences, as the power of any two Arts well may be. It must be noticed, however, that

the sentiments capable of being represented in Architecture are exceedingly restricted in number, compared to those at the disposal of the musical composer; and that though both are limited to beautiful sentiments, excluding all things mean and base, the architect is compelled to choose among beautiful feelings the few which can be rendered by his art. Religious Awe, Solemnity, Praise, bright and fanciful Joy, Triumph, Mourning, may be said nearly to exhaust the list of the sentiments reproducible by architecture.\*

The Primary Art of Architecture, judged by the foregoing principles, will in all cases have its value determined, first, by the beauty and grandeur of the natural human sentiment which the architect has reproduced; secondly, by the power with which such sentiment has been so embodied, and the extent to which the building will impress the spectator with the same sentiment; thirdly, by the adherence to those principles of

\*As examples of each we may instance the earlier Egyptian temples, such Druid remains as Karnak and Stonehenge, and such Christian churches as the Holy Sepulchre, San Lázaro at Cyprus, San Lorenzo at Rome, Winchester, etc., as displaying profound religious Awe. The mosques of Cairo and of India, the Parthenon, the Pæstum temples, the Pantheon, all partake of both solemnity and glorifying Praise, the latter sentiment being altogether embodied in the majestic splendor of St. Peter's, the church which is in architecture what the Te Deum is in music. Again, the feeling of Joy, full of bright and playful fancy, was represented by graceful fanes like that of Vesta in Rome, or the marvelous octagon at Baalbec, and perhaps by some of the pagodas of the East. Triumph has had its arches, trophies, and columns from the days of Sesostris to our own, the solemn prostyle temple of Nemesis at Rhamnus (whose statue was formed of the block Xerxes had brought to make his own trophy), being its gravest type, and the airy little poem in marble to Apteral Victory on the Athenian Acropolis, its lightest fancy. For Mourning, alas! there is no age or land where Death has not left his mark, and where some grave—from the cairn and barrow of the savage, to the Lycian Mausoleum or Egyptian Pyramid—does not represent that ever-recurring sentiment of humanity.

Marvelous indeed is it that it should be within the power of architecture to reproduce all these feelings through such means as are at our disposal—the arrangement of walls and columns and arches, the play of light and shade, and the interchange of forms graceful or massive. Not more marvelous, however, than the familiar magic of music, which by quicker or slower movements of sharper or lower sounds, touches every chord of our hearts.

proportion and balance which obtain throughout Nature, and being founded on the laws of gravitation and dynamics, apply equally to all works either of Art or Nature. The *poetry* of the architecture will be determined by the first and second conditions—the *science* and *skill* of the architect by the third.

Secondary or reproductive architecture is of far more difficult definition than any other form of secondary art. The line between it and primary or creative architecture is exceedingly hard to draw, for the questions might be equally asked: Is there any architecture wholly original? and, is there any architecture merely reproduced? So very large a share of the art is engrossed by what we have just described as its scientific as distinguished from its poetic elements, and this scientific part is so necessarily traditional, that to ordinary eyes, one building may almost seem to have grown out of another, in a sort of Darwinian succession, by "natural selection," in unbroken series since the first primates of our race, half gorillas, half men, built themselves wigwags in the forests of a forgotten world. Each style has been gradually developed—the Greek from the Egyptian, the Saracenic from the Greek, the Norman and Early English from the Saracenic, and from them again the Decorated, Perpendicular, and Tudor, in regular succession, till the Palladian (descending by another pedigree through the Roman from the same Greek origin) met again the northern line of tradition and completed, as it would seem, the circle of our inventions, seeing that Europe has been well-nigh barren of new architecture ever since. Yet in each transition, and in each instance of each style, there was assuredly room for the true artist, while using the science of his predecessors, to embody fresh poetry in his work. The likeness between buildings of the same country and age is after all only the same kind of likeness which may be found between the poems, paintings, or musical airs of any one epoch and nation. It only betrays the general taste then and there prevailing. Hence Primary Architecture must be accounted such as reveals some fresh poetical feeling—some new ideas of beauty derived directly from the human sentiments in the architect's

mind. The architect must say something to the spectator—something which has not been said in the same way before—something which is a revelation of a natural and beautiful human sentiment. He must make awe, joy, praise, triumph, or mourning, express themselves through his work as they have not hitherto been expressed through any previous work of architecture. True secondary architecture must be such as reproduces primary architecture, retaining all its beauty, and repeating its expression of the same sentiments. To effect such reproduction by servile copying would manifestly merit small praise; and the variances of position, materials, and climate, are all so great that actual imitation in architecture is less feasible than in any other art. A successful reproduction of a fine edifice must needs involve a very considerable share of taste and skill, or we find in its stead such a caricature of a Greek temple as the Parisian Madeleine—the flowing and undulating lines of the original changed for hard, sharp angles; and the glistening white marble replaced by whity-brown columns, built up in pitiful little drums, like a set of pieces from a backgammon-table, and making, with the flutings, a cross-bar like a tartan plaid.

The merit of secondary architectural art of course must be determined like other secondary arts: first, by the beauty of the original it reproduces; secondly, by the perfection with which the poetry of the original is translated and its science and skill successfully revealed.

Artists of the tertiary or receptive order in architecture are numerous enough, so far as a rudimentary sense of architectural grandeur may go; but very few in the degree of a thoroughly cultivated sense of the art. Almost every one is susceptible of some influence from majestic buildings; but the delicate appreciation of their special beauties is a thing rarely to be found. Receptive art in architecture may be estimated, first, by the character of the work whose impression is felt; secondly, by the strength and fulness of the impression; thirdly, by the technical knowledge of the science of architecture, and discrimination of taste in judging of its application. This last condition (as happens in all arts) continually is mis-

taken for the complete receptive sense itself; and those who can discuss fluently the merits of the details of a structure, and the strict appropriateness of the decorations of the different styles, assume the position of connoisseurs in architecture, when their minds and hearts remain wholly unmoved by the poetry which speaks through the entire edifice. Another not less common error is that which discloses itself by the frequent observation, "I admire classic architecture; I do not care for Gothic," or *vice versa*. The different styles express different things—different beautiful human sentiments. The receptive sense of architecture should make a man able to read and sympathize with each varied expression, as with the grave and gay moods of a poet, and to comprehend alike the high Joy of the old Athenian, uttered through the matchless symmetry and perfection of form of his temples, between whose white columns the blue sky of Greece and the dancing waves of Salamis are gleaming; and the solemn Awe of the mediæval Christian, spoken through the vast dim cathedrals of uncertain form and overwhelming grandeur, whose dull gray stones repeat the gloom of the cold cloudy North. Each is beautiful in its place; and to be dead to the impression of either is to lack the power of receiving the art of architecture.

Sculpture holds among the great arts a position easy to be defined. Its office is to reproduce the beauty revealed in nature through Form. With this alone it is concerned, and among such beautiful forms its dignity demands that it should choose the highest only. The human form, supreme in beauty, occupies it primarily; then such combinations as fancy may create, by uniting the human and the animal, as for example, in centaurs, fauns, satyrs, angels, and sphinxes, and the human-headed bulls and lions of the Assyrians. Lastly, in actual animals of the highest class, horses, lions, leopards, &c. Below these (although the Cow of Myron was greatly admired by the ancients, and Alcibiades' Dog and the Wild Boar of the Mercato Nuovo of Florence by ourselves), the beauty of the lower creatures is hardly great enough to suffice for the dignity of sculpture, except as accessories to the human figure.

The beauty revealed through form by the sculptor is not exclusively physical beauty. The beautiful or grand passions and sentiments of human nature—and even those of animal nature—are also his domain. The *ἵδιος* (*expression*), as the old Greeks called such revelation of passion or sentiment, either made through action, or traits of emotion on the countenance of a statue, is a large part of the sculptor's art; indeed no statue could be considered a true work of Art which was deficient in such expression. But the limits of this expression are to the sculptor exceedingly narrow as compared to those of other artists. He is bounded far more than the poet, musician, or painter, as to the passions or sentiments he may attempt to represent at all; and even among those which are at his option to use, he is called upon to exercise the strictest reticence in the representation lest he transgress the limits not merely of the Beautiful but of the Dignified. "Expression," says Winkelmann, "changes the features of the face, and consequently alters those forms which constitute beauty. The greater the change the more unfavorable it is to beauty." Therefore, expression, instead of being driven as by the dramatist to the utmost verge of veracity, must by the sculptor be confined to the very calmest and most chastened indication. Jupiter makes Olympus tremble, but only, as Homer says: "by the bending of his eyebrows." Apollo's wrath against the Python he slays is revealed only by the open, breathing nostril of the statue in the Vatican. Even Niobe's maternal anguish only changes her to stony despair; and Laocoon in his agony strives for self-control as much as for relief.

As a means of reproducing his subjects, the sculptor has at his disposal either the perfect Statue "in the round," or Relief, which may be so high as to be nearly complete statuary, or of middle height, or bas-relief, or again *intaglio-rilievato* or perfect *intaglio*. For size he has no limit to his art from such *colossi* as that of Rhodes and the Sphinx and the statue of Carlo Borromeo, to the tiniest coin or gem on which his design can be executed. For material he has clay, wax, wood, marble, stone, ivory, and metal, and their imitations and substi-



tutes. Here we come on the great mechanical peculiarity of the art. Only through the means of a perfectly ductile material (such as clay or wax) is it possible for the sculptor to produce his most perfect forms at their first creation. But these materials, which alone meet the necessity of creation, are generally unfitted to be permanently preserved. It is needful, therefore, to copy the image into the durable material, in which it is finally to be kept, and wherein its beauty can be thoroughly displayed. The relation, then, of the original model to the finished statue is unique among the arts. It is the work of Art itself—the sculptor's direct derivation from nature brought to the high perfection within his power. Yet it is not this which the world beholds, but its copy, which the sculptor may either execute himself, or may, if he so please, confide to any one capable of thoroughly reproducing his model (if any such can be found). The sculptor has done his task when he has realized in Form the beauty he designed. It may or may not be desirable for him to be himself, the marble-cutter, and finish the completed statue with his own hands; but if he do so, it will only make him the reproducer and copyist of his own work—the marble will be the *replica* by the master of the original model. Between the Architect who merely designs his edifice on paper and never touches stone or slate, and the Painter who actually does his work with his own brush, the Sculptor thus holds a half-way position. He shares accordingly with the architect, the poet, and the musician the advantage that his work may be indefinitely multiplied without his interference. He shares with the painter, at his option, the actual manipulation of his work.

Sculpture is truly creative and original when it is directly derived from the beauty revealed through Nature. It may belong to either of the two classes—that of individual portraiture, which professedly aims to represent only a single real personage whose lineaments are known to us, or to that of ideal art, which aims to represent either a purely imaginary being, or one whose actual features are unknown. But the lines between these two classes of sculpture are less far apart than is commonly conceived; for there

can be no good portrait which does not partake of the ideal, nor any good idea which has not been faithfully derived in its parts from Nature. The difference lies in this, that the portrait statue should assemble the traits of the individual it represents in all its higher moods and sentiments, so that it should serve as a likeness for him, not at one special place or time, but every where and at all times, and even (if we may speculate so far) bear a resemblance to whatever form we can conceive his spirit to wear in any future state of existence. The ideal statue, on the other hand, should assemble the traits, not of one person, but of many persons, in whom the special character desired to be represented should be peculiarly developed.\*

Even in the case of animal sculpture, a certain idealization is required—a selection of the finest possible forms for each feature and limb. The sculptor's duty is to see with illumined eyes the beauty scattered it may be through many forms; or, as in the case of the portrait statue, revealed in gleams by one form, and then to collect all such scattered rays into one focus. Be it noticed, also, that in admitting the class of portrait statues to rank as works of Art, it can only be under the restriction that they should be portraits of persons, beautiful either in form or expression. The one sole object of pure Art being to create beauty, the admission of any such aim as the recording of the features of an individual for the sake of affection or curiosity, can by no means be recognized as contributing to a work of Art.

As to the strict originality of a work of sculpture, it is clear that it must be determined, as above stated, strictly by the fact of the sculptor having personally studied from Nature, and not by the fact

\* The selection of the most beautiful parts, and their harmonious union in one figure, produced ideal beauty, which is therefore no metaphysical abstraction; so that the ideal is not found in every part of the human figure taken separately, but can be ascribed to it only as a whole; for beauties as great as any of those which Art has ever produced can be found singly in Nature—but in the entire figure Nature must yield to Art. . . . By the Ideal is to be understood merely the highest possible beauty of the whole figure, which can hardly exist in Nature in the same high degree in which it appears in some statues.—Winckelmann's *Hist. Ancient Art.* chap. ii.

of any other sculptor having, or not having, studied from the same Nature before him. No man's work ceases to be original because he beholds in Nature the same beauty which another beheld previously, or because his insight leads him to find the supreme excellence of that same particular natural beauty also discovered to be best by past artists. Nothing, for instance, can be more idle and ignorant than to reproach a modern sculptor with being merely an imitator of the Greeks, if at the same time it can be shown that he only draws his inspiration from the same ever-fresh natural beauty which their consummate taste made them discover twenty ages ago to be the highest of all. On the other hand, if a modern sculptor, instead of seeking inspiration from Nature, merely tries to obtain it at second-hand, either from the Greeks or any other artists, he does cease to be a creator and becomes an imitator. The reproach against him is justified.

The value of a work of sculpture will be determined, first, by the inherent beauty of its subject, in which consists the poetry of the work; secondly, by the perfection with which such beauty is rendered, in which consist the science and skill of the work. The best of all statues would be one representing the highest beauty with absolute accuracy as to anatomy and absolute perfection as to manipulation.

Secondary or Reproductive Sculpture is the nearest allied to its primary of all secondary arts. The original sculptor himself is commonly for half his time only a reproducer in marble of his own designs; and if he delegate that office to another who shall finish for him the rough outline left by the stone-cutters on the block into a perfect copy of the model, that other must be, so far as science or skill is concerned, in some degree a sculptor too. Even for the poetry of his original he must have much taste to execute his work to perfection. The difficulty of achieving such a task well is proved by the facility with which real art-critics distinguish ancient copies of sculpture from originals—even when the originals no longer exist for comparison. The disproportion between the perfection of the design and the incompleteness of the performance, with the failures of de-

tails, at once demonstrates that the copyist was unequal to the undertaking of really producing the original. Gem engraving, cameo cutting, the making of coins and medals from the designs of sculptors, are all forms of Secondary or Reproductive sculpture of various artistic value. Of all of them the merits must be determined—First, by the beauty of the original work which they copy; secondly, by the perfection with which they reproduce its beauty; thirdly, by the degree in which the reproduction differs from a mere copy, and aspires to translate the original into a new language of art; fourthly, by the intrinsic beauty of the reproduction itself.

Tertiary or Receptive Art is more rare in sculpture than in any other art; especially is it so in England. Instead of judging statues by their resemblance to beautiful human forms, we guess at what human forms may be from the few statues within our observation. And this ignorance (inevitable in our climate and with our civilization) by no means stops short at the anatomical merits of sculpture. We are equally in the dark as to its poetry. At our International Exhibitions it is not a little deplorable to behold jostling crowds gathered around some second-rate work, and listen to the enthusiastic remarks they make—on what? On the feeling displayed? the beauty of the face or figure? or life-like attitude? Nothing of the kind. On the cleverness with which marble is made to look like a crape veil, or a piece of lace, or a shower of pumice-stones, or (in one notable instance) a rush-bottomed chair! Oh, triumph of the majestic art of Phidias and Praxiteles and Michael Angelo—a rush-bottomed chair! We have reached the bathos of receptive sculpture, and can no further descend. To see the beauty of the most beautiful statues—to feel all that the sculptor means us to feel, and then appreciate the technical merits of his work—these are the conditions of True Receptiveness in sculpture. How far we are from a general enjoyment thereof it is needless to tell.

Painting is the last great Art—the embodiment of the beauty revealed in nature both through Form and Color. The scope of this Art is far wider than that of either of those we have been last con-

sidering, inasmuch as it embraces, first, the beautiful in human nature—both the beauty of form and of color, and also of an expression ranging through every sentiment and passion which can partake of beauty, and whose representation need not be limited within such bounds of repose as those imposed by sculpture. Secondly, animal nature, embracing not only the higher class of beasts, but all creatures whatever which can be ranked as beautiful. Thirdly, inanimate nature, embracing every description of beautiful landscape and sea-scape, and the buildings or ships which may enliven them; sky-scenes, interiors, special natural objects, such as trees, flowers, waterfalls—in a word, every conceivable thing which man may either see or imagine he sees, and of which beauty may be predicated. Nay, even Beauty itself, the one great aim of all Art, may in painting be understood in a larger and less strict sense than elsewhere, and those humbler charms which make up the Picturesque may suffice for its requirements although the supreme beauty is not above its reach. Painting may also deal with far larger groups and more complicated subjects than sculpture; and while the preservation of a certain unity throughout every work of Art must be a principal application to all, the painter's unity embraces a wider variety than that of either sculptor or architect.

Of the various materials at the disposal of the painter, either to produce his thought in the full glory of color, or simply to delineate in drawing, it is needless to speak. With the exception of glass-painting, it is usually exclusively with his own hand that he performs his work from commencement to completion—a speciality he holds alone among artists.

Painting claims rightly to be original and creative when the painter derives his inspiration directly from nature in any one of the forms which we have indicated as within his scope. The beauty of humanity, physical and moral; the beauty of animals; the beauty of wood and wave, and sky and flower—are each and all revelations, which by truly receiving and faithfully reproducing, he becomes a creator of Art. That which before was Nature (*i. e.*, the Art of God), he reproduces in Art (the Art of man).

All that has been said regarding the ideal in sculpture applies equally to painting. The painter may either make a portrait of an individual, or a tree, or a landscape, or a professedly ideal picture of man or angel, or forest or mountain. In the case of the portrait, he must assemble all the characteristics of his subject which are fit for painting from every different glimpse of them he has obtained. In the case of the ideal work, he must assemble from all the sources at his disposal the features of person or landscape suitable to afford the most beautiful conception of the figure or place he designs to create. Falling below this standard, and making portraits possessing no beauty of form or expression, or ideal works not assembling beautiful or picturesque natural features, the painter falls below real Art—his work, as Art, is worthless.

Beauty is revealed by the Creator of all things in so transcendent a manner through the lovely shapes, and rich and varied hues of nature, that we are all accustomed to speak of beauty preëminently as thus made known to us, and it is only by a sort of metaphor that we speak of other and invisible things being also Beautiful, as, for instance, the tones of music, or the sentiments and actions of a man. The Greeks thought differently, and to them, who of all men best knew what beauty was, the "beautiful" in form and the "noble" in action and feeling were one and the same. But alas! those human sentiments to which the term can apply are too often blended with others far from beautiful, and he who goes to them to satisfy his longing for beauty must meet many a sore disappointment. The beauty of Form and Color, lesser in character though they be, are ever to be found by those who seek them, and in their enjoyment no regret or bitterness can blend. Thus the painter holds to Beauty in the abstract, a relation more constant than perhaps any other artist; and having the command in his Art of both form and color, he can record more phases of nature's charms than any other save the poet alone. So familiar is all this, that when we speak of beauty we at once think of form and color, unless some other kind of beauty is specially designated; and when we think of Art, we think simply of Painting, unless ar-

chitecture, or music, or sculpture be also named. Both from this cause, and because painting is, next to music, the most common of the Arts, we are accustomed to call a painter an Artist *par excellence*.

The value of original works of painting must be determined, first, by the beauty of the subject—beauty either of expression, form, color, or light and shade. Secondly, by the fidelity of the representation of such beauty. Infinite modifications of merit it will be seen must exist, according to the degrees in which each kind of beauty exists in the subject, and is more or less scientifically and skilfully rendered in the painting.

Secondary or Reproductive Art in painting has various branches. Engraving on steel, wood, or copper; Lithographing and Copying, either in the same style and material as the original, and the same process, or in other materials, and by a different process (as when an oil painting is translated into a water-color or pencil drawing, or *vice versa*). The merits of this order of Art of course must be determined like those of the corresponding orders of other Arts, first, by the excellence of the original; secondly, by the perfection with which it is reproduced.

The remarks made in discussing musical performance, apply with much diminished force to drawing and painting. Bad musical performance does no good to the performer, and is an offense and interruption, not to say a source of pain and irritation, to those who hear it. It has only the excuse of innocent uselessness in the rare cases wherein it can be practised out of hearing of any sensitive ear. But secondary painting, even when it must be admitted to be indifferent art, when the painter has neither gifts nor culture to make it better, is at least innoxious to the community—inoffensive so long as its results are not forced into conspicuousness—and for the individual himself a method of obtaining correctness of eye and facility of expression useful in a thousand pursuits.

Finally, Tertiary or Receptive Art in painting implies a gift which happily is not among the rare ones of the human race. The taste for pictures is among one of the most ancient and most widely diffused of all the attributes of man. No

country offers us remains so ancient as to precede painting, no savage tribe is so barbarous as to lack pleasure in the sight of such rudimentary art as is within its comprehension. True that in the earlier ages and among half-civilized nations the same curious defect of the pictorial art may always be traced as among children. The first attempts at art instead of being, as we might have supposed, always direct copies of nature, are, on the contrary, invariably composed out of the artist's "moral consciousness" of what men and trees and houses ought to look like in certain positions. Assyrian bas-reliefs, and Egyptian wall-paintings, and Chinese landscapes all show the very same propensity which will make any child to whom we give a pencil and a slate, draw rivers with fish half as wide as the stream; profiles of men displaying the full breadth of their chests; kings twice as tall as their subjects; and houses, gardens, and people all dancing in the air in a perspective excelling all that Hogarth could invent for absurdity. How is this universal habit to be accounted for? Surely only on the grounds that it is the *impression made on us* and not the *thing which makes it*, which (like the musician) the painter first strives to represent; only learning by long practice to go to nature herself for his model, and so at last to make on another the same impression she has made on him.

The amount of pleasure is incalculable which is given by the very humblest forms of the pictorial art to thousands of human beings who else would never know aesthetic gratification at all. To the inhabitant of the wretched mud cabin in the bogs, the rude colored prints he fastens over his bed of straw; to the child the gaudy pictures of his first story-book; to the pauper in the sick-ward of the workhouse the woodcut which breaks the blank wall at which he has stared so long, with some image from the outer world of love and hope; to all of these, and many thousands more, prints of the poorest sort are sources of some of the best pleasures they experience. Each mechanical discovery which allows pictures to be multiplied and made accessible to the poor should be reckoned a definite gain to the human race of so much innocent enjoyment.



It is of course, however, in those who possess the strongest æsthetic taste, and have been able to give it the best cultivation, that the full measure of the enjoyment to be derived from painting is to be found. Among such persons the receptive power must be determined, first, by the character of the beauty of the work they appreciate; secondly, by the science and skill of the painter which they can discriminate—in other words, by their faculty for judging the poetry of art, and their culture in measuring its science and skill. As usual, here, as in other arts, the latter quality of criticism, *i. e.*, the criticism of science and skill, usurps alone the rank of receptive art, regardless of the far loftier criticism of the poetry thereof. A *connoisseur* or *dilettante* is supposed to be a person who knows a great deal of the technical merits of pictures, and can readily name their authors. But in truth a full and deep comprehension of the meaning of the painter, a vivid delight in the beauty revealed through his work, is a part of receptiveness far above all such technical judgment.

From the beginning of this essay it has been maintained that Receptive Art is not limited to the appreciation of human works of poetry, music, architecture, and painting, but extends much further, even to the appreciation of the beauty from which they are one and all derived, to be found in Nature itself. He who only holds in the Hierarchy of Art a place in this third order, can not indeed reproduce what he beholds, but he must also, like the primary and secondary artists, see and appreciate and love that beauty of Nature. It is he who can best understand Art who is capable of most thoroughly admiring Nature. Nay, one of the great glories of Art is that it leads even the most ordinary and ungifted mind, through interest in the poem, the statue, or the picture, up to an interest in the natural subjects whence their creators drew their beauty. The same object which was passed by with inattentive eyes in Nature, reappears in Art invested with a new interest, by having been cast afresh in the crucible of the artist's mind, and henceforth attracts the admiration it deserves. The original artist, as the high-priest of Nature, introduces daily

fresh votaries to her temple. Here is the completion of the circle. God reveals that Beauty, which is a part of His ineffable perfection, through the beautiful forms and colors and expressions of Nature. The primary artist beholds it with illumined eyes, and creates it anew in some great work of Poetry, Music, Architecture, Sculpture, or Painting. Then the secondary artist sees the beauty of that work, and reproduces it—in Dramatic acting, in Reading, in Musical performances, in copy of the building, the statue, or the picture. Lastly, the receiver is struck by the reproductive art—led up by it to seek out and study and appreciate the original—then led higher still by that original up to Nature—and last of all, led, “by Nature up to Nature's God.” Art is thus a golden chain of many links, let down from heaven to draw man up to heaven again. The great Author of Beauty has willed that His children should share his own joy therein. No mere adaptation of their senses to the outer world has He provided for them in His goodness, but a true filial sympathy in works whose beauty they know is spread no less richly where their eyes may never behold it, even to the depths of the ocean.

#### CATHARINE CORNARO.

FROM THE GERMAN.

#### PART THE THIRD.

##### I.

EXACTLY half a year later, the Signoria were again assembled in the Palace of St. Mark, but no joyful event, it was evident, had called them together, for care, gloom, and anxiety were visible in every countenance.

“Fathers of the Republic!” the Doge addressed them, “you have not remained in ignorance that a degenerate son of Venice has cast the cruel torch of war among her dominions, and threatens to shake her columns in the very spot where, unfortunately, she can most easily be shaken—I mean in her Grecian possessions. Anafesto's son, the base Coriolanus of our times, has excited civil war in Albania. He has organized powerful bands, at the head of which he has placed himself; he is their life and soul,

and at the same time shows himself to be as savage as the wild beasts of the desert, and as bloodthirsty as the hyænas which are the terror of the plains of Asia. The despatches forwarded by our governor from Epirus are not calculated to quiet our minds. He has employed every means in his power to turn aside the storm, but it rushes madly along, over the mountains, down to the settlements, totally destroying them, and giving a tremendous blow to our commerce. While civil war is raging there, attended by all the demons of hell, dissatisfaction is afloat among the people of Venice, which might break forth with fury if the state were dismantled of her soldiers and the harbor of its galleys. I submit these two evils to your deliberation!"

A noisy argument ensued, in which the selfishness of some and the interests of others prevented them coming to any determination. The most eager for the suppression of the war on the continent of Greece was old Cornaro, for he possessed landed property to no inconsiderable amount in the district of the seat of war, where he had hitherto carried on the culture of silkworms with peculiar success. After long debates it was agreed to send thither a portion of the army.

"And who is to be the leader of the troops?" asked the Doge. "You have a heroic son, Cornaro, let him be the commander!"

"That honor," replied the old man, bitterly, "would be more fitting for your son, who has not yet tried the bloody business of war. Yonder there are more laurels to be gathered than in the gondolas of Venice!"

Before the Doge could give utterance to the angry words which were hovering on his quivering lips, a servant announced that there were noblemen without who earnestly desired to be admitted. The request was granted, and Lucio Cornaro, Marco Falieri, and a considerable number of the noble youths of Venice, entered, all of whom unanimously demanded to be allowed to fight under the banner of the republic, for her honor and welfare. Many a father turned pale in the half circle of the Signoria. Discontent and gloom were ap-

parent in every feature of Cornaro's face, melancholy in those of the Doge. However, their demand was granted.

Active preparations were now set on foot. Troops were levied, and the fleet was soon in readiness to weigh anchor. The most painful part was still to be gone through—the leave-taking. Lucio had secretly conducted his friend Marco to his beloved. They parted amidst thousands of tears, kisses, and vows of love and constancy. Catharine was inconsolable. To her life seemed to have closed its gates of joy, and she could not free herself of a presentiment, which stifled every thought of pleasure in her heart. Taking with him his father's blessing, Marco proceeded on board his galley. The fleet weighed anchor. A fresh breeze from the land filled the sails, and the wide sea received them, to bear them forward to deeds of valor, glory and victory.

In the Palace of St. Mark all was now hushed. The aged Doge resembled the trunk of a tree which a flash of lightning had stripped of its foliage and its boughs. He now only lived for the republic, and in the tranquil hours when he was alone, the old man prayed for the welfare of his only child, and for his safe return. The discovery which he had only made through Foscarei's communications had been a great weight upon his mind. Hitherto the old man had lived in the calm belief that his paternal warning had saved Marco from falling in love with Cornaro's daughter, and this belief had often smoothed the many furrows on his brow. If, on the other hand, at times an evil presentiment would steal upon him, his implicit reliance in Marco's candor would speedily dispel all doubts, and he would calmly allow fate to take its course. Now the scales had fallen from his eyes. Great was the grief it caused the poor old man—his soul was filled with indescribable anxiety and anguish. He looked upon Marco's absence as a blessing and a happiness, for he hoped that the separation might perhaps give another direction to his inclinations. The Doge reviewed his own early life, and sighed deeply; it had not been free from blame, and he was the less able to find fault with his son's secrecy, although his sorrow was by no means diminished.

New cares were soon to engross all his attention.

Cornaro's hatred knew no bounds, his revenge never abated. His arrest and imprisonment had added fresh fuel to the old flame, and caused it to blaze more fiercely than ever. He was not above, nor did he disapprove of working in an underhand and secret manner. Liberal donations had made him a favorite among the lower classes, and he studied to foster and increase the dissatisfaction prevalent among the unruly populace. Where it could be accomplished, the seeds of discontent were spread abroad by his agents—citizens, for the most part unscrupulous in morals, but whose wealth made them aspire to participating in the honor of the golden book—an honor, however, to which Falieri's decided opposition prevented their attaining. Every burden imposed upon the people, every restriction put upon their freedom, every confirmation of the power of the aristocracy, which emanated from the Signoria, was represented as Falieri's doing. Thus a turbulent feeling was awakened and spread abroad, which happily did not escape Falieri's eyes. Several noblemen, Falieri's enemies, attached themselves to Cornaro. At the very moment when all things were uniting to strip the mighty Venetia of her military protectors, when war abroad fully occupied the Signoria—that very moment was chosen to carry out a plan of revenge, which could only have originated and ripened in Italian hearts. Cornaro's motives were two-fold. He thirsted for Falieri's blood; and ambition, with its sister passion, the love of power, made him covet the ducal crown.

While far way upon Grecian ground her gallant sons were fighting for the safety of the republic, in her very bosom the most diabolical schemes, tending to a civil war, were being devised. Cornaro and his adherents set about their evil designs with the utmost secrecy and circumspection. Everything was cleverly arranged and cautiously planned. Still the secret commotion afloat did not escape Foscari's vigilance. He soon saw clearly how matters stood. He immediately disclosed the terrible secret to the Doge, and judicious steps were promptly taken to put a stop to the impending mischief. Foscari was despatched to the

court of the emperor to procure troops, to meet the threatening outbreak. A gloom, indicating a heavy storm, hung over Venice. Cornaro already triumphed in secret. He triumphed too soon! The powers of goodness were not upon his side; they never protect crime. An unfortunate occurrence was destined to dash all his schemes. Soon after Lucio Cornaro's departure, a man arrived from Cyprus in whom Cornaro placed unbounded confidence. He was the son of Catharine's nurse. Theophilus Calopulo by name, a Greek, who was endowed with great talent in using his pencil, but who was also as familiar with his dagger, and as well versed in the art of mixing deadly poisons as in the preparation of salutary medicines. Rich though he was in talent, experience, cunning, and deceit, there was still a trait in his character that prevented him from totally becoming a tool of Satan; and this trait was—good nature, which bound him firmly to those whom he loved. It is true, even this redeeming trait was to be won and fettered by golden chains, thereby allowing free scope to his other qualities. Cornaro, who knew him well, and clearly saw how very useful this man might be to him, drew him over to his interests. He did not scruple to paint the Doge in such a light, that Calopulo looked upon it as a meritorious work to promote Cornaro's cause to the utmost in his power; never, at the same time, losing sight of the great rise which he would naturally have should the ducal crown ever adorn Cornaro's bald head; still he was by no means contented to play a subordinate part in this undertaking. With his own hand, and without assistance he had undertaken many such affairs at the court of Cyprus, and thereby raised himself high in the favor of James of Lusignan, king of Cyprus. His object now was to gain renown and interest in Venice, and his fertile brain soon concocted a plan by which the proposed revolution might be more speedily brought about. He thought there would be less hazard in striking the blow at the head at once, than in committing their plans to several accomplices. The Doge should fall by his hand—then there would be no obstacle in the way of Cornaro's ambition. "Be it so!" cried he, exultingly, when

he had arranged his plans. "And Cornaro shall see that Calopulo is more useful than all his gold-bedizened nobility!"

## II.

It was a pitch dark, stormy night in Venice. Not a star peeped through the gloomy clouds which covered the horizon. The sea wildly roared and foamed as it dashed the creaking vessels against each other in the harbor. A solitary person here and there was all that was to be seen in the narrow streets, for all had taken refuge in their comfortable dwellings. Wrapped in a capacious cloak, Calopulo softly glided out of Cornaro's palace, through the close, irregular streets, to the palace of the Doge. He watched his opportunity, stole in without any difficulty, and chose his position in the corner of the gallery which led from the Doge's apartments to the grand staircase with the lions. He could not have stood very long there, when two men, wrapped in mantles, passed up the gallery. They were conversing about the affairs in Epirus, and of Lucio Cornaro's conquests there. The person who walked on the side next to Calopulo's hiding-place was the Doge; Calopulo soon perceived this, because he distinctly heard his companion address him as "your highness." The other was a ship-captain from Corfu, who had arrived that morning, and had evidently brought important despatches with him, to the contents of which their conversation partly referred. They slowly approached. They stopped exactly before Calopulo, and remained talking in a low voice. Calopulo would have waited to have seized the moment when the stranger had withdrawn but voices were heard from the opposite end of the gallery. Now every thing depended upon despatch and a sure aim, for the reflection of the torches which the people who were approaching were carrying occasioned a sort of uncertain light that confused Calopulo's eyesight, and was far from favorable to his iniquitous design. He reflected one instant, made a hasty thrust at the Doge, and then sprang towards the steps as his victim exclaimed, "Murder!" To Calopulo's misfortune, however, the ship-captain had observed him just as he struck the blow with the dagger, and instantly pursuing him, he

grasped him with an arm of iron, and held him fast. The Doge had fallen against the wall, but it was the sudden shock which had stunned him, for the wound was but slight, his mantle having protected him, and he quickly recovered himself. His servants flocked to the spot, and Calopulo was bound. Numerous torches speedily illuminated the scene of the late attempt at assassination. The Greek was brought before the Doge. He gazed at him long with a look which penetrated Calopulo's soul, and which his eyes could not meet.

"What have I done to you, Greek!" said the Doge, with melancholy earnestness, "to make you wish to murder me?"

Calopulo was silent.

"Look here!" continued the Doge, in the same tone. Look at these withered features. I shall soon pay the debt of nature. Why did you wish to forestal the Lord of Life, who ere long will gather me to my fathers? Could you not have waited but a few short hours to have preserved your soul from a fearful crime?" Calopulo looked at him. The old man stood before him in a truly sublime light, and, for the first time in his existence, he felt remorse for such a deed.

The Doge proceeded: "If you acted from the promptings of your own mind tell me why you did it, that I may learn your motives perhaps I may make amends for some injustice, and pray to God, who judges every heart, to pardon you! But if you have been instigated by others to this act, then go and be ashamed at having been the tool of wickedness!"

Calopulo stood pale and motionless before the man who reproved him so mildly. "And I intended to assassinate that man!" muttered he to himself, as he involuntarily shook his head, and shuddered. "No!" he at length cried—"no, I did not know you thus, duke! May God hereafter forgive me as readily as you do! But learn that henceforth you have not a more faithful servant than I! Call together your dearest friends, that, in their presence, I may disclose whose victim you were to have been!"

The Doge looked reprovingly at him, and said, "Go, you are free; I do not trust you!"

Calopulo's lips trembled; he felt deep-



ly pained that the Doge despised him so much.

"Do not throw away my good advice, duke," resumed he; "I am in your power. If I tell a lie, torture me upon the rack until not a limb of my body remains in its proper place, and till the blood issues from every pore!"

"I pray your highness hear him!" entreated the ship-captain. And Falieri's servants joined in the request.

"Well, say at once what you have to disclose," said the Doge to Calopulo.

"Listen, then, duke. In three days' time Cornaro and his accomplices will give the people of Venice the signal for rebellion, and murder you, as I attempted to do, for I had been initiated in their plans; I was promised great honor and high reward. I wished to attain my object more quickly by murdering you myself. I was your enemy without knowing you further than as you were described by Cornaro. Be on your guard, duke! You are warned; now dispose of me as you will!"

The duke had listened to him in silence. Every one else was pale from fear. But one of the servants had turned pale from another cause, and he slipped away unobserved.

"Great God!" murmured Falieri, clasping his hands. "Does Cornaro never forgive?"

"Never, when once he hates," interposed Calopulo.

Falieri turned to him and said: "Go, Greek, warn Cornaro, and"—here he assumed a tone of command—"and quit the Venetian territories if you value your life! You are at liberty!"

He was about to speak, when the duke's eyes flashed upon him with the power of lightning, and silently, but with his head bowed, he descended the stairs, and was not seen again.

The duke retired to his closet; the ship-captain followed him; the servants congregated in the galleries in groups, and discussed the scene which had just taken place.

A short while after several messengers were despatched to summon Falieri's friends to the Doge, and the meeting lasted until late in the night.

### III.

The inmates of Cornaro's palace were

already fast bound in the sweet fetters of sleep; love and ambition alone kept watch. Catharine knelt before a picture of the Madonna by Titian's master-hand, praying for the safety of her beloved brother and her lover. Her anxiety for those she loved so dearly would not permit sleep to close her weary eyes.

"Protect them, thou holy one! Oh, protect them in danger!" she supplicated softly, and with the utmost fervor.

Meanwhile her father paced his bed-chamber with rapid steps. "Ha!" cried he, clenching his hand, "Falieri, thy star will soon be set! Thy enemy will soon triumph, will soon experience the delightful feeling of satisfied revenge for outrages endured, will"—he raised his head proudly—"soon place upon his own head thy insignia of power, and trample thee, like a noxious insect, in the dust! Oh, ye powers of darkness, stand by me!" At that moment there were three gentle taps at the door. He shuddered, and glanced tremblingly around. "What is that?" cried he. Then, after a moment's reflection, he added, "Come in, Calopulo." It was not Calopulo, however, but Leonardo, Falieri's servant, whom Cornaro had bribed to be a spy.

"What do you want at this late hour?" asked Cornaro, not without uneasiness.

"To bring you unwelcome intelligence," answered Leonardo, pale and agitated. "Fly as soon as you can, this very night, with all that you love! Everything is betrayed! Calopulo was caught just as he fancied that he had thrust the dagger into the Doge's heart. Falieri pardoned him, and Calopulo betrayed all. I was an eye-and-ear witness. Fly, if you love your life!"

"Græca fides!" exclaimed Cornaro, turning pale. "Oh, villain, mayest thou go to hell! Say, Leonardo, say—is it the truth that you tell me?"

"It is unfortunately too true; and if you wait until to-morrow's dawn, you will have leisure to reflect upon it to your heart's content in the dungeons of St. Mark."

"Jest not, dog!" roared Cornaro, grasping his dagger.

"What!" cried Leonardo, coldly, "is this my reward for having warned you of threatening destruction?"

Cornaro seized his hand. "Forgive

me, Leonardo!" replied he; "my head swims. Go, I pray you, and wake my servants. Go, hasten, fly! You shall escape with me, you shall live with me. Go, only hasten!"

Leonardo went.

"Death and hell!" swore the old man, striking his brow again. "Must it end thus?" He threw open the door and rushed into Catharine's apartment. "Away with your saints, girl!" cried he. "Pack up your valuables as fast as you can. Take the best of what you have got; this very night we must fly!"

"Fly, father! from whom?" asked the young girl, trembling at the terrible looks and tone of her father.

"From the devil, Catharine! Do not ask. Your father must fly, and so must you; otherwise, before the day dawns, we shall be Falieri's prisoners, and the porta fatale will close behind us for ever!"

Catharine could not comprehend what all this meant; but his looks corroborated that what her father said was fearful truth.

Cornaro's voice of thunder had roused her women, and they, though trembling from head to foot, set about making the necessary preparations. Fear had paralyzed Catharine. Every one else in the palace was speedily in silent, busy activity. Cornaro sent a messenger to the harbor. His galley lay there ready to set sail at a moment's notice. Prudence had prompted him to this measure, for fear the conspiracy should chance to fail.

In the short space of two hours trunks and packages were stowed away on board. Cornaro and the trembling Catharine followed, and reached the ship in safety; it weighed anchor immediately, and endeavored to gain the open sea with all speed. But it had not gone far when a broad sheet of fire, fanned by the stormy wind, shot up high in the air, the canons from the harbor-fort thundered, the alarm-bells pealed—Cornaro's palace stood enveloped in flames!

"Look yonder!" said Cornaro to Catharine, in a tone of mingled despair and suppressed rage. "That is my farewell to Venice! May the place where my plans were wrecked be reduced to ashes! May not a trace of Cornaro be left!"

The young girl turned her tearful eyes to the spot, and then towards heaven, as she prayed: "Holy Virgin, watch over

my love, and let light dawn after this darkness!"

The flames increased. The confused sounds of anguish and distress were wafted to them from afar.

"Ha!" cried Cornaro, "enjoy the sight, Falieri! Oh that you were burning in the midst of those flames! My heart would then have something on which it could reflect with unmixed pleasure."

Far and wide the flames reddened the heavens and the sea, over whose waves the ship was now rapidly sweeping along.

"Whither shall we steer?" asked the captain.

"To Cyprus," answered Cornaro, and descended into the cabin of the vessel.

#### IV.

James of Lusignan, king of Cyprus, after having passed the previous night in carousing with his favorites, stood one morning comfortably stretching his limbs in the balmy air, laden with the perfume of flowers, upon the balcony of his villa, which had gained the name of a fairy castle, from the beauty of its situation, its magnificence, and its luxury.

James was a man in the flower of his age, powerful in frame and ardent in temperament, and a fine specimen of manly beauty. Everything which could tend to brighten the life of a prince was his; every thing that luxury could desire was at his disposal, and his banquets might have been mistaken for those of the Goddess of Cyprus herself.

He now joyously gazed over the smiling plain, which extended like an Eden before his eyes. Here, far from the capital, he usually passed the greater portion of the year in undisturbed enjoyment. The courtiers in his presence often conversed together, in an undertone, of the outlawed Venetian, who, in the profusion of his wealth, had bought a country-house not far from the royal villa, and had furnished and embellished it in the most extravagant and splendid style, living there, at the same time, without the slightest intercourse with his neighbors.

"Have you," asked one of these courtiers of another—"have you seen his daughter yet? They say she is an angel, that she is the Goddess of Cyprus in human form!"

"They have not exaggerated to you," replied the other. "I once saw her without her veil, and declare—"

"What?" demanded James of Lusignan, who had been attentively listening to the conversation.

"I declare," continued the former speaker, "that Catharine Cornaro is the most beautiful woman that ever trod the soil of Cyprus, and that is saying a great deal!"

"Can she be seen?" inquired the king, with rising curiosity.

"It would not be easy to accomplish," replied the courtier. "Cornaro guards his treasure strictly; and then the maiden's modesty makes her hide her face under a thick veil."

The king reflected awhile. He loved adventures. The more romantic they were, the better.

"Look yonder!" exclaimed one. "Your majesty can see the goddess riding there!"

In truth, Catharine was riding past on a cream-colored palfrey, by the side of her father. But the fatal black veil enveloped her, still not so completely that James did not find an opportunity to admire a splendid figure, which sat the horse with wonderful grace. The king's eyes followed her form as long as it was visible; he then retired to his private apartment, accompanied only by one friend. And this person was Jeronimo Donatelli, a Genoese, the king's favorite, his counsellor, his negotiator—in a word, his factotum. Crafty and sly, elegant and clever, headstrong and impudent, he was just fit for the post which he filled, and from which not all the intrigues of the many who envied him were able to remove him.

The day passed too slowly for James's wishes. But when it did begin to decline, when the sun went down, casting a purple glow over the water, and a gentle breeze blew from the sea, diffusing an agreeable coolness around, there appeared outside of Cornaro's garden, a lute-player fantastically dressed. He was an extremely handsome youth, whose voice, rich and clear, accompanied the full tones of the instrument with such sweetness that every ear was charmed, and every heart was captivated. The singer had not played and sang long on the outside of the garden, when in its interior Cath-

arine and her maidens, attracted by the music, were attentively listening to the lovely melodies; but female curiosity must needs see, just as if they could thus increase the pleasure of hearing him. A little Cyprus girl, not disinclined to Donatelli's gold, the daughter of the gardener, knew the singer to be a very agreeable, amiable man, and could relate so much good of him, that Catharine did not hesitate to give him admittance. The little girl tripped to the gate, and cried:

"Come, Alexis, you shall sing my beautiful mistress a song of blind Cupid and his lovely mother!"

Though Catharine blushed deeply from annoyance, she could not retract her word, for the singer stepped before her with a graceful bow, and struck the chords so delicately and charmingly, that the shade of annoyance vanished from Catharine's features, and cheerfulness again adorned them with her ever fresh and blooming roses. But the singer's voice often faltered, his eyes devoured Catharine's charms, and her image, he felt, was imprinted on his heart in characters never to be effaced.

When he had ended, Catharine wished to give him some remuneration. He refused it.

"Give me, angelic maiden, the rose which adorns your bosom, and my reward will be fit for a king!" said he.

In charming embarrassment, Catharine handed it to him. He seized the prettiest hand that ever offered a rose as a reward, pressed it to his lips and disappeared.

"Your singer is a bold, silly man," said Catharine, reprovingly, to the gardener's daughter. "I do not wish to see him again!"

"Forgive him," entreated the girl; "your beauty has bewitched him. Did you not hear how his voice trembled?"

"Silence!" commanded her blushing mistress, hastening to withdraw.

The singer, meanwhile, proceeded beneath the shadow of the high wall in sweet ecstasy, pressing the rose to his lips. Donatelli was waiting for him.

"What does your majesty say to the girl?" he asked of the singer.

"Do not speak of her as of other mortals!" was the rebuking reply of James of Lusignan. "She is the first who has

taught my heart to love! Mine, as mistress or wife, she must be!

"Wife?" Donatelli slowly drawled out. The word sounded strange in James's mouth, and discordant to Donatelli's ear. The king must be divested of *that* idea, otherwise Donatelli's services would no longer be required. The king looked at him angrily when he drawled out the word "wife." And what if I should be able to place her in your majesty's arms as your mistress?" asked he, smiling slyly.

The king remained silent and entered his chamber. Donatelli shook his head, and immediately left the villa to gather information. Every thing that had hitherto succeeded in similar cases, every means that his ingenious brain could invent, Donatelli cautiously and deliberately employed, but his cunning, his tact, were alike frustrated. He began to be disheartened. James's love increased every day, and in equal proportion Donatelli's courage and cheerfulness sank. James now determined to woo Catharine, and to raise her to the throne as his consort. This proposal astonished Cornaro. But what food for his ambition! He spoke to Catharine; how the unhappy girl trembled! For many months she had been without the slightest news of Lucio and her Marco, and now this was to be another burden to weigh down her anxious heart. Still she pronounced a decided *no*, which astonished Cornaro the more, because he had not expected such determination in one in general so submissive. He received James's proposals courteously, and only begged for a little time. James was now no longer the timid lover. Cornaro was invited to court, and every possible honor heaped upon him. Even Catharine, much against her better feelings, was obliged to take a part in the splendid festivities given at the royal villa. But how distressing was not all this to her! She was daily besieged by her father, and by the king. Ah! how often she prayed on her knees through half the night for deliverance—but it did not come. Cornaro guessed the cause of her refusal. He was too wise to breathe a syllable on the subject. He laid his own plans. One day a ship, which had just come from the coast of the Morea, brought a letter from Lucio, which announced Marco Fa-

lieri's death. Catharine saw the letter; it was Lucio's handwriting; every line was written in the veracious spirit of sorrowing friendship. She never for an instant doubted, but from that moment all happiness had fled from her soul. The intelligence shook her terribly. She fell dangerously ill, and was on the point of that death for which she so earnestly longed. Fate had willed it otherwise. She was doomed to bear the burden of a life without affection, cold and full of thorns. She recovered slowly. Her father scarcely waited until she was convalescent to convey new offers to her, and to importune her afresh. She wished to seek peace in a convent, but her father implored her not to think of this. Her confessor, being in league with Cornaro and James of Lusignan, represented to her that it was her duty to comply with her father's wish, at whatever sacrifice to herself. She had nothing more now than tears to oppose to their wishes. Like a lamb led to the slaughter, she at length allowed them to dispose of her as they pleased. James received through her father the acceptance for which he had sued, and seemed transported to a state of happiness seldom found in this sublunary world. The most brilliant festivities celebrated her recovery, and, a month afterwards, Catharine Cornaro, became Queen of Cyprus! Life seemed now to have closed its gates of joy on her for ever, while the future rose to her saddened view like a barren desert, where not a single floweret could blossom amidst the dreary waste.

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#### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.\*

HOWEVER, reluctantly we may confess it, there are few of us made of such stern stuff as to be wholly unmoved by the fleeting phenomena presented by the administration of the criminal law. Wheth-

\*An Essay on the Principles of Circumstantial Evidence. By the late WILLIAM WILLS, Esq. Edited by his son ALFRED WILLS, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Fourth Edition. London: 1862.

Rationale of Judicial Evidence, specially applied to English Practice. From the Manuscripts of JEREMY BENTHAM. Edited by J. S. MILL. In five volumes. London: 1827.



er it be due to the variation imported by the history of crime into the almost exaggerated routine of a well-disciplined existence, or to the vehement and irregular passions thus unexpectedly brought to the surface, or to the manifestation of the error and uncertainty that ever and again seems to mock the most cautious and deliberate inquiry, the prevalent feeling alluded to is not the least conspicuous of those common emotions that go to weld into a nation an indefinite multitude of men and women, representing all classes, ranks, ages, and occupations. Of all the sources of this strange fascination, that concerned with the historical fortunes of different methods of investigating the truth is certainly the most rational, and, unlike the rest, can never become injurious. We never tire (and we can admit it without shame,) of reading again and again the trials of the almost classical heroes, Eugene Aram, Abraham Thorton, Captain Donnellan, and William Palmer. Where circumstantial evidence alone is concerned, the interest rises to its highest pitch. Here we look for, and we often find, a spectacle of men devoting keen intellectual faculties and the noblest moral perfections, as those of patience, toleration, courage, and self-control, to the vindication of the most sacred interests of society, as well as of the humblest of its individual constituents. Here, too, we experience the agreeable mental vicissitude of finding all our common estimates of facts and actions violently thrown into pleasing confusion, small things becoming great and great small, now a little indistinct line of minute circumstances bringing to justice a Cataline or a Borgia, now the most staggering marks of guilt turning out to be delusive and unreliable. If the narrative were not almost as painful as it would be interesting, a collection of the most noted failures of justice on record, through a misapprehension of the value of circumstantial evidence, would be a tissue of marvellous romances such as the wildest novelist would in vain seek to rival. This, indeed, is an aspect of the subject which an investigator of its purely logical bearing would by no means willingly exclude. But no serious thinker would wish so long and so fondly to linger over the mere pictorial contrasts and the re-

cords of heart-stirring but accidental wrongs presented by the history of circumstantial evidence, as to shut out from his sight the severer consideration of the nature of that evidence itself. It is from such a consideration alone that the proper method of treating it in all cases can be deduced, and thereby future acts of injustice more effectually excluded. To this purpose Bentham has devoted a portion of the most finished and adequate treatise of all he wrote; and the Essay of the late Mr. Wills deserves especial commendation as being an accurate and painstaking expression of the latest judicial comments on the subject, as well as a light and graceful compendium of the most signally illustrative cases in the criminal annals of England. It is our object in the following observations to assist the reader in digesting and collating the most characteristic portions of these two works. It will also be our aim to reduce the somewhat floating and inaccurate notions prevalent on the much vulgarized subject before us into strict harmony with the most recent speculations on the laws of mind and the laws of thought. We shall avail ourselves for purposes of illustration of a few carefully selected cases gathered from the criminal records of England, France, Germany, and America.

Not that the subject of circumstantial evidence possesses a merely local or professional significance. As things now are, the reading public are being flooded with facts pouring in upon them in an unintermittent stream, relating to an indefinite number of subjects, and possessing every variable degree of value. Now there is audaciously thrust into a vicious prominence a medley of alleged sights, sounds, fantastic presences, in derogation of the most familiar laws of nature, and the simplest rules of evidence. Now the tale concerns the cure of disease, the relief of pain, the alleged victory over ugliness and age, and a corresponding mass of facts, and corroborative occurrences are unblushingly detailed. Now, in turn, some really indisputable event has in fact occurred—a death, a robbery, a loss, a fire, of which some of the component circumstances are known and some unknown. Those unknown are paraded with every degree of exactness

or confusion, minuteness or vagueness, strictness or exaggeration; and from these, hundreds and thousands of readers are called upon to judge whether the event in question of natural laws, independent of, or dependent on, the agency of an individual person; and in the latter case, whether or no it be a matter involving civil or criminal responsibility; and further, what individual person was the actual agent concerned. The proper way of dealing with the large proportion of such questions resolves itself in nearly every case into the rational treatment of so-called "circumstantial evidence," an expression which will shortly be made the subject of exact definition. In the meantime, it may be observed, that in no way can this species of evidence be studied more conveniently than in relation to criminal jurisprudence. It is there that it has ever been matter of the most scrupulous and rigid manipulation. It is there that the most transcendent issues, even of life and liberty, depend on the accuracy and precision employed in its treatment. It is there that the most notable conjunctures of actual circumstances of every possible variety have been treasured up and registered for perpetual instruction. Thus, while we would indignantly disown the traditional method of approaching this subject, of confining its application within the walls of courts of justice, and so forbearing to co-ordinate its methods and logical position with those appropriate to other branches of science and art, it will be none the less convenient to contemplate it more especially in its reference to criminal jurisprudence by way of so best exemplifying and illustrating its bearing upon the investigation of all matters of fact of what description soever.

All we know about anything whatever is derived from one of three sources. First, we may have seen or heard or come into personal contact with the thing ourselves; and during our former lives we have very generally found that so often as we did so see, hear, or come into personal contact with a thing, for all practical purposes of life the thing was really there, and so in the present case we are led to believe the thing so brought to our notice to be also there, and we believe in that thing. But, secondly, it may be that a person who has generally been

known to speak the truth, and has a sound head, good eyes, good ears, and good general health, tells us he has seen, heard, or come into personal contact with some thing or other or some fact or other. Now we have found that so often as we trusted this man before about other things, those things proved to be actually there just in the way he said. So we do the same again, and believe him now. In these two cases we have what is called direct evidence of the thing or fact in question, and its value depends on the state of our own senses, or else on the state of the senses of somebody else, on his means of observation, and on the likelihood of his telling a lie. But, suppose neither we ourselves nor any one else can either see, hear, or come near the thing we want to be informed about, the only resource left to us is what is called circumstantial evidence, and this is in reality the main source of all our knowledge. The fact in question can not itself be come at either by ourselves or any one else who can or will tell us about it. It may have occurred far from any human eye, ear, or dwelling-place, in the darkness of the night, in the solitude of the forest or the ocean, or in the misty recesses of the impenetrable past. But the surrounding facts, past, present, or succeeding, can be seen or heard or felt either by ourselves or by somebody else who is likely to speak the truth to us about them. And just as we are led by experience to put a guarded confidence in the reports of our own senses, or in what other people tell us they have observed by the use of theirs, so by a like experience do we find it tolerably safe to deduce some fact of which we know nothing from a number of other facts of which we know a good deal. Thus, the meaning of "circumstantial evidence" is that species of evidence for a fact taking place which is supplied, not by anybody having observed it take place, but by a number of other facts or circumstances having been observed, and furnishing ground for an inference from them to the fact in question. Hence the whole value and use of this kind of evidence depends upon the two-fold condition of all facts whatever being very closely bound together, and upon our having in our own past lives some limited experience of the

actual order in which they come. Bentham calls the fact of which we wish to be informed the "principal" fact, and the circumstances from which we infer the presence of the principal fact the "evidentiary" facts.

We must briefly examine certain fallacies which meet us on the threshold of the subject, and much tend to obscure it. The first fallacy which has been favored with respectable patronage is specious, but it only demands a more exact statement and circumscription of the subject in hand effectually to dispel it. It is alleged, first, that all evidence of every sort is to a certain extent circumstantial, inasmuch as there is demanded in all cases an inference from the report of our own senses or of those of others to the truth of the facts reported. Secondly, it is alleged that inasmuch as any fact of which we are in search is inextricably bound up and involved with all its circumstances, past, present, and future, these circumstances are so organically united with that fact that all evidence of one relevant fact is direct evidence to that amount of all. In other words, it is asserted that the distinction between direct and circumstantial evidence is illusory, arbitrary, and unnecessary. To this it is replied that in the generality of cases, and chiefly those of crimes, the facts of which we are in search—the *facta probanda*—are capable of very exact circumscription and limitation. They can be marked off by a clear and intelligible line from all their merely accidental accompaniments, and in by far the commonest class of crimes no confusion is so much as possible. In the recent case of Müller, which will be employed hereafter to illustrate another part of the subject, not the wildest visionary could regard the interchange of the hats or the dealing with the property as not being distinctively separated from the assault in the carriage and the malicious mind which is presumed to have accompanied that assault. In some cases of treason, forgery, and conspiracy, as well as of all attempts to commit crimes, the line may not be so clearly drawn, but in the majority of even such instances closer attention will recognize the boundary; and since many propositions apply to circumstantial which we need not apply to direct evidence, the distinc-

tion between them is preserved with much practical convenience and without any compensating peril. As to the objection that even direct evidence is in one way circumstantial, this is founded on a mere arbitrary distortion of words. It is conventionally agreed to denominate that as circumstantial evidence which demands two inferences instead of one—that is, one from the sensational perception of the evidentiary facts to the actual and objective existence of the facts themselves, and another inference from the existence of those evidentiary facts to the existence of the principal facts in question. It is agreed to call all other evidence direct, and all protests against this distinctive expression are frivolous and puerile.

The next fallacy on this subject is that circumstantial evidence is intrinsically and essentially of far higher positive value than direct. It was a commonplace with English lawyers of, we hope, a bygone age, "that facts can not lie." Now it is manifest that our only knowledge of the evidentiary facts going to compose circumstantial evidence being derived from the reports of our own senses or those of others, and each of these sources of information being vitiated with their appropriate possibilities of error—that is, either delusion or deception, or both—this kind of evidence is open to just as many chances of being falsely reported as evidence so called direct. And, in addition to an equal chance of the facts lying, there are further let in all the numerous possibilities of drawing irrational and erroneous inferences from those facts even when true. The fallacy alluded to is founded on the admitted truth that among a large number of witnesses to separate facts, of which facts the witnesses themselves may not appreciate the relevancy and import, there is a smaller likelihood of conspiracy and perjury than in the case of a smaller number of witnesses who come prepared to tell an identical story about a more limited number of facts obviously of the highest significance.

Lastly, there is the fallacy of assuming circumstantial evidence to be radically weaker than direct. This is a topic much employed in criminal defences, and is about as far removed from the truth as

the former allegation generally preferred on the other side. The truth is that no general comparison can be drawn between the two species of evidence. Some indirect proofs of poisoning have been far more convincing than direct evidence in other cases of picking a pocket. It is well said that a chain can not be stronger than its weakest link; but it is also true that several chains together, some of them even having weak links, are rightly treated as stronger than any one single chain whose links are of uncertain validity. Such are the fallacies that have overrun and obscured the subject before us.

If we were living in a world where the facts of physical nature and human action exhibited no phenomena of repeated succession, no invariable relation of like cause to like effect, no sameness of combination in facts for each recurrent appearance, but only presented a condition of incessant flux and incalculable irregularity, no one fact could ever be any guide whatever to any other. But since the first dawn of human curiosity and inquisitive interest in the aspect of the world without, a condition of things the very opposite of all this has been more and more made known. Man's simplest means of preserving life, his most primitive arts and rudest occupations, all suppose order, sequence, necessity, in the operations of Nature, and even in the conduct of his brother men. Gradually, as time goes on, classes of special sequences are registered, and sciences thence take their rise. Successions, universal, invariable, and comprehending subjects of the most heterogeneous character are discovered, and, on being repeatedly verified, are termed laws of Nature. Their continued operation in all time and in all cases is predicted with the most unflinching assurance. Other sequences proved only less invariable and universal than those, owing to a more limited experience, being also recorded, are provisionally termed "presumptions," and their recurrence anticipated with only a less degree of secure confidence than that of those others.

From such a train of reasoning and through the assiduous enlargement of the field of observation, each new science in turn, such as those of history,

statistics, language, and psychology, when it comes into view, contributing its aid to confirm and establish the rest, the persuasion gains ground that every physical and psychological fact throughout the earth is indissolubly joined with an indefinite number of others. Even the human will itself becomes looked upon as bound up in the mighty system of causation; and the smallest disturbance of any part of the huge machinery, if conceivably effected from without, is seen likely to cause an infinitude of undulations every way; and any such disturbance seemingly effected from within could be such in appearance alone, being really part of the system itself, a fact having a long line of antecedents and preparatives in the past, an indefinite progeny of consequences in the future, a far-reaching assemblage of collateral kindred in the present. It is on this ultimate product of the world's experience to the effect that every single fact has its certain, necessary, and invariable concomitants, that the significance and value of circumstantial evidence and the assumption of a relation between facts known and unknown, principal and evidentiary, depends. We get to see that to an omniscient Being, equally conversant with all facts whatever, certain facts must be a sure and unfailing indication of certain others. From this it follows that circumstantial evidence would possess for us, too, a value of the highest order, if only our faculties admitted of our duly applying it. As it is, we content ourselves with the assurance that all facts whatever are indeed firmly colligated together, and therefore may, by possibility, afford even to us, so partially informed about them, just ground for mutual inferences from one to the other. In the meantime, as human experience progresses, we are enabled to convert more and more to the purposes of our calculations the indestructible relationships of the world without. Each individual man, by the very necessities of his daily life, is ever on the road to reach a firmer and firmer grasp of the invariability of the sequence of outer occurrences. To every man becomes revealed a portion of the eternal regularity of Nature, and on his faith in this he builds with security his work, his plans, his



hopes. His observations, indeed, are too desultory and inaccurate to admit of his attaining the haven of certainty; but he cheerfully avails himself of the temporary repose afforded by the anchor of probability. Thus each man attains to a belief, sufficient as a ground for action, in the value of his own conclusions as to the connexion of fact with fact. He treasures up for himself a store of general reflections found to exist between the facts with which he is conversant, and finds that, in availing himself of these relations in practice, they scarcely prove more delusive than the strictest natural laws verified by a long line of sages. These relations, when such as are established by the common experience of most men, and therefore recognized more or less by all men, are termed "presumptions." They are the outcome of general, as laws of nature are of universal experience. We thus see that, in approaching the investigation of a quantity of unknown facts, the inquirer is ready furnished, not only with a number of known or evidentiary facts, but also with a multitude of recorded associations between those known facts and a vast number of others. These associations are laid by, partly, in the registers of all the established sciences, partly in the storehouse of the general experience of all men, partly in that of the inquirer's own personal discoveries.

Such is the basis afforded by the state of things around us for reasoning at all on circumstantial evidence. We may now proceed to consider how reasoning of this nature is most naturally and conveniently performed in practice. Bentham divides all evidentiary facts whatever into two classes, according as they make it more or less probable that a particular supposition about the unknown fact is the true one. He calls the former "probalizing," the latter "disprobalizing" or "infirmative" facts. The facts of the former class are manifestly those that come first into view, for when once a supposition is started, general attention is naturally first directed to everything that goes to support it. The facts that, if known, would point the other way, are often quite lost sight of, and in most cases demand no small ingenuity in suggesting their possible

existence, as well as industry in testing their actual presence. Thus, for every fact that makes it likely a certain man has committed a crime, there are a number of familiar circumstances which, if present, render it just as likely, or more likely, he has not. It is convenient to have these "infirmative suppositions" ready at hand, and ranged under the heads supplied by the ordinary facts that indicate criminality. In every given case we must assume that all the appropriate infirmative facts may be present. We must then search and see which of them actually are and which not. For instance, it is generally a safe presumption that if a man goes out of his way to conceal a crime he has had something to do with committing it. But it has also happened that innocent people have actively concealed the crime of another in order to screen a friend, or to avoid conviction of some other offence themselves, or to earn a bribe, or owing to some irregular mental or moral condition. Could any of these facts explain the phenomena of concealment in the case under examination? This is a problem which, on every occasion, must be carefully explored.

It may be convenient at this point to introduce a familiar illustration of the use of the usual modes of reasoning upon circumstantial evidence as employed in the conduct of ordinary life. For the purpose of elucidating the subject, fiction will serve as well as fact. And we can not possibly select a fictitious description more accurately reproducing modes of thought and sentiment prevailing in real life than by recurring to the works of George Eliot. Most readers will recall the main facts of the entrancing tale of "*Janet's Repentance*," forming one of the series of "*Scenes from Clerical Life*." Janet Dempster and her husband are on bad terms with each other, both being addicted to drinking, and the latter extravagantly violent when drunk. On the Friday night Janet retires to bed before her husband, having previously given him grave offence. On Janet's husband coming up stairs to bed in the middle of the night, he pulls his wife out of bed, takes her down stairs and pushes her out of the front door, closing the door behind

her. He then returns to his bed-room, throws the clothes she has taken off into a fire proof closet, and on the Saturday morning leaves the house for two days, after telling the servants his wife had gone very early in the morning to her mother's. On the Sunday morning the servant Kitty comes running into the kitchen, and says,

"Lor! Betty, I'm all of a tremble—you might knock me down with a feather. I've just looked into missis's wardrobe, an' there's both her bonnets. She must ha' gone w'out her bonnet. An' then I remember as her night-clothes wasn't on the bed yesterday mornin'; I thought she'd put 'em away to be washed; but she hadn't, for I've been lookin'. It's my belief he's murdered her, and shut her up in that closet as he keeps locked a'ys. He's capible on't."

Now in these simple and not very extraordinary facts, and in this inartificial reasoning upon them is contained a practical exhibition of all that has been said as to the nature and treatment of circumstantial evidence. In the first place, the facts attending the disappearance of Janet could not be matters of direct evidence for the servants discussing it downstairs, for such evidence could only be supplied by Janet or her husband, one of whom was absent, and the other had told a story suspected to be false, and the truth of which was the matter in debate. Therefore, the only means of discovering all the unknown particulars was by making proper use of those known. The known or evidentiary facts in the case were, (1) the disappearance of Janet some time between Friday night and Saturday morning; (2) the presence in the bed-room of both of Janet's bonnets; (3) the absence of her night-clothes from the bed, and their non-discovery elsewhere on Saturday morning; (4) the closet kept carefully locked; (5) the hard character of Dempster; (6) the bad terms on which Dempster and his wife were notoriously living. These were the most conspicuous facts in the case, though there would probably be present to Kitty's mind an assemblage of more trivial ones, matters of almost unconscious observation, but of which she could not give a distinct account. Kitty now being furnished with her evidentiary facts, proceeds to form her syl-

logisms, taking for her major premises in every case the general maxim established by human experience as to the relevancy and import of the fact in hand. Dempster's account of the matter is, that his wife left early in the morning for the purpose of visiting her mother. Kitty is led by Janet's and Dempster's continued absence to make an hypothesis that Dempster's account is false; and she proceeds to verify that hypothesis as follows: Her first syllogism is, "*Most married ladies in a sane state of mind do not leave their home to go a considerable distance very early in the morning without a bonnet.* Mrs. Dempster is a married lady in such a state of mind, and was destitute of a bonnet at the time in question. Therefore, *probably* Mrs. Dempster never left her home at all." This is the conclusion formed from the first syllogism, and it is rightly formed. The fact of sane married ladies uniformly having their bonnets on when going from home is established by a very extensive experience indeed. Perhaps the exception to it had never yet arisen. But the presence of the exception in this case vitiated to some extent the whole conclusion. The next syllogism is, "*Most sane married ladies leaving their home to go a considerable distance very early in the morning leave their night clothes on the bed behind them.*" In the same way as before, the evidentiary fact of the non-appearance of the night-clothes forms the minor premiss, and the conclusion is that most probably Mrs. Dempster never left the house at all. The limited and partial nature of the experience appealed to again vitiates to that extent the value of the conclusion. A case had at last arisen, new to the recorded experience of mankind, where a sane married lady had gone off early in the morning taking her night-clothes with her. But to this fact of the absence from the bed of the night-clothes, Kitty suggests an "infirmative supposition." She reasons that this absence from the bed of the night-clothes might by possibility be due to some other cause than their being locked up with Janet's body in the closet. She may have put them away to be washed. Was this so? When confronted with all the known history of the case, does

this supposition become a fact? No; it does not. Kitty "had been lookin' and she hadn't" so put them away. If she had, a new syllogism would have arisen, of which the conclusion would have been directly favourable to Dempster's story. Most ladies going out early in the morning leave their night-clothes somewhere or other visibly behind them. Mrs. Dempster has so done, and therefore possibly Mrs. Dempster so went out. Again, there are fresh syllogisms founded on the character and general habits and situation of Dempster. Some bad men, after daily quarreling with their wives, murder them. Dempster is a bad man so doing. Therefore it is probable or possible that Dempster has murdered his wife. And again, "Some men keeping a locked closet have been known to kill their wives, and lock their bodies up in it; and most men after committing a crime try to conceal it, and some men who run away from home have murdered their wives before starting," all form a series of major premisses appropriate to the evidentiary fact in question, and giving rise to independent conclusions favorable to the hypothesis of Dempster's tale being false. The last syllogism framed is not the least important or satisfactory. The major premiss is, that when a number of independent evidentiary facts all point to one or more identical facts, the separate sources of error are so mutually corrected and eliminated as to give an enormous weight of probability to the real existence of the fact or facts to which every distinct chain of evidence leads. In the case before us, Kitty was approximately right in her general conclusion. Her particular hypothesis as to the murder was false, but the conclusion that her master's tale was untrue, and that something wholly irregular and removed from general experience had occurred, was amply justified by the real state of the facts. This simple analysis of a method of reasoning, employed many times a day by every man each day of his life, will serve to dissipate the cloud of confusion which for uninformed minds obscures the whole subject of circumstantial evidence. Evidence of this character is looked upon as removed by some mystical characteristics from all the common charities and

engagements of ordinary life; and a gloomy suspicion often enough attaches to its very name, as though its magical or infernal potency were never invoked, except when some poor unbefriended wretch, against whom there is in truth no evidence at all, is to be hunted to the gallows.

Sufficient has now been said on the application of circumstantial evidence to the proof of all general facts whatever. It remains for us to investigate the special relations of the subject in hand to that large and important class of facts which are presented as subjects of judicial determination in the course of administering the criminal law. It is obvious at once, that the hourly security of all men, the life and liberty of some, being here at constant stake, no possible occasion for duly estimating the probative value of evidence can be imagined of more transcendent interest and moment than this. And so keenly alive to the peculiar solemnity attaching to the use of logical modes of reasoning in proceedings of this nature have men at any time shown themselves, that the meaning and use of the words "circumstantial" and "evidence" have been almost monopolized by Courts of Law. Certainly it must be admitted that the subject has been hitherto the most closely and carefully investigated by those having a legal object in view: and in this association too have the most valuable principles bearing on the same subject been ascertained and recognized, while a mass of connected facts, common and exceptional sequences, strange and idiosyncratic as well as familiar relations in human conduct, have been collected in every civilized nation with an assiduity and success to which there is not the faintest parallel in any other department of moral science whatever.

To proceed, then, to the special application of circumstantial evidence to the proof of criminal responsibility. A case for criminal inquiry arises, when a certain fact, or a number of assembled facts, are brought to the notice of the proper authorities, which fact or facts have in common experience been generally or sometimes found to originate in the breach of the criminal law on the part of some person or other. Thus, in insti-

tuting a judicial inquiry with a view to completing the whole history of the isolated facts in question, or (to use Mr. Lewes's expression in his very valuable work on Aristotle) "filling-in the unapparent details," a series of provisional hypotheses are made about them, in the verification of which consists all the ulterior proceedings. The prominent fact, which is the most conspicuous evidentiary one in the case, and that which originally excites suspicion, is (with a few trifling exceptions) some external violation to person or property.

The first hypothesis then is, that this fact is the deed of some person or persons unknown. The proof or verification of this is often called in English law the establishment of the *corpus delicti*. The mode of proceeding is of course that enunciated above as applicable to all cases whatever where the evidence is circumstantial. The evidentiary facts are first enumerated, such as the loss of the money, the broken desk, the smashed windows and empty plate-chest, the smoking stacks, the bleeding and bruised body, the arsenic or antimony found in the tissues; and then the obvious significance of these indications is determined by a precise or unconscious reference to general experience. The infirmative suppositions appropriate in each case, such as carelessness, fabrication of evidence by the complainant, death from natural causes, erroneous scientific conclusions, suicide, and the like, are then carefully applied, and the possibility of their actual presence rigidly investigated. The result of this latter process is then laid side by side with that of the former, and the general balance of evidence, either for or against the hypothesis of criminality, cautiously struck.

It would be difficult to produce, for the purpose of illustration, a specimen of reasoning applied to this portion of a criminal case, exhibiting a more masterly power of analysis, greater consecutiveness in argument, and more cautious entertainment and successive exclusion of every possible infirmative supposition, than is presented in Edgar Allan Poe's tale of the "Mystery of Marie Rogêt." The facts of the tale actually occurred in New York, and the comments and hypotheses alleged to be quoted from the

Parisian journals really appeared in the New York journals at the time. At the period of writing the tale, the mystery had not been cleared up. It since has been, and the general truth of the hypothesis suggested marvelously substantiated. The names are changed. The whole of the reasoning and evidence is most instructive, and indeed absorbing in interest; but we shall be compelled, for the sake of brevity, to select only those facts of it most directly appropriate to the division of the subject at present in hand. Marie Rogêt is said to have been a young woman aged twenty-two, who served in a perfumer's shop in the basement of the Palais Royal at Paris. She left her mother's residence in the Rue Pavée St. Andrée about nine o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 22d of June, 18—. She gave notice of her intention to spend the day with her aunt, who resided in the Rue des Drômes. She was never seen again alive. On Monday it was ascertained she had not been to the Rue des Drômes. Search was made, but nothing came of it till Wednesday the 25th. On that day a M. Beauvais, who had been making inquiries for Marie near the Barrière du Boule, on the shore of the Seine opposite the Rue Pavée St. Andrée, was informed that a corpse had just been towed ashore by some fishermen, who had found it floating in the river. Upon seeing the body, Beauvais identified it as that of the perfumery-girl. The facts upon which he relied for identification were, (1) certain marks he found on ripping up the gown-sleeve, apparently some kind of scars; (2) a peculiarity in the hair of the arm he recognized on rubbing it; (3) a similarity in the smallness of Marie's feet and those of the corpse, and some few other apparently trifling marks of resemblance.—The body had marks on it of great violence: there were circular excoriations on it, apparently the effect of cords; the dress was torn, and some lace tied so tightly round the neck as to be hidden from sight, and to be alone sufficient to cause death. The knot by which the strings of the bonnet were fastened were not a lady's, but a slip or sailor's knot. . . . There was some further evidence adduced, which we need not at present advert to. The natural hypothesis to



make was clear enough—namely, that the corpse found was that of Marie, and that she had been murdered at some distance from the river, and her body dragged by the cords to its brink. But *L'Etoile* newspaper is represented as making the bold counter hypothesis that the corpse found could not be that of Marie at all. It was contrary, said that paper, to all experience for a body, after being thrown into a river, to rise within a less period than six or ten days. This is rebutted by M. Dupin (supposed to be investigating the case), who enters into a minute consideration of all the causes that make a body to sink at all and to rise at all. He shows how the specific gravity of the human body is very nearly that of water; but a trifling excess of weight in the body over that of the water displaced, caused by throwing up the arms in the struggles of a drowning man, or by the swallowing of water, is of course sufficient to sink the body. It will remain at the bottom till the progress of decomposition has increased the bulk of the body by generating inflating gases, without increasing its weight. When its weight again equals that of the water displaced, the body will rise. But the essential part of his argument is, that the time of the body rising can not be assigned by reference to experience at all:

"Decomposition is modified by innumerable circumstances, is hastened or retarded by innumerable agencies: for example, by the heat or cold of the season, by the mineral impregnation or purity of the water, by its depth or shallowness, by its currency or stagnation, by the temperament of the body, by its infection or freedom from disease after death. Under certain circumstances, decomposition would be brought about within an hour; under others, it might not take place at all."

This is a fine instance of reasoning from circumstantial evidence, where the relations appealed to are matters of strict scientific demonstration, and is also a good specimen of the proper use of in-firmative suppositions.

The argument is, "that bodies under ordinary circumstances have been, as you say, generally found to rise in a fixed time. But I can point out certain indubitable influences (which may, for what you know, have been acting here)

which would cause that time to vary indefinitely. The experience you appeal to is not wide enough to embrace all the possible facts of the case." The next point we shall touch upon is the identification of the body by M. Beauvais. *L'Etoile* points out the unsatisfactoriness of every particular ground assigned for such identification. M. Dupin, on the contrary, shows the enormous strength imparted to M. Beauvais' reasoning on his own grounds, and to the reasoning of others on further grounds, by the accumulated multitude of all the trivial marks of resemblance:

"Had M. Beauvais, in the search for the body of Marie, discovered a corpse corresponding in general size and appearance to the missing girl, he would have been warranted (without reference to the question of habiliment at all) in forming an opinion that his search had been successful. If, in addition to the point of general size and contour, he had found upon the arm a peculiar hairy appearance, which he had observed upon the living Marie, his opinion might have been justly strengthened; and the increase of positiveness might well have been in the ratio of the peculiarity or unusualness of the hairy mark. If the feet of Marie being small, those of the corpse were also small, the increase of probability that the body was that of Marie would not be an increase in a ratio merely arithmetical, but in one highly geometrical or accumulative. Add to all this, shoes such as she had been known to wear upon the day of her disappearance, and although these shoes may be 'sold in packages, you so far augment the probability as to verge upon the certain.

"What, of itself, would be no evidence of identity, becomes, through its corroborative position, proof most sure. Give us, then, flowers in the hat corresponding to those worn by the missing girl, and we seek for nothing farther. If only one flower, we seek for nothing farther; what, then, if two or three, or more? Each successive one is multiple evidence; proof not added to proof, but multiplied by hundreds, or thousands. Let us now discover upon the deceased garters such as the living used, and it is almost folly to proceed. But these garters are found to be tightened by the setting back of a clasp, in just such a manner as her own had been tightened by Marie, shortly previous to her leaving home. It is now madness, or hypocrisy, to doubt. . . . But it is not that the corpse was found to have the garters of the missing girl, or found to have her shoes, or her bonnet, or the flowers of her bonnet, or

her feet, or a peculiar mark upon the arm, or her general size and appearance; it is that the corpse had each and all collectively. Could it be proved that the editor of *L'Etoile* really entertained a doubt, under the circumstances, there would be no need, in his case, of a commission *de lunatico inquiringdo*."

This is an extremely apposite and brilliant illustration of reasoning from cumulative evidence. To other portions of the evidence we shall have occasion to refer again. About no portion of the subject is there greater misconception abroad than as to the cogency of a number of independent lines of proof. The popular notion is, that if each separate conclusion can be shown to be by itself infirm, the whole evidence may be fairly frittered away till the most damning aggregation of inferences leaves not a track behind. Suppose that of a series of evidentiary facts, each points by the laws of natural and ordinary sequence to the commission of a crime: any one of the series may so point either because the crime was in fact committed, or for some other reason which, as we know nothing about it, we provisionally term "accident." Suppose we adopted the latter view as being the true explanation of the fact presented: what we do is arbitrarily to assume, that of a limited number of causes that equally may have brought the evidentiary fact into view, the one that actually did so bring it into view was not one particular cause, that is, criminality. But we have the same process exactly to repeat over again for the next evidentiary fact in the case. We arbitrarily select one of the possible causes that may have produced it, and we say that, whereas the real cause is at least as likely to have been that one as any other, some or all of those other being often wildly improbable, we will exclude the particular hypothesis of criminality, the very cause we selected for exclusion the last time, and assume that, whatever the cause might have been, it was not that.

The recent case of Müller was an instance of the vague opinions afloat on this subject. To support his innocence, it was necessary at each point of the evidence to show (1) that the evidentiary fact present might be explained by the

supposition of certain definite causes other than that of Müller's guilt; that (2) we might in every separate case reasonably believe the supposable causes to have been actually present, and the true explanation of the evidentiary fact to be found in one of them, and not in the particular cause alleged by the prosecution; and that (3) we might as reasonably believe this, however often we were called upon to do so, as believe it in any single case. Thus, to support the hypothesis of innocence, it was maintained that the following course of reasoning was consistent with any further professed retention of logical processes in judicial inquiries. Take the evidence as to the two hats.

A strange hat is found in the carriage in which had been the murdered man. Was this Müller's? One witness remembers purchasing, shortly before the murder, of a man named Walker, for the use of the prisoner, a hat exactly like that found. Walker is called, and says he believes the hat found was made on his premises, and recognizes the lining as being part of some pattern-stuff received from France, and of which only two, or at most three, hats were made at all. The hat fitted Müller, and his landlady noticed his wearing a new hat similar to it from the time it was said to have been purchased. Now we are either to believe that the hat was Müller's, and thence infer his guilt, or we may try and account for the similarity of the hats in some other way. It was suggested for the defence, that if Müller and the murderer had bought companion hats, that is, two out of the three, or the only two hats made of the particular lining, this unhappy coincidence would account for the resemblance. If we accept this, and for once presume that the evidentiary fact in hand is not due to criminality, but to an untoward community in hats between two people not otherwise related, we shall feel less inclined to resort to such a merciful supposition a second time. But, again, this luckless victim of fortuitous accidents calls upon us to undergo another mental wrench favorable to his innocence. A hat is found among Müller's property, identified by the maker and seller as being a hat made for the murdered man. It is, indeed, lower

in the crown. But evidence is presented that it has been cut down just so far as to remove the name of the purchaser, always inserted under the lining of the crown by the maker of the hats supplied to Mr. Briggs, the murdered man, and that the crown has been sewn on, not as a hatter would do it, but as a tailor would. Müller was a tailor. Now, one hypothesis, of course, is that this was in truth the hat of Mr. Briggs, and had been taken away by mistake by the person committing the crime. Another conceivable hypothesis is undoubtedly that Mr. Briggs had cast off the hat in question, that it had reached a second-hand dealer, had been altered by that dealer (for which evidence as to the custom of the second-hand trade was tendered), and unsuspectingly bought at last by Müller. Now, if we adopt the last explanation, we a second time exclude the very same hypothesis as before, and one which would equally account for all the phenomena present. It would undoubtedly be rash reasoning to jump at the conclusion that, when many causes may be present, one particular one out of them must have been. But it would be at least as rash to conclude that in a series of independent phenomena, where one and the same cause can account fully for each and all the phenomena apparent, we can safely exclude that cause in every successive case, and cast about for a different one which may indeed explain one or other of the evidentiary facts present, but leaves the others as dark and unintelligible as before. Wherever we discern regularity, uniformity, consenting indications, there is necessarily something other than mere accident or coincidence concerned. The die that is orderly in its sequences is rightly suspected to be loaded. Accident is a name given to a number of indefinite, fluctuating, and unknown causes. Its effects are proportionately chaotic and incalculable. From its very nature it will not conspire by a number of independent criminating tokens to fix upon the same innocent man. The more numerous the facts investigated, and the more searching the investigation, the more clearly will innocence be brought to light. It is the opposite with guilt. Every additional circumstance, however trivial, by

gradually eliminating the action of fortuitous influences, points with a force of a more and more overwhelming consent to the prisoner's guilt. Experiment, indeed, would be the only real mode of reaching certainty, but it is manifestly inapplicable here. We must rest content with observation. By the use of this we can determine that where the circumstances are indefinitely varied, but their tendency ever one, there the true cause is likely to be one also, even that one which alone can explain all—that is, criminality. With Müller's case we have done. Suffice it to observe, that even if the second violent hypothesis as to Mr. Briggs's hat had been made in the prisoner's favor, another would have to have been resorted to as to the possession of Mr. Briggs's watch, and the disposal of the chain at the earliest hour he could on the Monday morning after the murder committed on the Saturday night. In each case an arbitrary and separate supposition (sometimes the product of desperate ingenuity) would have to be made, to the rejection of a plain and satisfactory account of each and all the phenomena present. And nothing but a merciful tenderness towards human life, and a latent and deep, albeit unconscious, distaste to capital punishment in the minds of most Englishmen, could have ever imported a doubt into the question. In many points this case is one of the most remarkable and interesting specimens of the use of circumstantial evidence in criminal trials on record.

This case has been interposed in the discussion of the mode of proof applicable to the establishment of the *corpus delicti*, for the purpose of at once clearing up all misunderstanding about the accumulative value of distinct lines of proof. We may now proceed to particularize the methods in use for forming and verifying the second hypothesis made in every criminal trial, that the criminal act was that of some assigned person or persons. This hypothesis will be formed in some such way as follows: The act was done at a certain place and at or within a certain time. These must be narrowly circumscribed. Now, if it has been shown to be the act, and probably the criminal act, of some person or other, and that the act was done in a

certain place, and at or within a certain time, the possibilities will be confined by all the following superficial marks of inclusion: First, the crime was committed by some one possessed of the requisite opportunity, and therefore not by a person out of the country or 100 miles off about the time of the crime. Access to a deceased person at the given time, knowledge of and proximity to a house broken into, official duty with respect to bank books, and the like, are obvious grounds on the score of opportunity for implicating certain persons in the preliminary hypothesis of guilt. Secondly, the crime was committed by some one operated upon by such a motive as would be sufficient to overcome the ordinary tutelary motives—political, social, moral, and religious—which ever operate as dissuaves from crime. The actual force of a given motive, depending as it does on the idiosyncrasy of the man, can not be weighed, and therefore the smallest motive, provided there is one at all, is ground for suspicion, as it is repeatedly held to be sufficient, with other evidence, to justify conviction. Lastly, the act was done by some one conducting himself in one or more of certain recognized or habitual modes practised by persons committing crimes. Symptoms supplied in this way are sudden flight, possession of stolen property within a limited time, accusation of others, purchase or possession of poison, professions of hostility, or other voluntary and extravagant assertions. To frame hypotheses on these several indications is the work of the subordinate officers of the police. The English and French methods are here notoriously at variance. The English officer proceeds slowly and cautiously, and does not publish his hypothesis till he has congregated together such a number of evidentiary facts as shall justify a public investigation. He adheres to the same hypothesis throughout till, by the final trial or by the magisterial inquiry, it is found baseless, or else in a greater or less degree substantiated. The French officer grasps at every straw of evidence, makes a numberless variety of hypotheses in succession, and deserts them as rapidly as made, examines privately any number of persons he suspects, calling upon them to account for every hour of

a given period of time, and even for much of their past life, and ransacks to any amount, without a warrant, every square inch of the most private chambers or sacred repositories from which evidence, however seemingly irrelevant, may by any likelihood be extracted.

Now experience has shown that the typical history of a crime from first to last in every case includes some or all of the following phenomena, and no more. The criminal is (1) possessed of a fixed *disposition* or character, belongs to a certain *station* in life, and is actuated to commit the crime by the desire of some pleasure or the apprehension of some pain, which desire or apprehension is denominated a "*motive*." He has recourse to (2) certain *preparations* for doing the act, and sometimes makes *declarations* to others relating to it, or even uses *threats* to the person to whom it will be prejudicial. Next he avails himself of a given (3) *opportunity*, and generally brings with him certain (4) *instruments* for his work other than his own muscles. He commits the act by violating (5) some *material object*, whether person or thing, and thereby superinducing a change in its previous and normal condition. In most cases he reaps and carries off with him (6) certain *fruits* of the crime. In nearly all cases he resorts to devices for the purpose of (7) *concealing* the crime and avoiding legal responsibility. On being charged with the crime he generally shows unmistakable symptoms (8) of *fear*, and in some rare cases (9) he *confesses* the crime.

It is by no means true that this is the fixed and invariable history of every crime. It is only of the nature of a very general formula which is filled up with more or less completeness by every criminal. Its details are the result of a very extended experience, and it is scarcely possible to conceive any case where a number of the particular actions or circumstances enumerated are not present, nor where any other phenomena not included under one of those heads can be present. Works treating of circumstantial evidence, such as those of Bentham and Wills, are generally occupied in discussing severally in order the above epochs in the formal narrative of crime. We may briefly notice the different phases or epochs of this history in succession.



I. To commence, then, with the significance justified by experience as properly attached to known *disposition, station in life, and motives*. Too little is ascertained of the laws of human action to give much value to the evidentiary fact of a good or a bad disposition. *Nemo repente nequissimus* is a maxim which to some extent will always have legitimate weight. But the anomalies ever welling up in the history of crime are so numerous and appalling as to admit of little more in this case than a general presumption of innocence in default of evidence to the contrary of a certain degree of strength. Evidence of bad character, standing alone, is equally worthless as an independent proof of guilt: though, if it be shown that a man is by constitution or habit but feebly operated upon by the ordinary tutelary motives that dissuade from a crime, a proportionately insignificant motive tending the other way may lead him to commit one. The evidentiary circumstance of *station in life* may, in the case of some crimes, be a matter of considerable moment. As Bentham says, "In any civilized nation of Europe, what evidence would be sufficient to convict a prince of the blood or a minister of State of having picked a man's pocket of a dirty handkerchief in a street, or in going into a playhouse?" In the same way, the actual poverty of a man before the commission of theft, a sudden occasion for raising money befalling an accused person just before the crime, as in Müller's and Palmer's case, may be important subjects of investigation, though perhaps these circumstances are rather in the nature of *motives* to which we now proceed.

It has been justly observed, that in truth no motive could really ever be adequate to justify the commission of a crime. So long, however, as men's vision is sufficiently oblique and shortsighted to prefer the present, the seen, and the transitory, to the permanent and the eternal in the far distance, so long will crimes be committed from motives which seem to other men miserably inadequate.

The case of Andrew Bichel, "the Maiden-killer," which will be detailed further on for another purpose, is an instance of this. It will be seen that for the mere sake of obtaining their clothes,

this man committed a series of atrocious murders on young girls. It is now a common-place with English judges to observe to the jury, that provided some motive can be discovered, the apparent adequacy of the motive is not a matter for their consideration.

The increased cogency often given to the general weight of evidence by the conspicuous presence of an urgent motive for crime, might be exhibited by reference to many cases of recent notoriety. We may select for illustration the trial in France of the Count de la Pommerais, for the murder of Madame Pauw. It appeared that Madame Pauw had been left a widow in 1858, with three children. The prisoner was a physician who knew and attended her husband. Madame Pauw became the prisoner's mistress up to the time of his marriage in 1860 with Mademoiselle Dubizy. In June, 1863, the prisoner proposed to the deceased to organize a fraud on six French and two English Insurance Companies, by insuring the life of the deceased, and then, on her simulating illness, by inducing the insurance companies to exchange the policies for annuities. Insurances were accordingly effected for 550,000 francs, for which the policies were made transferable by indorsement. The prisoner advanced the premiums, having the policies transferred by Madame Pauw to himself by deed, and a will made by her in his own favor. The motive, of course, alleged for the murder of the deceased was, that by her death the prisoner would come into immediate possession of the 550,000 francs, and be relieved from what was possibly an inconvenient connection. The prisoner induced Madame Pauw to feign illness; and it was alleged in the *acte d'accusation*, that in November, 1863, he administered digitalis. Dr. Gaudinot was called in, and was told she had fallen down stairs. This was contradicted at the trial by Madame Pauw's children. Madame Pauw died. Drs. Tardieu and Roussin were charged by the Court to make a *post-mortem* examination. They made several experiments, and in their official report concluded that the deceased had died by poison. Dr. Roussin thought the poison was digitalis, of which the prisoner had large quantities in his possession. It was alleged that

the prisoner well knew that digitalis leaves no traces. In the course of the experiments, digitalis was tried on dogs and cats, and they died in the same way as other animals to whom expectorated matter and contents of the digestive tube of the deceased had been administered. Dr. Hebert, on the contrary, thought that the fact of the floor of the deceased's room, which had contained matter in a state of putrefaction, having been recently scraped, was sufficient to account for all the circumstances of the death. It appeared that the prisoner had spoken freely to several witnesses about the contemplated fraud on the insurance companies. Now if this fraud had been seriously contemplated, or actually completed, and the prisoner was in the way of being put in receipt of an income during Madame Panw's life, instead of the expectation of a lump-sum at her death, the motive, of course, would have been all the other way. It was the prisoner's object to show that he did so seriously intend to carry out this fraud up to the last. And the case is almost unique in exhibiting a prisoner laboring to prove his innocence of one crime by proving his complicity in another only a few degrees less abominable. Some of his statements were inconsistent with manifest facts—some, such as his assertion that he paid the deceased an annuity of 100*l.*, suicidal to his own professed motives. The result was his conviction and execution. In this case the evidence was on other grounds just of that uncertain description which makes evidence of efficient motive all-important. The defence, certainly, was most plausible and ingenious, and if concerted contemporaneously with the crime, showed a marvellous foresight and sagacity; for there were three courses left open to the jury; the prisoner might have been proved guilty of no crime at all; or of attempted fraud, and not of the murder; or of the murder, and not the attempted fraud. A distinct conception of the several motives likely to be present on each successive hypothesis was the most critical part of the investigation.

II. The next kind of evidentiary facts that comes into view are those that concern *preparations, declarations, and threats.*

A good instance of this paving the way

to a crime, especially by discourse and deportment rather than by physical acts, is supplied by the facts of the trial of Captain Donnellan, who was convicted in 1781 of the murder of Sir Theodosius Boughton. This is an instance frequently used by Bentham himself for different purposes of illustration. We must confine ourselves to those parts of the case applicable to the subject in hand. We may make use of Bentham's abstract:

"To shut the door against suspicion, a notion was to be propagated that Sir Theodosius's state of health was desperate; that death, speedy death, was certain; that imprudence was continually heaping up causes upon causes. The prisoner and the deceased lived in the same house. The poison employed was distilled laurel-water. The plant was to be found in the garden; and the murderer, not to have poison to buy, had provided himself with a still for the fabrication of it. He practiced distillation frequently, and the room in which he operated was kept by him locked up. The young man had a trifling complaint, for which he was taking medicine; the contents of one of the vials were to be got rid of, and the poison substituted. The vials, as they came in, used to be placed by the deceased in an inner room, which he had been in the habit of locking up. He happened once to forget to take his medicine. 'Why,' says Donnellan, 'don't you set it in your outer room? you would not then be so apt to forget it.' The fatal advice was taken, and thus the necessary opportunity was prepared."

This case has a peculiar historical interest from the evidence given in the prisoner's favor by the eminent surgeon John Hunter.

In drawing inferences from evidentiary facts of preparations, declarations, and the like, it is peculiarly necessary to attend carefully to the numerous infirmative suppositions. Such facts may indeed be, and most usually are, fairly susceptible of a criminating interpretation; but often it happens that other interpretations are not less plausible. For instance, the intention presumed might have been (1) different *ab initio*. Bentham's illustration is, that in the case last cited the preparations for distilling might indeed have been for the purpose of making laurel-water, but the intention might also have been to procure water from rose or other leaves. And this supposi-

tion was contended for at the time. Again, (2), the intention may have been "overshot" by the result. There is a case in the State Trials, of a defence, in a trial for maiming, on the ground that the intention was to kill, for that maiming would not answer the purpose. Or, (3), the intention may be changed; or (4), the intention may have been persisted in, but power may have failed. In Bradford's case, the prisoner was an inn-keeper indicted for murdering a traveler who put up at his house, and was seen to be well provided with money. The traveler was found weltering in his blood, Bradford in the room, armed as for the crime. He had, however, been frustrated or anticipated by another traveler, with whom he had had no intercourse on the subject, and who on his death-bed confessed the fact. Lastly (5), the operation of the immediate criminal agent may have varied from the common design agreed on. To this last infirmative supposition English law pays little regard. The suppositions favorable to innocence in the cases of declarations and menaces are obvious, and need not be particularly detailed.

III. The next class of evidentiary facts that comes under consideration are such as concern *opportunity*. If there are any facts to show that an accused person was so separated by distance or physical impediments from having necessary access to the person or thing violated, within the period and space within which the crime must have been committed, of course such accused person must be innocent of the crime. In the case of such crimes as do not imply the personal presence of the offender, as those of sending threatening letters or explosive materials by the post, making use of an intermediate agent of mischief, and the like, the word "opportunity" must be interpreted by somewhat different rules. In the interesting case of Madeleine Smith, the whole question of guilt ultimately turned upon the one pivot of opportunity. The evidence from alleged motives—namely, the desire of releasing herself from the entanglement of an old and disreputable connection on entering, with her parents' consent, upon an honorable engagement; the preparations manifested by the repeated purchase of poison

just before the several visits of L'Angelier, and his subsequent illness on each occasion after receiving the coffee at her hands—all these evidentiary facts pointing to Madeleine's guilt were held by the jury, and apparently by the judge, inconclusive, in the absence of the one fact of plain, unmistakable opportunity. The evidence as to opportunity was as follows. The prisoner had returned to her parents' house at Glasgow on the 17th of March, 1857, from a visit to the Bridge of Allan. On the 18th, she bought a large quantity of arsenic, alleging that it was for the purpose of killing rats. She wrote a letter to L'Angelier, directed to his lodgings at Glasgow, and making an appointment to see him on the night of the 19th. This letter, as he was away from Glasgow, he did not receive in time to enable him to keep his appointment. Another letter came from the prisoner to L'Angelier's lodgings in Glasgow, on Saturday, the 21st, and was at once transmitted to him. In this letter the prisoner alluded to the former letter, and again urged him to come and see her, adding, "I waited and waited for you, but you came not. I shall wait again to-morrow night, same time and arrangement." L'Angelier, in consequence, returned to his lodgings at Glasgow about eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday, the 22nd, in high spirits and good health. He left his lodgings about nine o'clock, and was seen going leisurely in the direction of the prisoner's house; and about twenty minutes past nine he called at the house of an acquaintance who lived about four or five minutes' walk from the prisoner's residence. This was the last time he was seen alive by any one other than the prisoner, if she saw him at all. About two o'clock the next morning he was found at the door of his lodgings unable to open the latch, doubled up, and speechless from pain and exhaustion; and about eleven o'clock the same morning he died from the effects of arsenic, of which an enormous quantity was found in his body. The prisoner denied they had ever met that night. The question was, whether the meeting did or did not take place. She confessed in her letter of the 21st, that on the evening of the 19th, after making an identical arrangement with the present one,

she had "waited and waited for him," and promised to wait again. In charging the jury, the Lord Justice Clerk drew a very questionable distinction between a "just and necessary inference" and a "strong moral probability;" and he went so far as to admit that "the whole moral probabilities" of the case were in favor of the meeting. In all matters not belonging to long-established sciences, of which the physical are at present wholly the representatives, there is no difference whatever between a high "moral probability" and a "just inference." The reason for making the one is exactly the same as for making the other; that is, the experienced habitual connection between the phenomenon and some alleged cause or effect. If it be in accordance with known criminal history that a young lady should make for herself an opportunity of administering poison in her possession to her lover, lately become obnoxious and dangerous to her, and a vast amount of other evidence points the same way, there is a just inference, or a moral probability, or a satisfactory ground for concluding, (or whatever else the process of mental determination may be called), with a degree of assurance proportioned to the value of all the facts, that the opportunity was so made. The verdict of "Not proven" gave the Scotch jury a means of tolerably decent escape from the embarrassing dilemma.

It is to be noted that opportunity, though always presupposed, even if not matter of particular proof, can never stand alone as a criminating fact, or even in the sole company of the most constraining motives to crime. Otherwise, the majority of the population would be appearing at the bar of the minority, every man out of the padded room of a lunatic asylum having the opportunity, and most men a motive, to commit crime.

IV. Crimes are generally committed with some external *instrument* other than the mere muscles of the offender. If these can be found in possession of any person within a certain period of the commission of the crime, they point with more or less definiteness to the complicity of such person in that commission. Such are poison, coining instruments, combustible matters, pick-

locks, house-breaking instruments, dark-lanterns, or other destructive, or criminal, or suspicious weapons, materials, or instruments. Infirmative suppositions are, that these are employed by the possessor in the way of his trade. A medical man has legitimate occasion for the use of poisons, a lock-smith for that of pick-locks. False reasons given for the possession, on the other hand, corroborate the ordinary inference.

V. Further, the crime in nearly every case is some *infraction* of the existing *condition* of a definite person or thing. Sometimes the particular mode of violation will supply evidentiary facts bearing directly on the individuality of the criminal, or at least of the class or kind of men from which he comes. We referred above to the case of Marie Rogét. It appeared on examining the body that "a slip about a foot wide had been torn upwards from the bottom hem to the waist, wound three times round the waist, and secured by a sort of hitch in the back." It was argued from this it was a single man who had committed the murder, and not a gang, as there were other reasons to suppose. For why should three or four men have recourse to so rude an expedient to obtain a handle wherewith to carry the body? The "hitch" in the back, and the "sailor's knot" by which the bonnet-strings were attached, pointed to a sailor being concerned—an hypothesis subsequently verified. A slip of the petticoat, torn out and tied under the chin, led to a train of reasoning by which it was shown that the body having first been carried some distance, was then dragged, and that for this purpose a slip was torn off the petticoat, and tied round the neck, where the head would prevent it slipping off. All this corroborated the theory of one person only being concerned. Other serviceable marks on the person or thing injured—as, for instance, signs of the criminal's handiwork, trade, infirmity, as left-handedness, and the like—will easily suggest themselves.

VI. The possession of the *fruits* of crime is the most common evidentiary fact of all. The case of Müller is a signal illustration of it. Had he not taken away Mr. Briggs's watch and chain, or not manifested his possession of them



by disposing of the chain, he might still remain undetected. The force of presumption of guilt from such possession is often greatly increased if the fruits of a plurality or of a series of thefts be found in the prisoner's possession, or if the property consist of a number of miscellaneous articles, or be of an uncommon kind, or, from its value or other circumstances, be inconsistent with or unsuited to the station of the person accused. A singular case illustrating the value of this means of detection occurred at Aberdeen in 1826. The prisoner was a cart-er, who was accused of nine different acts of theft by house-breaking, committed in and around that place at various times during the summer of 1825, and the following winter. The charges selected for trial were five in number. Articles from all the houses broken open were found, among an immense mass of other goods evidently stolen, in a large chest, and about various parts of the prisoner's house. As they were discovered many months from the times when the various thefts had been committed, the difficulty was how to connect him with the actual theft. Two days after the breaking into the last one of the houses, the prisoner showed an old watch, part of the stolen goods, to a shop-keeper to whom he afterwards sold it. This connected the prisoner with the house last broken into. In this last house was found a chisel, which exactly answered to the marks of an iron instrument found on three of the houses formerly broken into. In each of the four houses first broken into were discovered some of the articles taken from the others, and, as before mentioned, in the prisoner's custody were found some articles taken from all. Upon this evidence, the prisoner was convicted of all the charges of house-breaking.

VII. The prospect of punishment naturally leads to the concealment of crime and the avoidance of justice. Therefore, so often as these are manifested, they are evidentiary facts generally having reference to guilt.

The case of Palmer is an instance of the enormous incubus that weighs a prisoner down when he is shown to have tampered with evidence of the crime. It will be remembered that evidence was

adduced of his attempting to bribe the coroner by a present of fish and game, and writing to him a confidential letter, to the effect that he had seen it in black and white that no strychnia, prussic acid, or opium had been found by those conducting the chemical examination in London, and expressing his hope that a verdict would be given on the next day to which the inquest stood adjourned, to the effect that the death of Cook was due to natural causes. He had previously persuaded the postmaster at Rugeley to betray to him the contents of the scientific report while on its way to the attorney at Rugeley employed in the inquiry. The prisoner was also shown to have pushed against the medical men engaged at the *post-mortem* examination, so as to shake a portion of the contents of the stomach into the body. The jar was covered with parchment, tied down and sealed, and placed aside; and while the attention of the medical men was still engaged in examining the body, the prisoner removed the jar to a distance near a door, not the usual way out of the room; and it was found that two slits had been cut with a knife through the double skin which formed the covering. Further, the prisoner, having learned that the jar was to be sent to London the same evening, offered the driver who was to carry the persons in charge of it to the railway station 10*l.* to upset the carriage and break the jar. The conduct of Captain Donnellan, in rinsing out the glass which had contained the alleged poison, was similarly suspicious. In such cases, there is always present an infirmative supposition, grounded on the known fact that innocent but cowardly men do sometimes feel the facts alleged to be so overwhelming as to prefer avoiding, by means ever so foul or deceitful, an investigation, rather than honestly meeting it. Whether this favorable hypothesis was tenable in Palmer's case, or in Donnellan's, was for the jury to determine.

VIII. The next class of evidentiary facts that come before us are those which are supplied by tokens of *fear*, which, though subject to many sources of misunderstanding in the course of being reported to the judges in the case, and attended with several infirmative suppo-

sitions, are sometimes of great moment and value.

A remarkable instance of the intentional or experimental use of the symptoms of fear, as likely to be evidentiary of guilt, is supplied by a striking German trial that took place in 1808. The prisoner was Andrew Bichel, since known as "the Maiden-killer." In the summer of 1806 Barbara Reisinger, the daughter of a day-laborer, left her parents' house to seek a service, and was never seen again alive by any of her friends. At the beginning of 1808 the same fate befell another maiden, named Katherine Seidel. She left her home one morning to have her fortune told at one Andrew Bichel's, by means of a mirror, but never returned. Some months after, a sister of Katherine Seidel's recognized a part of her lost sister's clothes at a tailor's, and found upon inquiry that they had been left there by Bichel. It then came out that before Katherine's disappearance, Andrew Bichel had sent a woman to tell her that he wished to speak to her, and that, on her going to him, he wished her to look into a mirror, for which purpose it was necessary, he said, for her to bring clothes handsome and good—the best she had—enough to dress herself three times. This Katherine had done, and from that time had been lost sight of. The Court of Inquiry was also informed of a report that an aunt of Bichel's had disappeared in the same way, and her clothes sold by him, with the remark that she no longer wanted such clothes, since she had become a lady. Inquiries were instituted by the authorities, and the garments, recognized as having belonged to the missing females, were discovered and traced to Bichel, and it also appeared that before, and subsequently to, the disappearance of Katherine Seidel, he had lured many other maidens to his house under the pretence of telling them their fortunes. Further proof was supplied by the sagacity of a dog. Every time the officer passed Bichel's house with his dog, the animal sprang into the wood shed and continued smelling about so long that he was obliged to be called off. This attracted attention, and, on turning up the floor, first one human body and then another was discovered, terribly mangled,

but not so much so as to prevent their being identified as those of the two women who had disappeared. Bichel still maintained his innocence, trying to criminate other people; and though at last he confessed to the murder of Katherine Seidel for the sake of her clothes, he would not confess to that of the other. The Court then bethought itself of a clause in the Royal Ordinance of July the 7th, 1806, abolishing torture, and recommending other steps to be taken with the view of extracting a confession. This clause provided that the accused should be taken to the place of the alleged murder, that the body should there be laid open before him, and an examination be held in the presence of the body. On Bichel being taken to the place where the body had been found, he at first became exceedingly faint, and required water to bring him to himself. The judge of inquiry addressed him, with great earnestness (it is said): "You are now in your dwelling-place, in the neighborhood of your house and your crimes: confess the whole truth at once; you will be taken into your house—you will see the body itself." He trembled exceedingly, and was well-nigh fainting, but would not confess for two days. At the end of that time he published a detailed confession of the murder of both young women. The only motive for the murder was the clothes. He owned that he was not under the pressure of absolute necessity. There was reason to suppose these acts were but the close of a long series of villanies. His sentence was to be broken alive upon the wheel. In Continental jurisprudence, where a confession is always so anxiously desired, the operation of fear in extorting one is not likely to be overlooked. It was to the test of this evidentiary fact that Hamlet put the suspected guilt of his uncle. And it was upon the frequent relation between the physical symptoms of fear and the recollections of guilt that Joseph rested the experiment made on the tenderness of his brethren's moral consciousness.

IX. The last class of evidentiary facts to be noticed has in some way been introduced by the preceding remarks. In some few cases poisoners have been known to confess their crime. The

motives operating before conviction against such conduct are so potent, that for the most part a confession is rightly attributed either to an entire absence of a specious defence, and to the hope of obtaining a more lenient treatment, or to penitence and a sincere desire to offer every possible reparation to the injured rights of society. In either of these cases guilt is necessarily presupposed. Nevertheless, even an evidentiary fact so conclusive as confession is shown by experience not to be destitute of infirmative suppositions. There was a recent notorious case in France, where a woman, after incessant petty persecutions by subordinate police officers, with a view of propitiating the authorities, confessed to a grave crime of which she was demonstrably shown to be innocent. The verdict of "extenuating circumstances" is a temptation to such a compromise with an almost insuperable array of hostile facts and witnesses, and moral torture may not be less crushing and soul-destroying, than that which "racks the joints and every laboring sinew strains." It is for this reason that no confession whatever is listened to in an English Court of Justice, where any word or deed that can be interpreted as an inducement to make such a confession was said or done by the person reporting it. Other infirmative suppositions going to invalidate the obvious inference from a confession will readily be conceived.

We have now noticed in order the principal classes of evidentiary facts, under one or other of which all the circumstances attending the commission of a crime may be ranged. There are, however, a few special matters of proof through the medium of circumstantial evidence, which more or less enter into the establishment of conclusions drawn from every one of the above kinds of facts, and so may conveniently be considered together. Such are matters of identity of persons and things, proofs of handwriting, and matters involving accuracy in fixing periods of time. A brief space must be allotted to each head.

As to matters of *identity*, proofs might be multiplied to any extent of the boundless region of error, shown by experience to be open on every side for the distraction and confusion of witnesses to the

identity of persons. A young man was being tried for a serious offence at the Old Bailey. His identity was sworn to by several trustworthy witnesses. He neither cross-examined the adverse witnesses, nor produced any of his own. At the conclusion of the case for the prosecution he called for the records of the court, and proved from them that, at the very time when he was sworn to as being engaged in committing the crime, he was on his trial at the Old Bailey for another offence, for which he was acquitted on the ground of an alibi. Evidence of identity often rests on a loose kind of maxim—that things having a certain relation, as of ownership, interest, place, and the like, to the same thing, generally have a similar relation to each other. This principle is certainly serviceable for practical purposes, and lets in all such evidence as that of articles left by accident on the spot of the crime, and presumed to belong to the criminal, and so to furnish a link between him and the crime. Identification has thus been established by the correspondence of the wadding of a pistol which stuck in a wound and was part of a ballad, with the other part of the ballad found in the prisoner's possession: and an attempt to murder by sending to the prosecutor a parcel of gunpowder so prepared as to ignite on being opened, was brought home to the prisoner by a portion of the *Leeds Intelligencer* of the 5th July, 1852, being found under the outer covering of brown paper, the remaining portion of which paper was found in the prisoner's house. Similarly, a servant was identified as the person committing the larceny, of a number of sovereigns, by the discovery—in the lock of a bureau which had been broken open—of a small piece of steel which had formed part of the blade of a knife belonging to him. The significance of the interchange of hats in Müller's case, and the value always attached by the police to the discovery of a "clue," will occur to every one without further particularity. That this kind of evidence is subject not only to the infirmative supposition due to accidental coincidence, but also to that due to the possible fabrication of evidence by the real criminal, in order to divert suspicion from himself, the following

case from the "Causes Célèbres" (vol. v., p. 438), will sufficiently show. An old lady kept the shop in the row of houses bordering on La Place St. Michel, in Paris. She was generally known to have a quantity of money in the house. She had only one servant, a boy who had been with her a long time. She slept at the back of the shop on the ground floor, and the boy on the fourth story, which could only be approached from outside the house. He used to lock up the shop at night and carry away the key. One morning the door was observed to be open earlier than usual; and as no one was seen moving, some of the neighbors looked in. The door was not broken. They found the old lady dead in her bed, having received several wounds, as it seemed, from a knife, and a knife covered with blood was lying in the middle of the shop-floor. In one hand of the corpse was a thick lock of hair, and in the other hand a cravat. The knife and cravat undoubtedly belonged to the shop-boy, and the lock of hair exactly resembled his. He was charged with the crime and confessed it, and was broken on the wheel. A short time afterwards another boy, in a wine-shop near, being taken up for another offence, on his death-bed confessed to the crime. He was well acquainted with the shop-boy accused of the crime, and often dressed his hair. He had, little by little, collected enough of hair from the comb he used to make into a stout lock, and he had put it into the deceased's hand. He had procured one of the other boy's cravats and his knife, and he had taken in wax an impression of the key.

There are many instances equally remarkable of successful forgery of evidence, tending to implicate innocent persons. Perhaps one of the most extraordinary cases on record of identifying a dead body after it had been separated limb from limb, submitted to chemical processes, and to the inordinate heat of a furnace, and mingled with the countless bones of anatomical subjects in their common burying-place, was that presented on the trial at Boston, in America, of Professor Webster, for the murder of Dr. Parkman. Professor Webster was shown to have cogent pecuniary motives at the time of the crime (Nov. 23, 1849) to get

Dr. Parkman out of the way. The prisoner resided at the Medical College, Boston. He made an appointment to meet the deceased at this place on Friday, the 23rd, at two o'clock, to discuss some monetary matters. The deceased was seen about fifteen minutes before two o'clock, apparently about to enter the Medical College. He was never seen again alive. The prisoner denied that Dr. Parkman ever did, in fact, enter the College. For a whole week nothing was discovered, and the prisoner seems rather to have interfered with and discouraged the search. On the Friday week and the day following, there were found in a furnace connected with the prisoner's laboratory in the College, fused in indiscriminately with the slag, the cinders, and the residuum of the coal, a great number of bones and certain blocks of mineral teeth. A quantity of gold, which had been melted, was also found. Other bones were discovered in a vault under the College. There was also found in a tea-chest, and embedded in a quantity of tan, the entire trunk of a human body, and other bones. The parts found in the different places went to make up the body of a person of Dr. Parkman's age, sixty years, and the form of the reconstructed body had just the peculiarities shown to be possessed by Dr. Parkman. In no single particular were the parts dissimilar to those of the deceased; nor in the tea-chest or the furnace were any duplicate parts found over and above what was necessary to compose one body. The remains were further shown to have been separated by a person possessed of anatomical skill, though not for anatomical purposes. Finally, three witnesses, dentists, testified to the mineral teeth found being those made for Dr. Parkman in 1846. A mould of Dr. Parkman's jaw had been made at the time, and it was produced, and shown to be so peculiar that no accidental conformity of the teeth to the jaw could account for the adaptation. This last piece of evidence was conclusive against the prisoner, and he was convicted. Without this closing proof the evidence would certainly have been unsatisfactory. The character of the prisoner, the possible confusion throughout the College of the remains of anatomical subjects, the undistinguishable features, and the illusiveness of the



evidence drawn from the likeness of a reconstructed body, were so many evidentiary facts or infirmative suppositions strongly in favor of innocence. It is curious that the block of mineral teeth was only accidentally preserved, having been found so near the bottom of the furnace as to take the current of cold air. It was resting on the grate.

We need not linger over the uncertainties attaching to all evidence as to time and to hand-writing. The right appreciation of the passage of time is so much a matter of education, and the sense of the length or shortness of a particular period so much dependent on the stages of an occupation or the number and quality of the emotional epochs it happens to contain, that, where especial attention was not drawn to the matter of time at the moment of an occurrence, all past recollection is absolutely worthless as an evidentiary fact. As to hand-writing, repeated experience has shown that infirmative suppositions founded on the possibility and frequency of fraud and delusions can not be too cautiously explored in every case.

We have now cursorily surveyed the whole field of evidentiary facts which are most familiarly presented in the species of investigation that has for its object the imputation of responsibility to the criminal law. We may close our examination of the general subject by briefly determining the proper use of circumstantial evidence in its relation to certain other special phenomena which are incessantly being obtruded on public attention, and the proper significance of which it may be well once for all, precisely and finally, to assign. There are two large classes of facts as to which human curiosity, restlessly incited by an infinitude of fears, hopes, necessities, and aspirations, has ever been outstripping the cautious advances of genuine science. To one of those classes belong all the successive stages of corporal infirmity, such as disease, age, and dissolution, as well as all real or alleged modes of repairing these disasters. The other class embraces all the imperfections and limitations attaching to man's mental and emotional condition, so far as that condition can be abstracted, at least provisionally, from his material constitution. In all ages, and in the most sav-

age as well as the most civilized states of society, men are found trafficking upon the imbecile credulity of those still more deeply steeped in ignorance than themselves; and it is ever those regions of knowledge through which no royal highway has yet been beaten out by the true pioneers of science that are always most densely infested by these pernicious impostors. Of all physical arts and sciences none are less firmly established than physiology and therapeutics. And it is here that everywhere and at all times quacks, charlatans, and knavish pretenders swarm with the most noxious prodigality. So hungry are men for life and health, that no magic tale of pharmaceutical virtue or flaming catalogue of accomplished cures can so much as generate a passing doubt or the most deferential inquiry. The vaster the promise, the more interecine the war waged with all traditional experience and constituted systems, the more authoritative seems the new power. Old knowledge "creeping on from point to point," has not cured all bodily pangs or much prolonged human life. It may be that a brighter and more beneficent career is open before the new, the untried, the revolutionary. On every report of a strange cure of an alleged disease, the following infirmative suppositions are looked upon as the mere intrusions of a jealous scepticism; first, that there was no real, or at least no such, disease to cure, the symptoms indeed appearing to be present, but not being due to that disease. Secondly, it may be the symptoms were mendaciously reported, and so, as before, there was no such disease to cure. Or, thirdly, the disease may have existed and been cured, but by the mere influence of the imagination, not by the operation of the supposed remedy, or else by the operation of some remedy other than that alleged. Fourthly, the disease may have gone of itself, and by the unknown healing power of nature, or by the cessation of the action of the morbid cause. Fifthly, the disease may not have been ultimately cured at all, but only the symptoms temporarily modified and allayed. Or lastly, the disease may not have been cured in any degree, the cessation of the symptoms being falsely reported, whether through delusion or mendacity, and whether on the part of the patient or the

medical practitioner. This instance of the application of infirmative suppositions in matters of common life is thus carefully elaborated by Bentham himself. So much for the treatment of circumstantial evidence produced in favor of novel and yet unauthenticated modes of remedying the bodily infirmities of human life. As knowledge and education increase and moral habits of self-control become more largely diffused, those infirmities will become reduced in number and magnitude, and their true remedies ascertained.

To the other class of abnormal facts to which we proceed, there is no such prospective close. These are likely to prove coeval with human intellect and its limitations. Man no sooner learns to exercise his mental faculties, to observe, to compare, to analyze, as well as to feel and to construct, than he is chilled and daunted by the fearful barriers that hem him in on every side. Ever as he is struggling over the boundary wall, he is hurled back again and again into the abyss of ignorance. He is overborne by the weight of the body, by the dull sluggishness of his fellow men, and by the near approach of the inevitable tomb. His loftiest thoughts, his worthiest emotions, his deeds of lonely virtue and lifelong self-sacrifice, seem to be wasted without recognition or effect. He stands alone, (as Pascal said,) a monument of greatness, because he is so miserable, and of misery, because he is so great. What wonder, then, that man has in all ages fretted against the confines of his knowledge and his being?—if he has impatiently asked of the dead whether a beacon can be descried on the horizon of that bottomless ocean into which they have been launched? Unsatisfied and stunted on earth, man shall triumph and fulfill an everlasting destiny in some world eye hath not seen nor ear heard. Such have been the glowing aspirations of all the best and wisest of men; the meanest and most worthless are not without a glimmering reflexion of them. The former find repose in religions and theologies; the latter a lulling stupor in spiritualism and all the brood of thaumaturgy and necromancy. Countless grades connect together the two classes of mankind, as also the forms of belief in which they severally find consolation. To sat-

isfy these indefinite yearnings, which, in the case of the vulgar, seem little better than mental prostration before the might of physical laws, there has in no age or people been lacking a crop of impostors and self-deceiving enthusiasts. Their tales of converse with those on earth no longer, of arbitrary interferences with eternal laws of nature, of ghastly apparitions of the dead or the dying, and of weird-like gazing into future times and distant scenes, in fact, of all that is at once unfamiliar, inharmonious, and revolting to purer souls, are listened to with greedy ears and "bated breath." An everlasting problem might well give birth to an infinitude of attempted solutions; but there is a weighty presumption nevertheless against any given solution not being erroneous. In every tale of the kind the following infirmative suppositions may properly be applied. First (assuming the reporter to profess to have witnessed the abnormal facts himself, an almost unexampled case), he may be telling what he himself well knows to be false; liars are at least more habitual visitants than spirits. Secondly, the reporter may be telling what he believes to be true, but his optical vision was impaired by disease or temporary disturbance; or thirdly, his eye was sound, but his brain was disordered; or fourthly, his eye and his brain were sound, but some accidental and mechanical situation of certain objects caused them to present the unusual appearance in question, and he forebore to verify its true nature; or, fifthly, the appearance was the intentional result of artifice or sport, on the part of persons unknown. All and each of these hypotheses have at least the advantage of involving only familiar and common phenomena; they sufficiently account for all the appearances to be explained, and they admit generally of instant and complete verification, if any one cares to apply the test. The other remaining hypothesis, that there was a supernatural agent concerned, from the very meaning of the term "supernatural," can never be a matter of verification or proof; for we have sufficiently shown throughout this inquiry that all proof presupposes past regularity or repeated succession: that we can only conclude that one fact does or will follow from another, because it has often or al-

ways been observed to follow from such another on previous occasions. But where a fact is alleged quite alien to this order, untrammelled by any fixed relations whatever that are cognizable by our senses, it is one as to the operation of which in the way of causation we can predicate absolutely nothing. An alleged supernatural agent is such. It will always rightly seem to be more conformable to the order of nature, that delusion or deception or a compound of both are at work, than that a fact without any parallel in general experience, and over-riding by its effects laws established by universal experience, has been observed by a limited number of men. In the name of our very assurance of uniformity we can not be called upon to believe in non-conformity. For it is only from such assurance that we believe anything at all. It is further to be noticed, that whenever such facts are or have been alleged to occur as Bentham observes (1), "none has been ever established by that sort of evidence which, under the best system of procedure, is considered as the best evidence extracted in the best manner; (2) such facts are seldom represented anywhere, never in the face of justice, as having manifested themselves in the presence of divers persons at the same time; and (3) the facts in question thus reported are never of the permanent, but always of the evanescent kind." Not that men's fearfulness and cramped intelligence will permit them to lend an ear to Understanding, when she utters her voice in the streets; nor so long as it is more stimulating and luxurious to bask in the fitful blaze of error, is it likely men will come eagerly and thankfully to the clear sunlight of unadorned and unromantic truth.

The subject will be appropriately closed with a few words on the true meaning of the terms "probability" and "possibility," and their converse "improbability" and "impossibility." We saw that owing to our imperfect acquaintance with all the facts of the physical and psychological world, and their relations, we can never accurately estimate the true likelihood or unlikelihood (though these very terms are misleading) of a given fact occurring or having occurred. If we were perfectly acquainted with all those

facts, we could predicate with unfailing certainty of a given fact, its past and future occurrence or non-occurrence. The given fact is in itself absolutely certain either to occur or not to occur, to have occurred or not to have occurred. It is only our own limited faculties and partial experience that import any hesitation into our mode of speaking about it. As it is, every man, only according to his own specific experience and information, can have a proportionate amount of assurance about the occurrence of a given fact. A person with still more limited faculties than ours, still less experience, such as a very young child or an idiot, would (as Bentham says), "upon the credit of a bare assertion uttered by any person of his acquaintance, give credit to one fact as readily as to another: to a fact the most devious and extraordinary in degree and specie, as well as the most ordinary fact: to the existence of a ghost or a devil, as well as to that of a man: to the existence of a man sixty feet high, or no more than six inches, as well as to that of a man of six feet: to the existence of a nation of Cyclopes, with one eye each, and that in the middle of the forehead, as well as to the existence of a nation with two eyes in their ordinary place." This consideration can not be insisted upon too strongly, because it at once serves to dispel all the illusory mists that distort the true interpretation of such words as "probable" and "possible." We each of us have a certain standard of experienced and recorded occurrences, either noted by ourselves or other men, to whom, for good reasons, we give credit, by which we weigh and try every fresh fact of which the occurrence is alleged as having taken place, or being about to take place hereafter.

If the fresh fact alleged finds its place readily among those recorded—if it is found to form one of them, or aptly to harmonize with them—we call it *probable*; if not, *improbable*. If the fresh fact does not form one of those recorded, and is of a different kind from any of them, but is not opposed to them, or out of harmony with them, we speak of that fact as being *possible*, but not *probable*. If, again, the fresh fact is not only out of all harmony with those previously experienced, but is

the direct denial of our generalization from them, so that the previous generalization and the fresh fact can not stand together, we use a provisional expression to denote this, and call the fact *impossible*. The fact may none the less be a real occurrence; and in that case it proves that the generalization was premature, and that a sequence we too precipitately supposed to be universal was, in fact, subject to exception. It has been truly said by Mr. Mill "that the most important of all discoveries in physics have been those whereby what were before imagined to be the universal laws of nature have been proved to be subject to exception." Thus while an alleged fact may be rightly treated as in the highest degree "improbable," no alleged fact whatever can be termed (except provisionally) "impossible." The proof indeed, of a fact opposed by an enormous weight of improbability may be little less arduous than if the fact really were impossible in itself. Yet by no such vulgar and lazy subterfuge as branding a strange story with the stigma of incredibility can man unrobe himself of his kingly responsibilities. For every fact alleged he is called upon to make an immediate reference, whether rapid and instinctive, or cautious and laborious, to the accumulated treasures of the world's experience, and to the life-long diary of his own personal observations. He must be ever prepared for the possibility of these severally needing amplification and reconstruction. He must learn in what cases he can never doubt too long or too anxiously, in what he can never believe too vehemently and courageously. Infirmary of mind begets undue scepticism no less than credulous belief; and he who would not be duped by imbecile fanaticism and seductive imposture into believing all things, must clench some things with the gripe of a giant, and believe them with the simplicity of a little child.

Chambers's Journal.

#### FROM TEHERAN TO SAMARCAND.

THERE are many kinds of courage, and it is a quality which has numerous standards. Every one is welcome to have his own ideal of heroism, and his own

pet hero, among ancient instances and personages and down to our days; but we beg to pronounce, on our own individual account, in favor of Arminius Vambery, a Hungarian gentleman of scientific tastes and fame, who commenced, in 1863, one of the most wonderful and perilous journeys ever undertaken by a traveler, and who has recorded his achievements in one of the simplest and most unpretending books ever written. In every point of view, this gentleman's undertaking presents itself in a surprising form. It has been truly, if roughly, said of African travel: "Money and pluck will do it." But "money" would not have done anything for Arminius Vambery, except assure his prompt discovery and inevitable slavery, if not murder, and "pluck" was the least of the qualities which he needed; not for a start, not for emergencies, nor at intervals, but for his steady, constant, incessant inspiration, and for an indefinite period, during which the pressure of an extreme and deadly peril was never lifted off him for one instant.

There is no region in the world which is so vague and awful as that immense space on the earth's surface which we call Central Asia. There the mind is most fiercely and hopelessly baffled, when it strives to get at an unbroken, continuous view of the history of mankind. The life of savage nations is strange, but nevertheless it lies on the surface; it has no story of the past, it has ample possibilities for the future. But these Asian people—these fierce, fanatical, secret, reserved, suspicious, terrible people, denominated by a faith full of cruelty and childishness, of cunning and absurdity—these people, whose faculties of self-deception are boundless, whose aspirations are wholly sensual, and whose lives are full of incredible privation, imposed by their own inconceivable credulity—they are an insoluble problem, partly attractive, partly repulsive, but of ever-growing interest, as we learn to understand their overwhelming numbers, and the indomitable power of the faith of Islam.

It is at all times strange to think how much of the earth is desert. We take in the idea peace-meal: we talk of this desert and that, and give them names,



but we become tired and confused when we try to make a mental panorama of the awful wastes which gird the earth like a short-waisted girdle, with an interruption of magnificent civilization for a jeweled clasp. Man has dared this desolation in every direction. The forests of the West, the plains of Gobi, the sands of Sahara, have been invaded by his intrepid activity, and investigated by his science; but supremely terrible above all these feats is that performed by Vambéry, when he journeyed through the awful wastes which lie to the east of the Caspian and beyond the Balkan ranges. The loneliness of very distant travel is one of its most striking features—that one which sets it apart from tourist experiences, and the semi-recreative aspects of European adventure. But even this loneliness is not complete; it is a solitude *à deux*, as in the case of the African explorers or the *camaraderie* of an expedition, as in that of the Arctic voyagers; but Arminius Vambéry went into the heart of Central Asia, not only alone, so far as being unaccompanied by any countryman or kinsman—any one who shared his purpose, his danger, or his success—but surrounded with men whose dearest feelings and prejudices his presence outraged; who if they had discovered his identity, would have slain him on the spot, or sold him into a slavery, of whose horrible conditions the most imaginative, the most credulous believer in the atrocities of the middle passage and the plantations could not form an idea, but which he tranquilly records.

Here is a European, who assumes the character of an Asiatic, not of an ordinary person engaged in the ordinary business of eastern life, but of a dervish, a religious fanatic, whose appearance, gait, dress, speech, manner, expression, must all be in perfect accordance with those of a number of fanatics, like his pretended self. He must have all these qualities without their producing and sustaining cause; he must face the desert without the panting desire, the mad eagerness, half faith, half vanity, which strengthen the muscles and swell the hearts of the Hadjis, about to win eternal blessedness and temporal renown. He must be among them, always, scrupulously concealing any interest in the features of

nature, or the ruins of bygone and lost civilization, hiding as carefully the objects of his journey, as other travelers openly display theirs. He is an actor who must never abandon his part for a moment, or he will pay the penalty of his life for the relaxation; his only chance of safety is in forcing his mind away from its identity, resolutely denying himself the luxury of thought and association. The European, among savage nations, looks about him, questions, and is questioned, and takes a position of natural superiority naturally, and for the most part successfully. The European who would penetrate into the wilds of Turkestan is a spy in a foreign army, and holds his life by so uncertain a tenure, that one feels astonished that this man's mind, however strong, however courageous his nature, could have held out under so awful and prolonged a struggle. Eleven months of daily, hourly danger of life, under the most favorable conditions, would be terrible to think of. But what were the conditions of those eleven months of peril? So strange and whimsical is the manner in which Vambéry states them, that he makes one smile, and shudder, as he debates the probabilities of his having enough physical strength to endure the hardships arising from the elements, unaccustomed food, bad clothing, without the shelter of a roof, and without any change of attire by night. He mentions, too, without laying any particular stress on the circumstance, that he is lame, and therefore easily tired.

So this lame man leaves Teheran, one of a caravan of Hadjis, a wandering beggar; and as they advance towards the Elburz Mountains, chanting hymns from the Koran, he glances stealthily backwards at the gilded dome of Shah Abdul Azim, and so bids adieu to the last outpost of civilization. What an extraordinary company that must have been! But when one reads this wonderful story, in which the writer makes so much of others and so little of himself, it produces an effect opposite to his intention, and one is profoundly occupied with the man who did this wonderful thing. The way is beautiful at first, for it lies through Mazendran; but the traveler is troubled in the enjoyment of its loveliness, for

the terrible wastes lie beyond, and hunger and thirst are inexorably waiting there, deadly and patient, like the crouching tigers which spring upon the caravan when it camps in the Forest. But hunger and thirst will not yield so easily; rusty sword and flickering torch may not frighten them. Man has no spell of cajolery or fear wherewith to conjure the demons of the desert. The caravan nears the Caspian, halts at Karatepe, passes the hill whence Nadir Shah was wont to review the thousands of wild horsemen who flocked to his banner from the remotest recesses of the desert; crosses an arm of the Caspian, and enters the territory of the Turkomans. From this moment, Vambéry could never lay aside the plenary attributes of his dervish character, and his danger was renewed by every comer who resorted to him in the double capacity of Osmanli and dervish, for blessings, charms, and "holy breath." What a wonderful life! Was his secret ever unbearably burdensome? What were his thoughts in the solemn night, when he could commune, unseen and unsuspected, with the God of the Christians?

The caravan journeyed on and on; we may trace its progress by the red line on a map, where names grow fewer, and blank spaces wide and frequent; it passes ruins which were once halls and forts, built by Alexander the Great, and Vambéry's danger is very imminent, for he regards them with curiosity, unseemly on the part of a dervish and true believer. But there is even a deadlier element in his danger soon, and he needs all his marvelous self-command to meet and baffle it, for he is forced to witness the cruelties practised by the Turkomans upon the Persian slaves—to witness them with the stolid indifference of a dervish and true believer. To see men and boys fettered, starved, tortured, and insulted, day by day, by the masters who extended frank hospitality to the caravan; never to be able to conquer the useless agonizing compassion, the indignant rage, the shuddering disgust, but yet to be forced to conceal it. To live amid such sights and sounds of cruelty and suffering would be terrible enough, even if the physical conditions of existence had not included innumerable hardships and revolting

food. Vambéry is delicately reticent on this point; he only plainly indicates camel and horse flesh, and veils the other horrors in hints. So to Etrek, where the hideous sufferings of the slaves are at their height, and where he is called upon to admire some magnificent feats of horse stealing. The dismal waste-lands are near now, and the lameness is beginning to tell, so the traveler journeys in a basket slung by the side of a camel, and balanced on the other side by sacks of flour. Soon there is no trace of any path indicated by foot of camel or hoof of any other animal, and the course is steered by the sun and the pole-star, which the Turkomans call by a name that means "the iron peg;" and thus, even in this, indicate the nomad life, drawing all its meaning, all its associations from the tent. Still, one is more occupied with the man than with the journey. One tries to realize the thoughts which occupied him day by day; to discern the fears which must have shadowed, if they did not shake his steadfast soul; the sadness that must have darkened solemnly his stout heart; the longing for home with which he must have done battle; the phantom-peopled solitude through which he moved in a disguise which extended to his whole being.

The Little Balkan is passed; the heat is pitiless; the march is broken into short intervals; food, the coarsest unleavened bread, to which the Turkomans add sheep-fat, is scarce, and water is becoming priceless, measured by drops, each man carrying his own supply in goat-skins, and guarding it with the fierce vigilant selfishness that is one of the horrible growths of the Great Desert. Through salt-plains, by morasses, into territory where the predatory Tekke wander; the caravan cuts the ancient bed of the Oxus; the Balkan disappears in the blue clouds; the wastes spread before and around them, with interminable hills of sand, on which the sun rises and sets with one invariable yellow glare, and where the dreadful stillness of death reigns unbroken. What is human life there? Of what value are the patient beasts? The sublime and terrible desert takes no account of them, and soon the men and the beasts are drawn into a closer fellowship than that of their lone-

liness and their labor—the horrid sympathy of suffering. For the enemy is upon them—the remorseless thirst of the desert. The goat-skins contain only a little muddy sediment, when the caravan encamps near Yeti Siri, or “the Seven Wells”—three remain now, and supply foul, brackish water. Men and beasts drink of it with pitiable delight, and the disguised European alone is moderate, for he knows disease lurks in the fetid draught. On again, and the dread need once more arises—the search recommences. They come to a cave; and out of it a wild man rushes—an awful creature—clad in skins, and debased to the similitude of the lower among the brutes. The disguised European betrays his horror, but his companion is undisturbed, and explains that the wild man is a murderer, and accursed, who has fled into the desert with blood upon his hands. The European shrinks and shudders at the thought of this life, but soon forgets it, for they find no water. Why did they not watch and follow the wild man? He must have known where water was.

So night fell, and the stars looked out over the Great Desert and the caravan, where men and beasts lay in the agonies of thirst, not so terrible as in the day, for the cold was merciful, but dreadful in the stillness and forced inaction. What were the thoughts of the disguised European, as he lay, in utter feebleness, unable to eat? Did he think of “the cup of cold water” of the Scriptures, and learn to estimate it by an eastern standard, as he saw men refuse the gift, the loan, the sale of a drop of water during that journey, brother to brother, and father to son? Did the Christian, in the midst of the heathen, learn the full significance of the protection and care of Him who “leadeth us beside still waters, and restoreth our souls?” Was ever sound so welcome as the low growl of the thunder which broke with the morning, and rolled away over the immeasurable expanse of the desert, heralding, with majestic announcement, the blessed rain?

Thus, with intervals of hunger and thirst, with constant fatigue, and more or less successful begging, and sale of blessings for meat and money, the caravan reaches Khiva. Fresh dangers beset

Vambery—danger of detection, emphasized by the fearful cruelties which he sees practised on slaves and prisoners—danger from climate—and surely, though he never says so, danger from despondency. But all are surmounted by coolness, by readiness, by dauntlessness, which fill us with admiration.

Between Khiva and Bokhara lies the desert again, even more terrible than before, and more interesting, for the nomadic tribes of this region are the Kirghis, who dwell only a few hours in one place; and the Persian slaves, sent to tend their master's sheep, and kept at starvation-point, lest they should attempt to escape. No peril which the journey could bring forth was spared to the caravan. An alarm of robbers forced them to turn aside from the banks of the Oxus, whose waters are the sweetest in the world, into the sandy desert, where the torments of thirst again awaited them, and the rushing mighty wind was ready to sweep down upon them, with its terrible auxiliaries of burning sand and darkness, to envelop them in whirling clouds of dust, and lash them with scorching strokes, and then to rush on, leaving them behind, to exhaustion and fever, in search of the next drift of human waifs destined for its deadly toying. Through all this suffering and wretchedness, when the camels, unable to endure the pitiless toil and want of their native wastes, died under their loads, amid the white bones of their predecessors—the sole landmarks in that kingdom of despair; when men framed the syllable which means “water,” with mouths of a ghastly gray color, and black tongues, and so died, and the dead mouths could not be closed, or the shrivelled lips drawn over the sharp crusted teeth, the dervish lived. But an hour came when his companions had to lift him from the camel, and lay him down upon the ground, as just about to die: he ceased to think, and fell, as they say men have done between the turns of the rack, into a deep sleep, but awoke in a mud hut, surrounded by grave, kind men, with soft eyes and long beards, who told him he was within ten miles of Bokhara.

Arminius Vambery journeyed from Bokhara to Samarcand, and from Samarcand to Herat; he returned to Teheran

in perfect safety, after having endured the extreme of poverty and privation in the Afghan territory. He wrote and published his book in London; and he asks, is it surprising that he should sometimes stand, bewildered like a child, in Regent Street, thinking of the deserts of Central Asia, and of the tents of the Kirghis and the Turkomans?

Art Journal.

HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY.\*

IF we in England remain ignorant of the history of Italian painters and pictures, it is not because there has been any lack of information concerning both within our reach. The writings of their own biographers, Vasari and Lanzi, have been fully translated into English, and circulated among us at a comparatively cheap rate. Kugler's work has also appeared in an English garb; Sir Charles L. Eastlake and Lady Eastlake, Mrs. Jameson, Mr. Wornum, Mr. J. T. James, with others, have done good service in the same domain of Art-literature, to say nothing of encyclopædias, dictionaries, magazines, and journals, many of which have at different times within the last twenty years taken up the subject with a zeal and knowledge that evinced how much interest it has created. In truth, Italian Art has been so variously and amply discussed, that one would almost think little more remained to be said; and yet two other volumes—thick octavos—now claim our attention, from the pens of Messrs. J. A. Crowe and J. B. Cavalcaselle, who announce them as "drawn up from fresh materials and recent researches in the archives of Italy, as well as from personal inspection of the works of Art scattered throughout Europe." These two volumes are, however, but the first instalment of a history to be completed hereafter.

Italian Art, and especially that portion of it which is embraced in the epochs now under consideration, being almost exclusively limited to what is known as Christian Art, it may naturally be infer-

red that much of what we read in the volumes of Mr. Crowe and his coadjutor has also received due attention from such previous writers as Mrs. Jameson, and M. Rio, in his "Poetry of Christian Art," a work translated into English. Yet we do not find here any direct reference to them or to any other authors, except those of Italy,—Vasari, Baldinucci, Lanzi, and others,—and to these rather in short notes than in matters extensively incorporated with the text. So far, therefore, an independent tone has been adopted throughout, though much of the information obtained must be derived from these early sources.

Starting from the records of early Christian Art as represented in the paintings in the Catacombs, in the mosaic work executed in Rome, Naples, and elsewhere, between the fourth and seventh centuries, and in the examples of glass painting and wall pictures from the latter date to the beginning of the thirteenth century, we come, in the third chapter, to the works of the Cosmati and Pietro Cavallini, in Rome and its vicinity. As the latter artist was contemporary with Giotto, whom he assisted in the mosaics of the basilica of St. Pietro, we reach at once the morning twilight of the revival of the art of painting. The fourth chapter is especially interesting, because the subject treated—sculpture in Central Italy during the twelfth century—has been little discussed in books by modern writers on Italian Art. This art was then prominently represented by the works, at Pisa, of Nicola Pisano, who, "rejecting the conventional religious sentiments which had marked his predecessors and contemporaries revived the imitation of the classic Roman period, and remained a mere spectator at first of the struggle for the new and Christian types of the early school of Florence. Grand in comparison with Guido"—not Guido Reni, of Bologna, whose name is so familiar as a painter to our readers, but Guido, of Como, a sculptor of the thirteenth century—"and his predecessors, whose religious sentiment was allied to the rudest and most primitive execution, he gave new life to an apparently extinct art, and had, in common with the men of his time at Pisa nothing but the subject. Pagan

\* *A New History of Painting in Italy from the Second to the Sixteenth Century.* Vols. I. and II. By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE, Authors of "*The Early Flemish Painters.*" Published by J. MURRAY, London.



form subservient to Christian ideas, such was the character of Niccola's sculptures." The mention of Pisa naturally leads to the consideration of the state of painting in that city and the neighboring cities of Lucca and Sienna: among the painters of these places, Francesco of Assisi, Guido of Sienna, and Montana of Arezzo, were conspicuous.

The revival of painting occurred in Florence, and the history of Florentine Art is traced in the succeeding chapters—about twenty in number—of the first volume. A few pages suffice to speak of Andrea Tafi and Cimabue, the earliest artists of that school, but several chapters are assigned to their immediate follower, Giotto, and most justifiably so, for he is one who claims the veneration of every real lover of Art—its morning star, which even now sheds its quiet glory over our hearts as we gaze on some of those sacred compositions which time has spared to us. Painting since his days had unquestionably made vast progresses in much which constitutes its beauty and its value, but it may be questioned whether many of Giotto's successors have surpassed, or even equalled him—except perhaps, Fra Angelico—in the deeply earnest and devotional spirit that characterizes his works. The history of the Florentine school is continued through Taddeo Gaddi, Buffalmacco, Giotto, Orcagna, Agnolo Gaddi, Antonio Veneziano, Masaccio, Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, and others, to the death of the last named, which concludes the first volume.

The second opens with a chapter on the decline of the school that Giotto founded in Florence; the period of its decadence was, however, illuminated by the works of a few painters of note, among whom Spinello of Arezzo was prominent. Five chapters immediately following are devoted to a review of Siennese Art, which had revived in the hands of Buoninsegna Duccio, who died about 1340; he was contemporary with Giotto, but his style of painting was much in advance of the latter's. Martini Simone, to whom Petrarch bequeathed his picture of the Virgin by Giotto, was one of the famous early painters of this school. Among his contemporaries and followers were Lippo and Andrea Vanni, the brothers Ambro-

gio and Pietro Lorenzetti, and Paolo Neri. Vanni seems to have been a great name associated with the Art of Sienna, for, nearly two centuries after the period we now write of, there were two celebrated painters of the same name, Francesco and Raffaele Vanni, father and son, both born in Sienna, their immediate progenitor being also an artist, though of small repute.

"Nothing is clearer," say the authors of this history, "than that the Umbrian school arose under the impulse of Siennese examples. The geographical position of Gubbio and Fabriano, with reference to Sienna, might alone explain that result; the temper of the people, akin to the mercurial Siennese rather than to the graver Florentine, favored it. . . . Second in talent to the artists of Sienna, these men"—The Umbrians—"were characterized by a tendency to intensify the affectation of grace and tenderness which, from the earliest time, had been peculiar to their masters. Prettiness was their chief quality, and from their outset marked a class of men whose posterity was destined to contribute, by its progress in Perugia and Urbino, to the greatness of Raphael. A smiling gaiety and lightness gave charm to their works, which, at the same time, bore the impress of the careful finish and the flat brilliancy of miniatures." Of the masters specially treated in this section may be pointed out Paolo Uccelli, Domenico Veneziano, Fra Filippo Baldovinetti, Verrocchio, painter and sculptor, Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, Ghirlandaio, Pietro della Francesca, Nelozzo da Forlì, Marco Palmezzano, and Giovanni Santi; while Burnelleschi, Ghiberti, and Donatello, to whom Italian architecture and sculpture were so greatly indebted, are not overlooked; a whole chapter is set apart for the consideration of their works.

Though we have enumerated the chief names of those artists who figure prominently in the two volumes, it must not be supposed that the books consist of biographical notices and nothing more; this would be doing manifest injustice to the authors, who assume to give, and have given, a history of painting in Italy, as well as—in fact, even more than—the lives of the men whose names are prominently associated with it. The

causes which led to the institution of particular schools, the changes in style, the social, religious, and moral effects which influenced Art, and led to its progress and its temporary decay, are reported in a manner both agreeable and instructive. The author says: "We shall leave it to the reader to consider that we can not hope to charm him with a narrative like that of Vasari, copious, varied, relieved by lively local tints, and mellow with age; nor captivate him with a sketch as light and curt as that of Lanzi." For ourselves, we are quite indifferent about instituting any comparison between Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle and their predecessors over the same literary field; it is sufficient for us to know that we possess in these volumes a well-defined, perspicuous, and careful narrative of early Italian Art, which, though certainly rarely or never rising into enthusiasm or poetic feeling, quite as certain never degenerates into commonplace description or criticism, nor loses sight of the dignity of the subject; and we shall only be too pleased to see the second installment which is to complete the history.

It would be an unpardonable omission not to notice the large number and excellence of the woodcuts illustrating the works of many of the masters, which appear in these volumes; some few of these engravings have appeared in previous books, but the rest are entirely new. They are all drawn by Mr. Scharf, and engraved by Messrs. J. Cooper, J. Thompson, S. Williams, and others.

#### Temple Bar.

#### FRENCH COCHIN CHINA.

BETWEEN India and the Chinese Empire lies the peninsula of Indo-China, jutting far out into the Indian Ocean. The south-eastern portion of this peninsula is occupied by the Empire of Annam, of which the chief maritime province is known to Europeans as Cochin China, but to the natives as Dang-trong, or the outer kingdom. It is in Lower Cochin China that the French have succeeded in recently establishing a military settlement. In extent these new territorial acquisitions of our somewhat am-

bitious neighbors may be compared to Brittany, though in no other respect can any resemblance be detected. The country is, in fact, a strictly alluvial formation. Not only is it watered by the Dong-Nai and Saigon rivers, but it also embraces the delta of the Mekong, at the mouth of which noble stream the Portuguese poet Camoens was shipwrecked in the year 1556, swimming to the shore with his left hand, while in his right he held above the waters his manuscript copy of the *Lusiad*. It is almost needless to add that a level plain spreads far and wide, except quite in the north, and that fevers and dysentery prevail throughout the greater part of the year. The climate is certainly not a healthy one for Europeans. The rainy season lasts from April to December, during which the inhabitants live in a vapour bath. The consequence is, that the French soldiers die off with such frightful rapidity that it has been urgently recommended that every regiment should be relieved after two years' service. The authorities, however, have lost no time in improving the sanitary condition of the new settlement. By means of native labor large tracts of marsh-land have been drained, and good roads made in lieu of the shallow tidal canals which previously constituted the sole channel of traffic and mutual intercourse. Formerly every villager owned a small boat, in which he moved about from place to place, taking with him his small merchandise, or conveying home to his family the proceeds of his marketing. The town of Saigon itself is estimated to contain one hundred thousand inhabitants. The houses are exceedingly mean, being constructed either of wood or of palm-leaves fastened together. Though situated seventy miles inland, Ghia-din, as it is called by the natives, is a very flourishing port, and exhibits a very active movement at all seasons of the year. It is frequented by a large number of Chinese vessels, and is now rising into importance as the head of the French possessions in the East. So far back, indeed, as the ninth century Saigon was noted for its muslin manufactures, the fineness of which was such that an entire dress could be drawn through the circumference of a signet-ring. Owing

to the comparative absence of noxious insects it is regarded by Europeans as a not altogether unpleasant residence.

The population of the empire of Annam has been estimated at thirty millions; but on this point there are not sufficient data to form a very accurate opinion. But whatever may be their exact number, the inhabitants are derived from three sources. The Annamites proper—that is, the Cochin Chinese and the Tonkinese—are of a Chinese origin; while the people of Camboge are descended from Hindoo ancestors; and those in the interior—such as the Lao, Moi, and others—claim to be the sons of the soil, with Malay blood flowing in their veins. Of the early history of the Annamites few authentic details have reached us, nor are these of a nature to interest the general reader. Although from an early date European missionaries appear to have labored in their self-denying task of converting these disciples of Buddhism to the purer tenets of Christianity, it was not until the latter part of the eighteenth century that their influence was sensibly appreciated. Even then they were indebted to an accident for the increased importance they have since continued to possess. Fleeing from a formidable and partially successful insurrection, the only survivor of the royal family and heir to the throne—afterwards the celebrated Ghia-loung—took refuge in the house of Father Pigneau, a French missionary of unblemished life and reputation. That worthy man bravely afforded shelter not only to the fugitive, but also to his wife, his sister, and his son, and even encouraged him to make a strenuous effort to recover his rights. Foiled, however, for a time by the superior forces of the rebels, the prince and his faithful counsellor were compelled to flee for their lives to a small island in the Gulf of Siam. Yielding to the advice of the missionary, Ghia-loung now resolved to despatch an embassy to France, in the hope of obtaining sufficient assistance to place himself on the throne of his ancestors. Accordingly, in the year 1787 Father Pigneau, accompanied by the youthful son of the unfortunate prince, proceeded to Versailles, and actually prevailed upon Louis XVI. to conclude an alliance, offensive and defensive, with his royal cli-

ent. The terms of this treaty are so far curious that they illustrate the practical and realistic notion of an “idea” which characterized the old French monarchy quite as much as it does the second Napoleonic empire. Convinced of the justice of the Annamite prince’s claim to the crown, and moved by a desire to afford him a signal mark of his friendship, as well as of his love of justice, his most Christian Majesty agreed to despatch immediately to the coasts of Cochin China a squadron consisting of four frigates, conveying a land force of 1200 foot-soldiers, 200 artillerymen, and 250 Caffres, thoroughly equipped for service, and supported by an efficient field-battery. In return for—or rather in expectation of receiving—this succour, the king of Cochin China surrendered the absolute ownership and sovereignty of the islands of Hoi-nan and Pulo Condor, together with a half-share in the port of Touron, where the French were authorized to establish whatever works and factories they might deem requisite for their safety and commercial advantage. They were further to enjoy the exclusive privilege of trading with the Cochin Chinese, and of introducing their merchandise free of all charges and imposts. Neither was any trading vessel or ship of war to be permitted to enter any port on the Cochin China coast save only under the French flag. And in the event of his most Christian Majesty becoming involved in hostilities with any other power, whether Asiatic or European, his faithful ally undertook to fit out at his own expense both naval and land forces to coöperate with the French troops anywhere in the Indian seas, but not beyond the Moluccas or the Straits of Malacca. In consideration of his services in negotiating this treaty, the ratifications of which were to be exchanged within twelve months at the latest, Father Pigneau was raised to the dignity of Bishop of Adran, and appointed Ambassador Extraordinary from the Court of Versailles to that of Cochin China. The next step was to select a commander for the projected expedition; and on the new prelate’s urgent solicitation the king consented, though with marked reluctance, to confer that distinction upon the Count de Conway, at that time governor of the French establish-

ments in India. The selection proved an unfortunate one. Bishop Pigneau had omitted one very important element from his calculation. He had made no allowance for the disturbing influences of an improper connection with "lovely woman." He may even have been ignorant of M. de Conway's misplaced devotion to Mme. de Vienne. Be this as it may, on his arrival at Pondicherry he refused to wait upon that all-potent lady, and offered her such slights that she became his avowed and bitter enemy. It was through her, indeed, that the expedition was never organized, and that the king of Cochin China was left to his own resources to bring about his restoration. This he at length accomplished, and in some small degree by the aid of a handful of volunteers whom the Bishop of Adran had induced to accompany him to Saigon. A sincere friendship appears to have existed between the French prelate and the Annamite prince, which terminated only with the death of the former in the last year of the eighteenth century. But though Gia-loung was fully sensible of the advantages to be derived from maintaining a friendly intercourse with European nations, he was not blind to the inconveniences likely to arise from allowing the subjects of a foreign power to form independent settlements within his dominions. Feeling that his end was at hand, the aged monarch emphatically warned his son not to allow the French to possess a single inch of land in his territories; but at the same time advised him to cultivate amicable relations with that people. His successor obeyed the paternal counsels only in part. He took care, indeed, to prevent the French from settling permanently in his country; but he went very much further, for he actively persecuted the Christian converts, and exerted himself to the utmost to oppose the introduction of Western ideas and civilization. In the year 1825 Min-mang—for so was this emperor called—refused even to receive a letter and presents forwarded by Louis XVIII., and expressed his determination to keep aloof from all intercourse with European powers.

As Captain de Bougainville was provided neither with instructions how to act under such circumstances, nor "with a sufficient force to compel the acceptance

of what was declined to be taken with a good grace,"—we quote from M. Leon de Rosny's *Tableau de Cochinchine*, to which we are indebted for the matter of this article—he formed the wise resolution of withdrawing from those inhospitable shores. But before he did so, he succeeded in landing Father Régéreau, a French priest who had devoted himself to the work of making Christians of the Annamites, whether they would or not. No sooner did this unwelcome news reach the ears of the monarch, than it caused an edict to appear enjoining the mandarins to exercise the utmost vigilance in preventing the ingress of the teachers of "the perverse religion of the Europeans," which is described as prejudicial to the rectitude and right-mindedness of mankind. The doctrine of the missionaries was further represented, in a petition said to have been inspired by the emperor himself, as of a nature to corrupt and seduce the common people by abusing their credulity. They employ, it was said, the fear of hell and eternal punishment to terrify the timid; while, to attract individuals of a different temperament, they promise the enjoyment of heavenly bliss as the reward of virtue. By degrees the ill-feeling entertained by the emperor towards the missionaries grew in intensity, until they became the object of his bitter aversion; and as his subordinates, according to custom, were anxious to recommend themselves to favor by their demonstrative zeal, it was not long before "the church of Cochin China was enriched by the crown of numerous martyrs." The first of these martyrs was the Abbé Gagelin, who was strangled on the 17th October, 1833; but then his offence was twofold, for he had not only preached the forbidden doctrines, but, in contravention of the king's commands, had quitted the town of Dongnai to do so. A very naïve letter from a missionary named Jacquard conveyed to the abbé the tidings of his forthcoming martyrdom. "Your sentence," he wrote, "has been irrevocably pronounced. As soon as you have undergone the punishment of the cord, your head will be cut off and sent into the provinces in which you have preached Christianity. Behold you, then, a martyr! How fortunate you are!" To this pious effusion the abbé



replied in a similar strain: "The news you announce of my being irrevocably condemned to death penetrates my very heart's core with joy. No, I do not hesitate to avow it, never did any news give me so much pleasure."

In the following year another missionary was tortured to death, not merely as a teacher of the new religion, but because he was found in the company of some rebels who had seized upon a fort. No other "martyrdom" occurred after this until 1837, in which year the Abbé Cornay was beheaded and quartered, after being imprisoned for three months; and, in 1838, M. Jacquard himself escaped by strangulation from the insults and outrages to which he had been for some time subjected. Nor was it the missionaries alone who shared the fate and emulated the calm heroism of the early apostles. The native neophytes were not a whit less zealous to suffer in their Master's cause, and to bear witness to the truth, in death as in life. The common people eagerly flocked to behold their execution, not indeed to taunt and revile the patient victims, but to secure some relic, however trifling or otherwise disgusting, and to dip their garments in the still-flowing blood. Pagans and Christians alike yielded to this superstition or veneration, while the soldiers on duty drove a lucrative trade in selling to the scrambling crowd fragments of the dress and person of the yet quivering martyr. Even the executioners are reported to have affirmed that at the moment the head was severed from the body a certain perfume exhaled from the gushing blood, as if anticipating glorification in heaven. M. de Rosny, however, frankly admits that Miñ-mâng was chiefly moved by political considerations to persecute the followers of the new religion, whom he believed to be in league with his worst enemies, especially after the capture of a missionary in one of the rebel forts. His policy, whatever may have been its real springs, was adopted by his son Thieou-tri, one of whose first public acts was to command the governors of provinces to track out the Christians to their most secret asylums. These orders were only too faithfully obeyed. The French missionaries were ferreted out of their lurking-places, thrown into prison, and otherwise ill-treated,

throughout this reign, which did not terminate before the end of 1847.

The new monarch, commonly known as Tu-Duk, walked in the footsteps of his father. An edict was issued almost immediately after his accession to the throne, commanding that every European missionary found in Annam should be thrown into the sea with a rope round his neck. And when the mandarins hesitated to execute such sanguinary orders, a second edict appeared enjoining that whosoever concealed in his house a propagator of the Christian faith should be cut in two and thrown into the river. The fiendish work then began in earnest. The sword of the executioner was again called into request, and several most estimable men suffered death on the scaffold. At last even a bishop, Monseigneur Diaz, experienced the fate of his humbler brethren, on the 20th July 1857; and as this prelate happened to be a Spaniard, his death was avenged by an allied Franco-Spanish expedition, which resulted in the conquest of Lower Cochin China, and the cession of the provinces of Saigon, Bien-hoa, and Myt-ho to the French. Let us now see what manner of men were these Annamites whom the French, failing to convert, were compelled, by their sense of spiritual duty, to conquer and subjugate. M. de Rosny shall continue to be our guide.

The people of Annam Proper are evidently of Mongol extraction. Their complexion is of a dark sallow hue, varying from a dirty white to a yellowish olive color. In stature they are short, but thick set, and remarkably active. Their features are by no means beautiful according to the European idea of beauty. They have short square noses, prominent cheek-bones, thin lips, and small black eyes—the eyeball being rather yellow than white. Their teeth, which are naturally of a pure white, are stained almost black and otherwise disfigured by the excessive use of betel-nut. Their countenances are chiefly marked by the breadth and height of the cheek-bones, and are nearly of the shape of a lozenge. The women are better looking, and decidedly more graceful, than the men, even in the lower classes, but both sexes are particularly cheerful and vivacious. The upper classes, however, affect the solemn air and grave de-

portment of the Chinese, and are consequently much less agreeable to strangers than are the less dignified orders. Corpulence is considered a great beauty—a fat face and a protuberant stomach constituting the ideal of an Adonis. Both men and women wear their hair long, but gathered up at the back of the head in a knot. It is never cut save in early youth, when it is all shaved off with the exception of a small tuft on the top of the crown. A close-cropped head of hair, indeed, is looked upon as a badge of infamy, and is one of the distinguishing marks of a convicted criminal. The beard is allowed to grow naturally, but consists of little more than a few scattered hairs at the end of the chin; the upper lip being as scantily furnished. The nails should be very long, thin, and sharp-pointed, and by the women are usually stained of a red color.

The Annamites dress themselves in silk or cotton according to their means; but whatever the material, the form of their garb is always the same. In addition to wide trousers fastened round the waist by a silken girdle, they wear a robe descending to the knees, and occasionally a shorter one over that; both equally opening on the right side, but closed by five or six buttons. The men's sleeves are very wide, and so long that they descend considerably lower than the ends of the fingers. The women, however, who in other respects dress precisely as do the men, have their sleeves somewhat shorter, in order to display their metal or pearl bracelets. The under-garment is generally made of country cotton, but the upper one, as worn by the higher classes, is invariably of silk or flowered muslin, of Chinese manufacture. Cotton trousers are often dyed brown, but even the laboring population make use of silk as much as possible. For mourning garments cotton alone is employed, white being the funereal color.

Out of doors men and women alike wear varnished straw hats, upwards of two feet in diameter, fastened under the chin, and very useful as a protection against sun and rain, though somewhat grotesque in appearance. Within doors the women go bareheaded, not unfrequently allowing their fine black tresses to hang loose down their backs almost to the ground. Ear-rings, bracelets, and rings on their fingers are favorite objects

of female vanity; but a modest demeanor is a thing unknown; a bold, dashing manner being most admired by the men. They are certainly not good-looking; but their natural gaiety and liveliness amply compensate for the absence of personal charms.

Old men and persons of distinction alone wear sandals, the people generally preferring to go barefooted. A pair of silken purses, or bags, to carry betel, money, and tobacco, may be seen in the hand, or hanging over the shoulder, of every man and woman not actually employed in hard labor. They are, for the most part, of blue satin, and sometimes richly embroidered. Like their neighbors, the Chinese, the Annamites are scrupulous observers of the distinctive insignia of rank, but pay no regard to personal cleanliness. Notwithstanding their frequent ablutions, their clothes, their hair, their fingers and nails, are disgustingly filthy. Even wealthy persons wear dirty cotton dresses within doors, over which they throw their smart silken robes when they go out.

Taste is proverbially a matter beyond dispute; but it would be very hard for any European to agree with an Annamite as to what constituted a delicacy, and what an abomination. A Cochin-Chinese epicure delights, for instance, in rotten eggs, and is especially fond of them after they have been under a hen for ten or twelve days. From stale fish, again, he extracts his choicest sauce, and feasts greedily upon meat in a state of putrefaction. Vermin of all sorts is highly appreciated. Crocodile's flesh is also greatly prized; though boiled rice and a little fish—fresh, smoked, or salted—are the ordinary food of the poor. Among delicacies may be mentioned silk-worms fried in fat, ants and ants' eggs, bees, insects, swallows' nests, and a large white worm found in decayed wood; but no dainty is more dearly relished than a still-born calf served up whole in its skin and almost raw. In the way of pastry the women greatly affect *beignets* made of herbs, sugar, and clay. Among the rich the dishes are placed on low tables a foot or two in height, round which the diners seat themselves on the ground in the attitude of tailors. Forks and spoons are equally unknown, but chop-sticks are used after the Chinese fashion. The dinner usually

begins, instead of ending, with fruit and pastry. During the meal nothing liquid is taken, but before sitting down it is customary to take a gulp or two of strong spirits distilled from fermented rice, and after dinner several small cups of tea are drunk by those who can afford to do so. Cold or unadulterated water is thought unwholesome, and is therefore never taken by itself. Betel-nut mixed with quick lime is constantly chewed by both men and women, and of late years the use of opium has partially crept in.

The houses of the Annamites are only one story high, and very low in the roof. They are, in fact, mere halls, the roof of which is usually supported on bamboo pillars, on which are pasted strips of many-colored paper inscribed with Chinese proverbs. The roof slopes rather sharply, and consists of reed or straw. Neither windows nor chimneys are seen. The smoke escapes and the light enters by the door. The walls are made of palm-leaves, though rich people often employ wood for that purpose. In either case they are filthily dirty, and swarm with insects. At the further end of the house is a raised platform, which serves as a bed for the entire family. The floor is of earth, not unfrequently traversed by channels hollowed out by the rain which descends through the roof. In every household one member remains awake all night, to give the alarm in case of thieves attempting to come in.

It is usual for the men to marry as soon as they have the means to purchase a wife. The price of such an article varies, according to circumstances, from two to ten shillings, though rich people will give as much as twice or three times that sum for any thing out of the common run. Polygamy is permitted by the laws; but practically it is a luxury confined to the wealthy, and even with them the first wife reigns supreme over the household. The privilege of divorce is reserved exclusively for the husbands, who can put away a disagreeable partner by breaking in twain a copper coin or a piece of wood, in the presence of a witness. Parents can not dispose of their daughters in marriage without their free consent. Previous to marriage the Cochin-Chinese are perfectly unrestrained; but as chastity is nothing thought of, this is not a matter

of much moment. Infanticide is punished as a crime, but not so abortion. Adultery is a capital offence. The guilty woman is trampled to death under the feet of an elephant, while her lover is strangled or beheaded; but these sentences are frequently commuted into exile. Wives are not locked up as in Mohamedan countries, but with that exception they are quite as badly treated, being altogether at the mercy of their husbands. They are, in truth, little better than slaves or beasts of burden. It is they who build the houses, who cultivate the ground, who manufacture the clothes, who prepare the food, who, in short, do every thing. They have nine lives, say their ungrateful husbands, and can afford to lose one without being the worse for it. They are described as being less timid than the men, more intelligent, more gay, and quite ready to adapt themselves to the manners and customs of their French rulers. The men, though by no means destitute of strength and courage, are lazy, indolent, and averse to bodily exercise, and chiefly at home in the petty intrigues of an almost retail commerce.

Great importance is attached to funeral ceremonies. The dead are interred—not burnt, according to the custom of neighboring nations—and much taste is displayed in their burial-places. There is no more acceptable present than a coffin, and thus it usually happens that one is provided years before it can be turned to a proper account. The deceased is clothed in his choicest apparel, and in his coffin is placed an abundant supply of whatever he is likely to want in the new life upon which he has entered through the portals of death. The obsequies are generally deferred for six months, or for even a whole year, in order to give more time for the necessary preparations. On such occasions friends and relatives flock from afar to the “funeral baked meats;” for a handsome banquet forms an essential part of the otherwise melancholy details. From twenty to thirty bearers convey the corpse to its last abode, amid the deafening discord of drums, cymbals, and tom-toms. The procession moves with slow and measured step, and on the coffin is placed a shell filled with water, which enables the master of the ceremonies to ascertain that the coffin is borne with becoming

steadiness. Mourning is worn for twenty-seven months for a father, mother, or husband; but only twelve months for a wife. During this period it is forbidden to be present at any spectacle, to attend any meeting, or to marry. At various intervals after the interment, offerings of eatables are presented to the dead, but which are scrupulously consumed by the offerers themselves. Respect, bordering on reverence, is shown to old age; but then, old people are a rarity, few individuals attaining to half a century. Sickness of all kinds is rife, including "the whole cohort of fevers." The want of cleanliness is undoubtedly at the bottom of most of the complaints from which the natives suffer. The system of medicine most in vogue is borrowed from the Chinese. Every well-to-do family maintains its own physician, who physicks all its members to their heart's content. Doctors, however, agree no more in Cochin China than in any other region of the globe. There are two schools of medicine—the one employing nothing but stimulants, the other adhering solely to refrigerants, and both citing in favor of their respective systems the most astounding and well-nigh miraculous cures.

The rules of politeness and etiquette are distinctly drawn and rigidly observed. An inferior meeting a superior prostrates himself at full length upon the ground, and repeats the act again and again according to the amount of deference he wishes to exhibit. To address one by the title of great-grandfather is to show the highest possible respect, while grandfather, father, uncle, and elder brother, mark the downward gradations from that supreme point. There is, in truth, somewhat too much of veneering visible in all that pertains to the private life and character of the Annamites. Their moral code, based on the precepts of Confucius, is irreproachable, but they seldom pause to regulate their conduct after its wholesome doctrines. Pleasure, indeed, is more thought of than morality, and gambling is a raging passion with all classes. Cock-fighting, and even the combats of red fishes, fill them with especial delight; and when thoroughly excited they will stake on any chance their wives and children, and even themselves. Music, dancing, and theatrical exhibitions are likewise much to their taste, though the dancers are invariably women hired for the purpose.

The laws and police regulations are for the most part wise and sensible, but are more frequently neglected than observed. Here, as in other Asiatic countries a gift in the hand perverteth the wisdom of the wise, and thus only the poor and the stingy need suffer for their sins. For most offences the bastinado is inflicted, but for heinous crimes capital punishments are enforced. There is a sufficient variety in the modes of execution. Sometimes the criminal is sentenced to be strangled; at other times he is decapitated, or trampled to death by an elephant, or even hacked to pieces, if his crime has been in any way extraordinary. For minor delinquencies recourse is had to transportation in irons to a distant province, or to hard labor, such as cutting grass for the emperor's elephants.

Society is divided into two classes—the people and the mandarins. Nobility is hereditary, but the son of a mandarin of the first order ranks only with the second until he has done something to merit promotion to his father's rank. In like manner the son of a second class mandarin belongs to the third rank, and so on to the lowest grade; and there are nine of these—the highest two sitting in the imperial council. But the most exalted honors are open to the most humble. No man is so low born as to despair of becoming one of the pillars of the empire. The competition system prevails here in its full vigor. Every thing depends upon the passing certain examinations; but for all that the mandarins are described as oppressors of the poor, evil advisers of the sovereign, addicted to fraud, given up to their appetites, wasting their time in sensual and frivolous pursuits, corrupt and venal in the administration of justice.

The patrimony is distributed equally among all the sons, whether legitimate or otherwise, except that the eldest receives one-tenth of the entire property in addition to his own share; in return for which he is expected to guard the interests of the family, and above all to look after his sisters, who can not marry without his consent. The daughters have no part in the inheritance save in the absence of male heirs, but in that case they are treated as if they were sons. Through extreme poverty children are often sold as slaves by their parents. An insolvent debtor likewise becomes the bondsman



of his creditor; and as the legal rate of interest is thirty per cent., a debt rapidly accumulates.

An Annamite hour is twice the length of a European one, and the night is divided into five watches. A year consists of twelve lunar months; so that every two or three years it becomes necessary to add another month: in nineteen years there are seventeen of these intercalated months. The lapse of time is marked by periods of twelve years, five of which constitute a "grand cycle;" but in historical narratives the dates are calculated from the accession of the reigning monarch. The year begins with the month of February. The decimal system of enumeration is the one adopted by the Cochin Chinese.

The religion of the people is a superstitious Buddhism; that of the lettered classes a dormant belief in the moral teachings of Confucius. Whatever temples there are, are of a mean order, and are served by an ignorant and ill-paid priesthood. The malignant spirits are propitiated by offerings of burnt paper inscribed with prayers, of bundles of sweet-scented wood, and of other articles of trifling value; the good spirits are mostly neglected. Sincere veneration, however, is shown to the *manes* of deceased ancestors. The priests take a vow of celibacy, to which they occasionally adhere. They abstain entirely from animal food, and affect a red or yellow hue in their apparel. After death their bodies are burned, and not buried as is the case with the laity.

The inhabitants of Cochin China are naturally industrious, and possess considerable skill as carpenters and upholsterers. They also work in iron with some success, and display no mean taste in their pottery. Their cotton and silk manufactures are, however, coarse and greatly inferior to the Chinese. Their lacerated boxes are famous throughout the world, nor are their filigree ornaments unworthy of admiration. But though skilful and intelligent as artisans, and abundantly endowed with the faculty of imitation, they are wretchedly deficient in imagination, and have no idea of invention. This defect is perhaps of less consequence now that they have the benefit of receiving their impulses from the most inventive nation in the world.

Without doubt, their material prosperity will be largely augmented by the French domination, nor have they any thing to lose in moral and social respects. The conquest of Cochin China may therefore be regarded as an advantage to the people themselves; but how far it is likely to yield any profit to the French is altogether another question, and one which at present we are not called upon to discuss. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

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Bentley's Miscellany.

#### THE BOYHOOD OF NAPOLEON III.

WHERE is the man whose heart can remain cold when he remembers the days of his youth, those rosy days full of warm sunshine and bright light, which were only obscured for a moment by dark clouds and rough winds? Who does not remember with sweet melancholy those hopes of ever-enduring happiness, those plans for blessing humanity, whose members are thought equally good, because we apply our own measure to them? How the poor heart contracts when it afterwards learns what life is, and sees the fair dreams of warm youthful hope melt away like foam?

In spite of all these deceptions, however, no one will repent of having dreamed once, at least, of a happiness which we pursue in vain through life. On the other hand, how happy are those who, in their youth, were enabled to regard life as a smiling Eden; and how unhappy those whose hard prosaic life nipped every pleasure and joy in the bud through the poisonous breath of grief and sorrow. Altogether, my own youth was a happy one. There was one good thing about the olden times, that they allowed youth to be youth, and did not expect the fruit to burst at once from the blossom. My stepfather, a worthy man, who loved me like his own son, allowed me during my leisure hours to enjoy myself as I pleased with my playmates. Among these was one who, as people are wont to say, now holds the destinies of the world in his hands—the Emperor Napoleon III., ex-Prince of St. Leu.

After the overthrow of Napoleon I., the ex-Queen of Holland, Hortense Fan-

ny Beauharnois, did not feel quite comfortable in la belle France, and wished to quit it as speedily as possible and retire to Switzerland, where she would devote herself to the education of her two sons, Napoleon and Charles Napoleon. On her request she received a passport from Louis XVIII., with which she left Paris at nine o'clock on the evening of July 17, 1815.

Her journey was agreeable, though at times disagreeable, according as the population of the districts she passed through belonged to one or the other political party. While the resolute conduct of the Austrian escort alone protected her and hers from the insult of the royalist soldiers and inhabitants in Dijon, she had scarce left the fortress when peasants devoted to Napoleon threw boquets into her carriage, and expressed their regret that the good people were going away, while the bad remained behind. She wished to stop at Geneva, but the authorities refused leave, and requested her to set out again the next morning. She was indebted for a delay of a few days to the earnest representations of Count von Voyna, chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, who had escorted her from Paris.

At Aix, in Savoy, too, where she hired a large farm, she was not able to stay long. The Bourbon reaction in Southern France soon extended widely, and was expressed by the assassination of the Bonapartists, who were accused of conspiring against the new government. The Austrian general, Pochemann, who commanded the allied forces in Lyons and the neighboring provinces, warned the queen, because her own life and that of her sons were menaced. Such news was of a nature to render the most pleasant residence disagreeable; but an event occurred which rendered a change still more desirable. Her husband, Louis Napoleon, demanded his elder son. The mother, who was devotedly attached to her children, yielded with a bleeding heart, because she was alarmed about her son's life. The separation brought on an attack of jaundice for the younger brother, followed by a great weakness, from which he but slowly recovered.

The queen, too, suffered severely from this separation, and began to grow seriously ill. The place was hateful to her.

She, consequently, formed a hasty resolution, and left the town, which constantly reminded her of her great loss, on November 28, 1815. By passing through and remaining a short time in the Genevese territory, she again caused the government a panic terror, and caused them to make the most ludicrous martial preparations. At Murten, in the canton of Freiburg, she also caused the authorities no slight alarm, which even entailed a short arrest. Thence she passed, without further adventure, through Switzerland, and reached its frontier, at Constance, on December 5, 1815. At first she took up her abode at the Black Eagle, in the market-place—the same cozy hostelry whose glass-covered yard will be in pleasant recollection of many of our readers. Hortense at once appealed to her relative, Stephaine Adrienne Beauharnois, Grand-Duchess of Baden, asking her to persuade her consort to allow her to remain in Baden, which, however, was one of the countries closed against the members of the Bonaparte family. The reply was a refusal.

Hortense, however, was weary of this fugitive wandering, and resolved to take no notice of the refusal, but settle the matter by a *fait accompli*, like the great ones of this world, and thus put an end to further discussions on the subject. She therefore ordered her steward to look about for a house containing the requisite rooms, while pleasantly situated. Fortunately, there is close to the city, near the present railway bridge and the Rhine, a large enclosed farm, which afforded space for walks in the grounds, and, at the same time, a certain seclusion from the world, which suited the queen's temperament. The estate was then called after its owner, Zumstein, and is now Vincent.

The queen hired this refuge, entered into occupation on January 4, 1816, and established herself as well as she could. She lived in the three-storied main building, whose rooms all looked westward. On the eastern side, a wooden gallery ran all along the house. The middle floor was occupied by Hortense and her son, while the third was allotted to the ladies in waiting and principal attendants. The other servants lived in a large factory building to the north, while the

ground floor was the general kitchen. Such was the spot where a fallen potentate, or rather two, if we count the prince, settled upon German ground.

For Constance, the residence of an ex-queen, was a real court, which filled its inhabitants with a certain amount of pride. From a material point of view the little court would offer the impoverished city many hitherto unknown advantages: but the affability of the queen, united to her liberality towards the poor, gained her all hearts, and universal esteem and reverence. Many pleasant stories were told about the queen's good heart, as well as her son's, who was universally called the prince. Hence, when she drove out with him everybody bowed, and the salutes were accepted as cordially as they were offered. Was it surprising that I, an excitable lad of twelve years of age, should be affected by the general enthusiasm for the illustrious exiles, and try to form the acquaintance of the prince? I was one of his nearest neighbors, and could from my house see him running about the park. Moreover, we were nearly of the same age, and hence my wish was not quite so foolish.

But there were many obstacles before the plan could be carried out. So much I saw at once, that I could not point blank force myself on the prince. Some occasion was needed to form his acquaintance. Unfortunately, there was on the post of the wooden gates the following awe-inspiring notice: "Those persons who have no business on this estate, are requested to keep away from the entrance."

For a long time I thought over the way of finding some method of forming the prince's acquaintance on a matter of business. I saw so many persons, and among them very poor ones, go up to the house; but, of course, the latter regarded begging as a business, and hence were justified by the terms of the notice in entering. In vain did I strain all my sharpness to find the "open sesame," which would give me entrance to the paradise of my wishes. But I addled my poor brains to no effect: nothing came of it. At length I hit on the idea of partnership, which at the present day effects such miracles in social life. What one does not know another may, I thought,

and soon acted accordingly. I had a friend about my own age, whom the grass has long since grown over. He lived in Petershausen, even nearer the prince than I did, and felt the same craving to know him. We set to work together, and employed our united imaginations in attaining our object. But, though it rarely failed us in boyish tricks, it now left us in the lurch. We could not discover any way that bore the slightest resemblance with business, and hence we resolved to leave the lawful road, and creep into the promised land like poachers.

It was on a Sunday afternoon in March, 1816, that we set out to execute our design. The blue sky looked down pleasantly on the earth after a long winter, the sun spread a comforting warmth, and drew snow-drops and fragrant violets out of the thawed ground, which at many spots was already beginning to grow green. We advanced from the north side, where the estate was not enclosed. Like cautious hunters, we did not pretend to have any special destination, but ran after the messengers of spring, the gaudily painted butterflies, which the warm beams of the March sun had enticed from their winter quarters.

We gradually steered, as if undesignedly, towards the spot where the queen was also sunning herself with her attendants. This was the lawn between the side building and what was called the drying-house. Some were seated on a bench, others walking up and down, laughing and talking, while the prince was merely running over the lawn and path with the children of the little court.

We cautiously approached the merry circle, always careful, like experienced commanders, to keep a retreat open, and trusting to the speed of our feet. Shy as we were, we tried to attract the attention of the other children, and to join gradually in their games. Our design succeeded, and, contrary to all expectation, remarkably well, for children have no selfish designs, and only find delight in universal pleasure. Ere a quarter of an hour had elapsed, we were all playing together as if we were old friends. We were as happy as boys can be who have attained one of those childish wishes for which their heart has long yearned. But when a man feels the happiest he may be

almost certain that fate will soon play him a trick, and hurl him roughly on to the ground out of his fancied heaven. Suddenly M. Zumstein, an old, cross, sickly man, stood in our midst, like a meteor fallen from the heavens, and mercilessly tore us apart. He ordered us off his estate, and we were about to quit Paradise like Adam and Eve, with a melancholy glance at our playmates, when the scene changed to our advantage.

The prince, who had probably seen that an increase in the number of his playmates would cause him much pleasure, which he had hitherto been obliged to do without, asked his mother to allow us to remain. The beautiful lady felt compassion for our sorrow, which she could read in our faces, and after an inquiring glance at us, decided in our favor.

From this time forth we were the daily companions of the prince, of which we were not a little proud. At that time he spoke only a few words of German, but, as we had taken lessons in French, we could understand each other, and when words by chance failed us, pantomime was called on to supply their place. In the course of time, however, the prince learned enough German of us to enable us to put aside the language of signs.

There was plenty of room for boyish games in and out of the house. When the weather was fine, we ran all over the estate; when it rained, we played in the prince's rooms and the passages, and made such an awful noise that, even at that time, I was surprised at it being permitted. The two rooms which the prince occupied had a northern aspect, and were separated from his mother's by a narrow passage.

Of all the games, those pleased the prince most which required a display of strength and had something military about them. Hence we, as millions now do, followed the extremely melodious sounds of the drum, which our exalted comrade himself rapped in a masterly way, while at the same time he commanded his army as officer. With much pride and military order we marched with paper caps, on which a huge cock's feather was displayed, and with vineprops for muskets, after our leader through thick and thin, as beseems honest soldiers. Young Bure, the son of the prince's

nurse, a dame who was universally loved and respected in the house, generally took part in our games. Louis called him his foster-brother, and was greatly attached to him. When I asked him the meaning of this word, which was quite strange to me, both laughed heartily at me, but still explained it to me.

In these martial exercises, which rarely ended without larger or smaller bruises, a slight accident happened, for which I innocently bore the blame. In storming the wooden planks which represented our fortress, I had the misfortune, as I raised my weapon to deal a tremendous blow, to hit the little daughter of Madame Cochelet, who was standing just behind to look on, in the mouth. The child, whose lip bled severely, cried terribly, and her mother, who with the queen was watching our sports, ran at me in a furious passion, uttering the words, "March—be off!" almost the only German she understood. I required no more to understand from her unequivocal gestures that, in spite of the prince's soothing words, "No consequence, no consequence," the best thing I could do was to show a clean pair of heels.

For nearly eight days I kept away from the estate, in spite of all the prince's entreaties to return. At length the appeased mother, who had probably convinced herself of my innocence, caught me, and herself invited me to return. The mischief I had done was not so great as I had imagined; it only consisted of a superficial graze of the skin. Of course, there was some quarrelling and wrangling among us now and then, and the consequence was, that I would not visit my illustrious companion for some days. He was generally the first to offer his hand in reconciliation. I might be certain that, on the second, or the most the third day of my staying away, the steward Rousseau, a worthy man who was devotedly attached to the royal family, and spoke the best broken German, would call at my house and request me in the prince's name to return, which I at once did. On such occasions there were small presents always offered as a bait.

On rainy days we also at times indulged in quieter amusements. The prince had pretty picture books, which we looked over and read through to-



gether. He was at that time above eight years of age, and his schooling had begun some time before. The prince also had several tutors, who lived in the house. For some time an abbé of the name of Bertrand conducted his education. The remarkable liveliness or restlessness of the prince rendered it a hard matter to the good man to teach his pupil anything, although the latter was not deficient in capacity. His sensible mother saw that the abbé was not the man to restrain the fiery lad, and hence she handed him over to a stricter tutor, though without discharging Bertrand. This new tutor was a certain M. Lebas, a man of great merit and considerable learning, who afterwards became professor of Greek at the Paris Athenæum. His father was a zealous republican of Robespierre's school, and shot himself after the execution of the latter, as he considered it a disgrace to survive him.

Very rarely did this M. Lebas, a man of no very great height, with a rather red face, which grew redder in passion, make his appearance; but when he did come, his arrival was the surest sign of a storm, which ended in blows and shedding of tears. We only knew him by the name of abbé. So long as the prince's play hours lasted, he troubled himself slightly about his conduct; but when the school hour approached, and the prince did not at once come, so surely the abbé's flaming red face showed itself, in which two fiery eyes glowed menacingly. The words then passed so rapidly over his lips, that we could only understand the allocution "Monsieur le Prince." If the "most gracious prince" attempted to excuse his absence, the angry man's veins swelled so violently on his forehead, that they threatened to burst, and then boxes of the ear fell even faster than the words just before. Louis ran off yelling to escape the blows; and we also made the best of our way home, fearful lest our turn might arrive presently.

We were not always engaged, however, in military sports; at times we turned our attention to peaceful avocations, such as fishing and catching crayfish. Nearly every day brought us fresh innocent amusements and variety in our games. We were too happy for it to

last. Only too soon we were fated to learn that happiness only visits this earth like a bird of passage.

The queen intended, with her brother Eugene, to purchase the Margravia castle of Petershausen, with the property attached to it. She sent for this purpose an agent to Grand-Duke Louis, at Carlsruhe. As was generally reported, the grand-duke asked 100,000 florins for the property, and the agent would only give 90,000. The grand-duke broke off shortly, and promised his answer for the following day. It really arrived, and was to this effect: the property would not now be sold at any price.

When this news reached the public they were angry with the agent, for the price asked was not considered too high. This anger was augmented, however, when it was reported that the queen, in her annoyance at the failure, intended to leave Constance. Such a resolution was not adapted to console the population, especially in such years as 1816 and 1817, when inundations and the high price of provisions considerably heightened the misery of the far from wealthy townspeople. The liberality of the royal family was well known, and alleviation of the general need was hoped from it; it was also calculated that there would be much money to earn in repairing the castle, and no slight increase of prosperity was anticipated from the splendor of two small courts.

At last, however, the inevitable had to be endured. The queen had selected Augsburg as her place of residence, because the schools of that city were said to be excellent. She left on May 6, 1817. The parting from the prince was the second great sorrow of my life; the first had been the early death of my kind father. I had been on the most friendly terms with the greater part of the little court, because they knew that the prince was attached to me. Thus the queen's valet, Charles Tallé, who afterwards joined the prince in the same capacity, and greatly aided in his escape from Ham, and the coachman Florentin, who died a few years ago at Arenenberg, were very good to me. With the queen herself, as far as I can remember, I never came into immediate contact. What could she have to say to a boy of twelve years of

age? Besides, I was at that time much too bashful to dare to speak to her, even had she desired it. I gazed at her reverently from the distance, and was happy enough if she smiled at me.

I could here close my youthful reminiscences, as they came to an end with the prince's departure. But to round off the whole, I will shortly mention what happened to myself and others, and things which I observed. The prince had not been many months at Augsburg when I had an opportunity of sending him a letter I wrote in French. I described to him in simple open language my longing for him. He did not write to me himself, at least I received no letter from him, but he sent me many kind messages and a pretty present. This consists of a very neat small gold helmet with a winged dragon on the top, and a practicable visor. It could be hung on a watch-chain. I am still in possession of this valuable souvenir.

In the meanwhile the queen had purchased the château of Arenenberg, in Thurgau, about two leagues to the west of Constance, and had it restored. I should not like to say beautified, for the castle, with its battlements and walls surmounted by four circular turrets, pleased me much better than the unmeaning new building. When it was finished, the queen moved in with the prince and her suite. I did not see him, however, for many years, and when I did so I hardly recognized him, for he was so altered. The delicate boy with the pretty mild features had grown a man, who could make no pretence to beauty. It seemed to me as if the change in his appearance, like that in the castle, could not be called an improvement.

University studies, travels, and professional pursuits, separated us. The prince was mixed up in the Italian conspiracies of 1830 and 1831, to which his brother fell victim, while himself escaped his fate with difficulty. From this time he certainly dreamed of his empire, and sought in every way to gain the throne of France, which his uncle had promised him, and to which he fancied he had a perfect right. Hence it is comprehensible that amid such efforts he had but little feeling for the happy days of his childhood, which he had left so far behind

him. I am bound to add, on behalf of truth, that he always treated me most kindly as his playmate whenever we met, which, however, was not often.

When, in 1834, a citizens' club was formed at Constance, he was on my proposition elected an honorary member, for which he returned thanks to the club and to myself in writing. He attended several of the balls, and I was always obliged to sit at his table. His liberality was as of yore, as city and country could testify. He often amused himself by franking crowds of boys, who waited for a long time, to the gallery of the theatre. As he usually arrived after the beginning of the piece, a tremendous shouting and trampling of feet announced his coming.

The future destinies of the prince are known to all the world, but it is not so well known that Rousseau, the steward, a Frenchman of the Napoleonic age from top to toe, died of a broken heart a few days after the arrival of the news that the prince had been taken prisoner in his attempt to land at Boulogne. J. M.

#### DISCOVERIES AT CYRENE.\*

This beautiful volume, illustrated with woodcuts, lithographs, and photographs, is a most valuable record of an exploring expedition to which scholars, antiquaries, and artists have looked with curious interest. For no theater of ancient civilization has been so little visited in late years as the Cyrenaica. Though the district is closely bordering on the Mediterranean, some dread of its climate and its Arab inhabitants, and the knowledge that its treasures, if any, were buried in the soil, have combined to deter travelers from approaching it. Captains Murdoch Smith and Porcher, however, who had the courage to spend many months at Cyrene, found the country beautiful and fertile, while they were protected by their tact and resolution from the hostility of the natives. They had ample means of

\* *History of the Recent Discoveries at Cyrene, made during an expedition to the Cyrenaica in 1860-61, under the Auspices of Her Majesty's Government. By Captain Murdoch Smith, R. E., and Commander E. A. Porcher, R. N., London: Day & Son. 1864.*

surveying the ruins and making all necessary excavations.

The authors of this volume preface their work with a brief historical sketch of the district known as the Cyrenaica by the Romans, but more generally called Pentapolis by its neighbors in the time of the Ptolemies. Cyrene, the chief city of the federation, was founded, B. C. 631, by a Dorian colony. The country fell under the Roman domination A. C. 95, when Apion, the last king of the Egyptian dynasty, left it by will to the republic. Multitudes of Jews had settled "in the parts of Libya about Cyrene," and it was to an insurrection of these immigrants in the time of Trajan, when they massacred 220,000 persons, that the decline of the prosperity of the country may be attributed. The Libyan barbarians began to make head: in A. D. 616 Chosroes almost extirpated the survivors of the Greek population; and in A. D. 647 the Arab conquerors finally overran the country. The district itself is described as an elevated plateau about 2,000 feet high, and 70 or 80 miles broad, running parallel with the coast, and intervening between the sea and the Sahara. The northern terraces of this table-land are sheltered, well watered, and clothed with the richest vegetation.

In the first instance, the travelers having landed at Benghazi, made their way, with the usual adventures of an Eastern journey, to Shahat, the site of the ancient Cyrene. Here they took up their abode in a desecrated tomb. Indeed, the hills on all sides—which are of a yellowish sandstone—seem to be honey-combed with excavated rock-tombs; and a large part of this volume is devoted to a description of the Cyrenian necropolis. Nothing can be more picturesque than the long ranges and terraces of these low-browed speluncar façades, which are often pedimented and furnished with Doric columns. All the roads up the hill sides are lined with tombs of every size and form. The interior plan is generally a rectangular chamber, with arched recesses round the sides for the reception of the bodies. Sometimes these recesses, called by our authors *sarcophagi*, are arranged in tiers, and occasionally they are placed end-ways, at right-angles to the walls, and not (as is more usual)

parallel with the sides of the sepulchral chamber. Traces of color are often found in these tombs, and one in particular was originally covered with paintings. The colors that remain are, when wetted, as bright as ever they were, centuries of damp not having succeeded in injuring them. The subjects represented are of the usual kind—a funeral procession, with hunting scenes and games. Outside, the porticoes are often sculptured; but the specimens remaining are of no great beauty, and many of the inscriptions curiously resemble the mural tablets of our own churches. One particular tomb is described in which there are receptacles for 105 bodies; its details are of a very finished kind. Upon the whole, the account of this necropolis makes one not a little ashamed of Kensal Green and our other suburban cemeteries. A modern grave-yard is about the most hideous object on earth. The tombs at Cyrene, on the other hand, for good taste, for beauty, and for costliness, can scarcely be exceeded. It is curious that they remain so little injured, while the city itself has well-nigh disappeared:

"A few walls cropping a foot or two above the surface of the ground, and some broken columns, mutilated statues, and blocks of stone strewn about in different places, are almost the only objects that attract the attention of the traveler on first walking over the site of the city; but many traces of former buildings are discovered on a more minute examination of the ground."

We can not follow the details of the explorations made by Captains Smith and Porcher. They found many statues, some of them being wonderfully perfect. One in particular, of Apollo, was broken into no less than 121 pieces, but the fractures were so clean that the figure has been put together in England "without the slightest restoration." This statue is said to be in the British Museum; but, like the sculptures from Halicarnassus, it must be hidden, we presume, in the temporary sheds under the portico, and inaccessible to ordinary visitors. After five months' solitary labor in Cyrene, the two officers were cheered by the news that H. M. S. *Assurance* had arrived off the coast with orders to convey to England such sculptures as might have been discovered. The distance of Cyrene from the sea is about twelve miles. The chief

difficulty was the steep descent from the plateau on which the city was built. The sailors kept as closely as they could to the ancient road, which is a noble specimen of engineering skill, and remains in most places in an excellent state of preservation. The wagons landed from the ship had, however, to be unscrewed and carried piece-meal up the slope. On the return journey they were lowered, loaded as they were, hind-wheels foremost, by means of tackle.

To take one specimen out of many, we may mention that the largest temple in Cyrene was near the Stadium in the eastern part of the city. It measured 170 feet by 78, and comprised (as usual) a *pronaos*, a *cella*, and a *posticum*. The wall of the cells, which was decorated with a colonnade of the Corinthian style, was built of enormous stones, some of them measuring superficially upwards of forty square feet. Within this sumptuous structure the excavators found innumerable fragments of sculpture of excellent workmanship, but all irreparably broken by wanton malice. One male head in white marble is especially noticed as still retaining a bright red color on the lips. Elsewhere, near the temple of Apollo, a seated female figure was found, the girdle of which showed distinct traces of bright vermillion on the edges. Upon the whole, the most interesting part of this volume is the collection of photographs of the sculptures brought to England from Cyrene, as cleaned, pieced together, and repaired by the skilful workmen of the British Museum. The first of the statues here photographed is a life-sized one of the youthful Bacchus, half-draped, and perfect with the exception of the right arm. The modelling seems to be somewhat weak, but there is much beauty of form. The face in particular is marvelously well preserved. The eyes, and the wreath of vine-leaves round the head, bore traces of red coloring when the statue was first exhumed. A far nobler specimen of sculpture is the Apollo playing the lute—a copy (as is thought) of some famous original, and closely resembling two statues in the Capitoline museum at Rome and the Museo Borbonico at Naples respectively. This was found within the cella of the Temple of Apollo; it stood originally on a lofty

pedestal. The right arm and the left hand alone are wanting. Another life-sized and very perfect figure is attributed—not very satisfactorily, we think—to the Emperor Hadrian. This is followed by a bust of Minerva, probably of Roman workmanship, very finely preserved, and of remarkably pure and white marble. Critics accuse it, however, of somewhat coarse execution; in spite of which it remains one of the most attractive of the whole series. On the same plate with this bust is photographed a mutilated male head, which is curious for its *inlaid* eyes. The whites of the eyes remain in hollow sockets, but the colored vitreous pastes which formed the pupils have fallen out. A helmet of different-colored marble originally crowned this head. It is supposed to be the work of a Greek artist of a good period. The following device would certainly be thought meretricious, if adopted by a modern artist: “All round the marble eyes the edge of a thin bronze plate intervenes between the eye and the upper and lower eyelids; this edge has probably been serrated so as to indicate by its projection the upper and lower eyelashes.” A bust of Corn. Lentulus, Marcellinus, Proprætor of Cyrene, a fair specimen of “provincial sculpture” in the Roman period, is still more remarkable for the extraordinary clumsiness of the way in which it is fixed to its original pedestal. This is followed by a bronze ionic head, life-size, which seems to represent some personage of African race. Its workmanship is most curious. The eyes were inlaid with vitreous pastes; the eyelashes are indicated by notched lines; the lips seem to have been covered by a thin plate of silver, or some artificial substance, which expressed their difference of color. The authors consider it a specimen of the realistic school or portraiture originated by Lysippus. Next comes a fragment of exquisite beauty—a draped Aphrodite—believed to be a work of the best Greek art; with an equally fine figure, headless and legless, of the nymph Cyrene (as is ingeniously suggested) also of Greek workmanship. The remaining sculptures are busts of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, a fine female ionic statue (above life size) a statuette of Venus Euploia (probably a votive offering by some seafaring man)



a group of Aphrodite and Eros, and some unimportant busts and reliefs. Another appendix gives a large number of new inscriptions, with an interpretation of each. Nor ought we to forget an essay, interesting to botanists, in which it is shown that the *Thapsia Garganica* is not the famous *Silphium* of the ancients, that medicinal plant for which the Cyrenaica was so celebrated. The *Silphium*, which used to be sold for its weight of silver, is supposed to have disappeared entirely.

In conclusion, we may express some regret that these energetic explorers did not make any excavations in a part of the ruined city which they themselves call in one place Christian Cyrene. We know from Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais (one of the cities of the Pentapolis) that a Christian church flourished there in the fifth century, and some remains of religious buildings might probably have been discovered. It has been lately suggested that Cyrene might be made the seat of a new colony of Maltese, but captains Smith and Porcher express their persuasion that, so long as the country remains under Turkish rule, no such settlement is likely to be prosperous.—*Saturday Review*.

Translated from the German for the Eclectic.

### AN EMPTY GRAVE AND A NAMELESS MAN.

A PALACE MYSTERY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ON THE eleventh of August, 1853, the inhabitants of the city of Villefranche, which is situated on the Rhone, about four miles from Lyons, awoke in a state of unusual curiosity. Two days before the Countess of A—, the hereditary head of one of the oldest and richest legitimist families among the Lyonesse, had sent her carriage to the railroad station, and, in spite of the sharp pavements and her seventy years, had followed it on foot, leaning on the arm of her only son, Count Maurice. On the arrival of the train, the count approached one of the carriages, and, hat in hand, saluted an apparently vigorous old man, whose simple clothing formed a marked contrast to his snowy cambric ruffles.

The stranger smilingly returned the salutation of the count, and left the car with him, but every one remarked with

astonishment that the count followed him with his head uncovered. The countess awaited them in the reception room, and their fellow travelers, saw with astonishment one of those profound salutations of the last century, at which we now smile even when seen upon the stage. The stranger stepped into the carriage, which was waiting for him, and it was observed that he invited the countess and her son to enter, which they did after repeated obeisance.

Long after the carriage of the countess of A—, had reached her castle of Vaulx-Renard, the little town was still full of talk, and thousands of conjectures were made as to the personality of the mysterious stranger. On the next morning the excitement became still greater, for a messenger summoned Dr. B. in haste to the castle, and he returned an hour later to Villefranche, with the news that the stranger had died in the night of apoplexy.

During the next day, servants of the castle went to Lyons, and returned after several hours: towards evening came two coffins, one of wood and the other of lead, and at the same time an old priest, more than eighty years old, who went to the parish clergyman, and with him proceeded to the castle. The latest train which arrived from Paris at forty-five minutes after twelve, brought some twenty men, mostly aged, who proceeded directly to the castle; among them it was thought that dukes and princes were recognized.

On the twelfth, about ten o'clock, a funeral procession started from the chapel of the castle. About fifty people followed on foot, the grey-headed priest at their head. Arriving at the churchyard of Villefranche they found a freshly dug grave. The priest said the customary prayers, the coffin was sunk in the earth, and the attendants, for the most part strangers, left Villefranche by the next train.

Eight days later came a grave-stone from Paris, which was placed upon the grave at night, and upon which the astonished visitors at the churchyard read:

HERE RESTS  
LOUIS CHARLES OF FRANCE,  
BORN IN VERSAILLES,  
MARCH 27, 1785,  
DIED AT CASTLE VAULX-REWARD,  
AUGUST 10, 1853.

Now for the first time the inhabitants of the little city began to understand what a noble guest the castle had harbored for a night, and the mystery seemed to be fully solved, when they read in the Parisian newspapers of the death of the so-called "*Baron de Itchemont*," whose zealous and numerous adherents believed him to be Louis the Seventeenth escaped from the imprisonment of the Temple.

Destiny seemed to have determined to give more and more food for the imagination of that good people. In the year 1857, one of the writers for the ultra clerical and legitimist newspaper "*Le Monde*," visited that region, and, accidentally reading the above named inscription, he sent an extremely indignant letter to his journal, in which, forgetting the reverence due the grave, he violently attacked the government which permitted "such a desecration of national history."

The Napoleonic administration usually gave little heed to advice coming from the legitimist party. But in this case, for what reason we know not—the matter seemed to be considered a serious one, for on the twelfth of November, the Prefect of the department of the Rhone, senator *Vaisee*, lately deceased, attended by his chief Secretary, the Judge of Inquiry, and several military officers, came to Villefranche, and, after summoning the Mayor and the parish priest, proceeded, followed by a great crowd, to the churchyard. There by his direction some laborers demolished the grave-stone, and erected in its place a wooden cross, which had been hastily prepared.

At the moment when he was leaving the churchyard, a telegraphic dispatch was brought to him, which he read over several times; then he turned back to the mound, and commanded the grave-diggers to open the grave. Imagine the astonishment of the bystanders!

During the process the Prefect conversed in a low voice with his chief Secretary, to whom he showed the dispatch, and who, after reading it, handed it back with an incredulous smile to his superior.

When the grave-diggers came to the coffin, they stopped, and waited for a

new order from the Prefect. He bade them to proceed and lift the cover of the coffin. They obeyed, and as the wood was much decayed from the dampness of the ground, the order was quickly executed. When the cover was lifted, a second coffin of lead was discovered. The Prefect ordered this also to be opened. Hundreds of eyes gazed curiously, the cover of the leaden coffin fell.

A cry of astonishment burst from all the bystanders. The coffin was empty!

No French journals mentioned this occurrence, but it was recorded in those of other countries.

Possibly the serious reader of these pages may confound us with those authors, who give a gloss to history, and find it necessary to embellish its naked facts with their own fancies. We repel every such reproach. However incredible the following narrative may seem to the reader, it may be truly affirmed that the loftiest flights of fancy, the most exuberant imagination can not rival the actual truth, when it has courage to reveal the histories of certain extraordinary men. We would here call the attention of the reader to the fact that all the documents which we here allude to are attested by Mons. J. Suvigny, advocate of the Imperial Court of Cassation in Paris.

The belief in the escape of the unhappy son of Louis XVI., from his imprisonment in the temple, and in his subsequent existence, has pervaded all classes of society in France. Some still doubted, while with others it amounted to an immovable conviction; and this universal inclination not to consider the death of the Dauphin as an incontestible fact, furnished many partizans to the different pretenders, who, after the fall of Napoleon, sought to establish their identity with the lost prince.

Certain documents, accidentally discovered, were set before the incredulous portion of the public as the ground of belief in the existence of the Dauphin, or rather of the legitimate king Louis XVII., and the government of the restoration was thus forced to take measures in opposition.

The public was first astonished by a funeral certificate of the physicians, dated June 12, 1795, (four days after the death), in which doctors Peletau and Dumangin

certify that the corpse of a boy was showed to them, and that "*they were told*" it was that of the son of the deceased Louis Capet, (Louis XVI.)

The character of this attestation excited surprise, as it differed in its expression from the usual form of such documents. Still it might perhaps have passed unnoticed, if there had not been found a decree of the Convent dated June 14, (26 Prairial) ordering all whom it might concern to "pursue the young Capet in all directions."

The Pretenders based themselves mainly upon these two documents, and, starting from them sought to prove their identity.

Only three persons have publicly and legally maintained their claims:\*

1. Mathurin Bruneau, maker of wooden shoes, from Bezins, department of Maine and Loire.

2. Charles William Naundorff, watchmaker, born in Lower Lusatia, resident in Spandau.

3. The so-called Baron de Richemont, with whom this article is specially concerned.

Mathurin Bruneau appeared at the close of the year 1815, and shortly afterwards, the police had traced his whole past life, from the day of his birth to the moment of his arrest. His brief royal dignity ended with a sentence of seven years in the house of correction as punishment for fraud, and Béranger crowned the mortification of the adherents of the so-called Prince of Navarre with his well-known song, "*Prince, faites-nous des sabots,*" &c.

Scarcely had Naundorff appeared in France, scarcely had he found there a few adherents, when the French government had his claims investigated in Germany, and received from the Prussian government the fullest evidence that Charles William Naundorff was a common adventurer, a Polish Jew by extraction, who, after living ten years at Spandau near Berlin as a watchmaker and usurer, went to Brandenburg.

The Baron de Richemont, however, the third of the pretenders, challenged the French government to prove that he

was not what he professed to be, and, in spite of all the measures they have used, (and the reader will perceive, that in the course of half a century it would have been an easy matter for a government like the French to have discovered a decisive proof of the deception of this man, had any such existed), five administrations adverse to him in principle, have not chosen to answer this question;

"If the Baron de Richemont is not Louis XVII., who is he?"

One hundred and seventeen documents lie before us, and among the many names which corroborate the pretensions of the Baron de Richemont, some are remarkable and demand an unconditional credence.

The Dauphin was to be taken from the Temple on the nineteenth of January concealed in a pasteboard horse by Messrs. de Frotté and Ojardias, emissaries of the Prince de Condé. The notorious family of the shoemaker Simon was bribed not to prevent the abduction. A deaf and dumb child, on the brink of the grave from scrofula, the son of a Baron de Tardiff, was brought into the Temple in the place of the dauphin. The abduction was made more easy, by Simon's taking his leave on the same day, his place being filled a few hours later by another guard, to whom the child was a stranger.

No better testimony to the preceding statement can be adduced than the words of the General State Advocate in the proceedings against Mathurin Bruneau: "In regard to the flight of the Dauphin from the Temple, the investigations which I have made have brought me to the conviction that it is indisputable."\*

The residence of M. de Frotté in Paris was wholly unknown to the government, while Ojardias knew that he had been watched for a long time. The latter made use of this knowledge, and while M. de Frotté, with the greatest vigilance, accompanied the Dauphin to Vendée, Ojardias traveled publicly to Puy, in an elegant coach-and-four, accompanied by the ten-years' old son of M. Morin de Guerivière.

The plan was entirely successful; both were arrested in Puy; deputy Chazel

\* The American reader will be reminded of the remarkable history of Eleazer Williams, an account of whom was published in Putnam's Magazine, February, 1853.

\* This expression admitted in the court-records of the correspondent of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, was afterwards totally denied by the Advocate of State.

came direct from Paris in order to recognize the child, but, after a few days, testified that it was not the Dauphin, and commanded that both should be released. Meanwhile M. de Frotté with his charge had already arrived at Vendée.

What motives induced the Prince de Condé to remove the dauphin from his vicinity can not here be explained; but whoever knows the character of Louis XVIII will entirely agree with Condé, that the child, saved as by a miracle, must be removed far from that region; Condé, who best knew the danger threatening his royal charge, resorted to what might be called a romantic measure, but one entirely in unison with his chivalrous character. He arranged a secret meeting with the republican General Kleber, his renowned enemy, and not only confided to him the whole secret of the flight of the Dauphin, but even gave up the child himself to the general, in whose honor he entirely trusted.

The royal orphan passed for the nephew of Kleber, and when the general was ordered by Napoleon to follow him to Egypt, he took with him the child whom it was not safe to leave in his own still agitated country. The boy of fourteen went through the whole Egyptian campaign; when, however, Bonaparte determined to return to France and place General Kleber in command of the army, the latter deemed it wiser to trust his ward with a brother in arms who accompanied Napoleon. He could have chosen no better man than the brave General Dessaix, who willingly accepted the guardianship.

Every one is familiar with the brilliant victory won by the great general on the plain of Marengo, after his return from the deserts of Africa; but although France reckons the fourteenth of June, 1800, as one of her most glorious days, it was a sad one in the life of the dauphin—Dessaix fell at Marengo on the day when Kleber was murdered at Cairo! After the death of his two guardians, the boy of fifteen adopted a plan already tested by the Prince de Condé—he sought protection from his enemies. In 1802 he went to Paris, and revealed himself to Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of the First Consul; Lucien introduced the young prince to his sister-in-law Josephine, who

felt a lively interest in him. Fouché, who was let into the secret, advised his speedy departure from France and from Europe. The advice was followed, and the youth, well supplied with money, embarked at Havre for New York. During his stay in Paris, he found in a hospital the wife of the notorious Simon, who recognized him upon the spot.

He lived in North America till 1809, devoting this time chiefly to his education, which had been so long neglected. At the end of this year he went to Brazil, where he was received with royal honors by the Infant Regent Don Juan. Notwithstanding the entreaties and warnings of this prince, the dauphin embarked for Europe in 1810, but, soon after landing, was arrested in Civita-Vecchia and sent to Paris. Fortunately he was brought at once without previous examination, before the police-minister, who allowed him to be taken the next day to Havre, where he embarked anew for Brazil. Here he again enjoyed the favor of the Infant Regent, who detained him for five years at court, and in 1812 entrusted him with the pacification of the island of Goa, which, under the lead of its archbishop, had revolted against the government. The prince succeeded well in his mission, and lived at the Brazilian court, loaded with honors, until the year 1815. After hearing of the fall of Napoleon, he returned to Europe, where he found the Restoration for the second time established on the throne of France by the Holy Alliance in the person of Louis XVIII. His first step on his return to France was naturally to seek out the Prince de Condé, who instantly recognized him, and at once endeavored to bring about a reconciliation between the prince and the reigning family.

Early in May, 1816, Louis XVII met his sister, the duchess d'Angoulême in the park of Versailles, in the presence of the Duke de Berry, the future successor to the throne.

The count de Pons, at that time page of the count d'Artois, (afterwards Charles X,) was, with three other pages, Messrs. de Curial, de Montburn, and Baron d'Arjuzon, in one of the side alleys of the park, and we have his signature to a declaration that he distinctly heard the following words:



The Duchess—"Go, go, all the misfortunes of our family are owing to you."

The stranger, wringing his hands, "Ah! my sister, my sister!"

Another officer on guard the same day in Trianon, affirms that he saw the Duchess and Duke d'Angoulême in eager conversation with the Duke de Berry, and heard the following words:

The Duke de Berry—"But, I pray you, he is your brother!"

The Duchess—"I, acknowledge a monster, who signed the death sentence of my mother!"

The duchess apparently referred to that atrocious declaration to which the dauphin of eight years was compelled to subscribe under the threats and ill-treatment of Simon, and which was brutally shown to Marie Antoinette before the court, eliciting her well-known response: "I appeal to all mothers!"

The dauphin now perceived that all was lost, that he could not contend against his whole family. A momentary discouragement seized him. He who for so many years had led a free, independent life, began to question whether a royal rank, whether even a throne, were worth the sacrifice of all his inclinations.

Again he left France, richly provided for by his paternal friend the Prince de Condé, and took up his residence in Edinburgh. From this place he sent out, June 1, 1816, a protest to the European cabinets, in which he set forth his claims, and solemnly protested against the treaties of 1814 and 1815, by which France had been dismembered and humiliated. After spending eighteen months in Asia and Africa, he ventured again to visit Europe, but after a few weeks he was recognized, and upon the demand of the French ambassador in Vienna was arrested in Mantua, April 12, 1818, and sent to the prison of Milan.

Seven years, six months, and twelve days, the unhappy prince spent in the dungeons of the Austrian government. He incessantly demanded justice, entreated to know at least the name of the crime alleged against him; seven years of pain, suffering, despair, were the silent reply to his incessant questions. Who of our readers has not read of Silvio Pellico? Silvio Pellico for a while inhabited the cell next to that of the prince, and one

can not read without emotion the accounts in the book of the Italian martyr of the conversations of these two unhappy men. After the death of Louis XVIII., however, the pretender was treated with much attention in his prison; several archdukes visited him; and, on the twenty-fifth of October, 1825, at the moment when he believed himself doomed to finish his life in that spot, the doors of his prison were open, and his freedom announced to him. No reason was given for his liberation any more than for his arrest; his own opinion was, however, that he owed his liberation to a letter, which, in spite of the espionage around him, had reached the emperor of Russia.

He then passed some years in Switzerland, and, on the twelfth of August, 1830, he again sent a protest to the governments of Europe, against Louis Philippe's ascending the throne of France.

The dreadful death of the Prince de Condé in his chamber, in the castle of St. Leu, August 27, 1830, is well known, but is still an unexplained mystery. We can imagine how great was the loss to the Dauphin, who had on his travels assumed the name of Baron de Richemont. Another noble person sought, however, to supply the loss—this was the dowager, duchess of Orleans, the mother of Louis Philippe, who, as we perceive from the documents before us, gave her entire support to the unfortunate prince—and it is perhaps owing to her moral influence that the police suffered the dauphin to remain undisturbed in Paris for some years. Scarcely, however, had the July government understood that he held in his hands sufficient evidence to work injury to the legitimists by a public declaration, than they resolved to bring it about.

On the twenty-ninth of August, 1833, he was arrested, and after an examination of fifteen months, on the charge of "conspiracy against the safety of the State," he was brought before the tribunal of the department of the Seine.

This trial, which will always hold a remarkable place in the annals of French jurisprudence, was published in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, of the third, fourth and fifth of November, 1834. The prosecutors for the State were almost compelled, by the great mass of evidence, to

acknowledge the identity of the Baron de Richemont with the escaped dauphin, and could make no reply when the accused put to them the question, "If I am not Louis the Seventeenth, who am I?" In fact the trial gave a dangerous blow to the legitimist party, and certain disclosures made during its progress revealed the intrigues of the expelled dynasty clearly and openly to the eyes of the public. Especially remarkable are the words which the President of the court addressed to the jury at the conclusion of the trial: "Gentlemen, who is the accused, now standing before you? What is his true name, his origin, his family, what are his antecedents, what his whole life? Is he a tool of the enemies of France, who strive to stir up civil war throughout our land? or, is he rather only an unfortunate man, who, as by a miracle, escaped from the horrors of a bloody revolution; who, outlawed and excommunicated from his very birth, finds no name and no refuge where he can lay his head?"

We leave our readers to comment upon such words in the mouth of the President of a court of justice. The jury could not agree upon the question of the identity of the dauphin, and found him guilty of "conspiracy against the safety of the State," in consequence of which he was sentenced by the court to twelve years of imprisonment.

Perhaps never in the annals of justice had there been such a case as now presented itself. Under what name should the accused be sentenced? To sentence him under that which he demanded, was an acknowledgement of the name, and all comprised in it, and the July government would not thus compromise itself. The prosecutors evaded the difficulty by quoting in the sentence all the pseudonyms, which the dauphin had used in his many travels.

The prince was taken to the prison of St. Pelagie, where he found as prisoners the leaders of the republican party, Armond Marrast, G. Cavaignac, Bache, &c. who could not withhold the respect due to his character and his misfortunes, and with whom he established most friendly relations, lasting through many years. In the year 1835, the political part of the prison was one day found empty, the prisoners having escaped in the night.

The Baron de Richemont went back to Switzerland. Here he lived until 1840, when a general amnesty allowed him to return to France. In 1842 he was again arrested, but liberated after a few days.

The revolution in 1848 gave a new turn to his affairs. His adherents became free and fearless; they established a journal with the name "*L'Inflexible*," whose object was the public discussion of the question of the existence of Louis the Seventeenth in the person of the Baron de Richemont, calling upon the public, as a jury, to decide the question.

During the short time of the publication of this sheet, the Baron de Richemont gained thousands of adherents; hidden, long-forgotten facts came to light—witnesses, whom no one had thought of, (among others the former deputy of a German State at the Diet,) brought documents in proof of tales till now supposed incredible. A few months more, and the desired goal, the object of his whole life would have been attained—then the legitimists played their last card and won the game.

The Baron de Richemont was sixty-four years old, a stroke of apoplexy had lamed one side of his body, he had suffered cruelly during his life; we must not condemn the gray, almost crippled man, too severely; his strength failed him when nearly at the end of his hard struggle.

For special reasons it is impossible for us to enter upon the motives, which wrought so suddenly an entire change in the mind of the Baron. Perhaps the reader can himself frame an opinion from the following facts: The publication of the journal was discontinued, the Baron went to Italy, where, on the twentieth of February, 1849, he was received by Pius IX at Gaeta, in an audience lasting several hours. After his return, he gradually renounced his former associates, invited only the clergy and old legitimists, made a journey to Niederbronn, where a paralytic nun, who had pretended ecstasies, saluted him as king and anointed of the Lord, was re-confirmed by the bishop of Strasburg; in short, fell entirely into the hands of a party, which sought to withdraw him from the sympathy of all who at least had sincerely pitied him.

The empire quietly allowed him to publish his pretensions, while even the members of the Napoleon family were

not sparing of tokens of royal respect toward him. It was said the duchess d'Angoulême upon her death bed, wished to acknowledge him openly as her brother, but was prevented by her confessor, and that an annual stipend of considerable amount was substituted for this public recognition. We have no proof either for or against this story, which was circulated among his adherents.

His sudden death at the castle of Vaulx-Renard, and the disappearance of his body have given rise to many reports which it is useless for us here to repeat. One last fact, however, which perhaps will interest the reader, and for whose credibility we pledge ourselves, is the following. On his last journey to Lyons, a few days before his death, he missed his way and stepped into a neighboring coffee house near by, which was for the moment empty. On the table lay an open book the "Count of Monte-Christo" of Alexander Dumas. After turning over the leaves for a moment, he turned to his attendant and said, "Do you believe it possible that from the effects of hashish a person can be for some days apparently dead, buried, and brought alive again out of his grave?"

In order to make the reader still better acquainted with this interesting personage, we copy, word for word, a fragment from one of his letters.

"Do you ask what I specially desire—what is the object of my struggle, which has now lasted for more than half a century? I will answer you. It has never occurred to you that I can still think of possessing the throne of France; that would be a great misfortune for myself, and surely a still greater one for France, and it could be said of us both that we should justly deserve all our unhappiness; still less do I dream of becoming rich and honored by such an acknowledgment of my claims. You know that I need little for my life and this little is amply provided for. To avenge myself? There is an old age, dear friend, when the blood runs slowly through the veins, and when there is an inexpressible joy in forgiving. Then what? What I wish—what I desire—what I unweariedly strive for—is this,

dear friend—I wish that before my death, all those who have followed me with such devotion and unselfishness, may have the most irrefragable conviction, that it was not a political adventurer, but the royal orphan of the Temple, who so often pressed their hands with true friendship, and the heartiest gratitude for their sacrifices."

From the private letters of a person, who held intercourse for years with the Baron de Richemont, yet nevertheless considered his pretensions unfounded, we, finally, extract the following details in regard to his personal appearance.

"Our 'Dauphin' is still the same: he is a remarkable person, perhaps one of the most remarkable existing in this chaos of many worlds, called Paris. As you do not know him, I will describe him to you. He is of moderate height, and although he suffers much from rheumatism, his step is still firm and erect, his snow-white hair lies smoothly upon his head, and his whole exterior gives the impression of a perfect gentleman, in the fullest sense of the word. His blue eye has a peculiar expression of goodness and benignity, one perceives that it has shed many bitter tears. He speaks slowly, in a kind tone, and with well-chosen words; his voice has a firm, energetic ring, and seems not to have suffered from age. He treats all personal matters with the greatest calmness, one might say with indifference. I have never heard a harsh word from him. When he speaks of Louis XVIII, he draws his eye-brows together, without changing the tone of his voice; when Louis Philippe is spoken of, a scornful smile may be seen upon his lips; at the mention of Maria Antoinette, he sorrowfully shakes his head, and when the empress Josephine is mentioned, he has a standing phrase "*ce n'était pas une femme, c'était un ange.*"

"Remarkable man! You could live with him for years, without once hearing him speak of his pretensions; but if you once begin to talk upon them, he is inexhaustible, and I must confess to you, that this deliberate, cool, just presentation of such unheard of misfortunes, from the mouth of the martyr himself, makes more proselytes than the declarations of his advocates. He is unwearied

in beneficence, I myself know of considerable sums which he spent the last winter upon the poor. He accepts scarcely any valuable gifts, but willingly receives little souvenirs, particularly the handiwork of women, to whom he is extremely gracious, especially when they have reached a certain age. He is very benevolent to every one, and by this never-failing kindness has a great influence over all around him. The porter and his whole family, who know him only as M. Louis, rave about him. What charms me so much in his manners is the absence of all that is theatrical; he knows very well that I think nothing of his pretensions, and yet he has never tried to convince me. When we are together we talk about the news of the day, of this or that person, but never of Louis the Seventeenth."

Who can solve the mystery which this remarkable Baron de Richemont sets before us! Who can venture to decide whether he were deceiver or deceived, whether he were actually the man he assumed to be? Can none of our historical writers be induced to investigate a subject, so full of interest even if it be now of little practical importance?

Bentley's Miscellany.

#### IN THE LION'S DEN.

M. ANATOLE MESNARD had reached his seventy-fifth year when people dated 1840. Old men with active minds, stuffed full of reminiscences, and who are colloquial and pleasant, are always welcome guests; but old Frenchmen are more especially interesting when they possess the above qualities. They retain such fresh, youthful spirits, and with their in-born liveliness describe their adventures so attractively and dramatically, that the hearer involuntarily feels himself moved back to the age which they are describing. Such an old Frenchman was M. Mesnard, and I had the good fortune to hear from his lips the strangest anecdotes about the past, especially of the days of the first French Revolution, of which the following story pleased me most of all, and I repeat it in the very words of the old gentleman:

Of all the memorable reminiscences (he began) which I have retained of the

days of the mighty Revolution, the most important, in my mind, is a visit to the chief of the Terrorists, to the man who held the lives of thousands in his hand; who walked through blood and was choked in it; whose life, actions, and plans must to this day be called an unsolved enigma: my visit to Maximilien Robespierre. In itself a visit to Robespierre is not easily forgotten, much less when its object is an undertaking which may be ranked with the most dangerous adventures. I asked of Robespierre a human life, which was already surrendered to the guillotine.

Robespierre's family were no strangers to me, for I was born at Frévent, near Arras. I formed his acquaintance on his visits to Arras; he was nearly the same age as myself, only two years older. I was, however, much more intimate with his friend and fellow-scholar, Lebas, who, a native of Frévent was one of my playmates. At a later date we were separated: Lebas selected the legal profession, while I went into business.

Events soon forced Maximilien Robespierre to the surface of the stormy sea of the Revolution, and his friend Lebas, whom I met several times, became inseparable from him. Lebas possessed a thoroughly honorable and amiable, extremely poetical nature, and we could not comprehend how so dear a man as Lebas was could exist in the vicinity of the fearful man. At last we learned that Lebas had married the youngest daughter of carpenter Duplay, in whose house Robespierre lived. You will soon see of what importance Lebas became to me.

On April 6, 1794, the criers, posters, and newspapers of Arras, announced that on the preceding day Danton, Héault de l'Echelles, Hebert, and Camille Desmoulins, had laid their heads on the plank of the guillotine. Danton's popularity had been very great, and hence the general alarm can be conceived: still, no one dared to make a stand against the system of terror. We were sitting in a very uncomfortable state of mind at supper, when our old man-servant came in pale and trembling to announce Madame Lepelletier, who earnestly desired to speak with my father. The lady was a near relative of ours, and greatly respected. Her eldest son was serving with the army of



the North, but Marion, his beautiful wife, a scion of the noble family of the De Bonnaires, lived in Paris, as did Madame Lepelletier's youngest son, François, who was attending the Louis le Grand College. The old lady came in, her knees tottered, and she could hardly reach a chair. At length, after looking around anxiously, to see whether any suspicious persons were present, she with difficulty stammered the words, "Marion and François are arrested! They have been thrown into the Luxembourg prison."

"What for? Pray speak," my father asked, in the greatest alarm.

"No reason is given. Persons arrested generally learn their crime when the hour of death arrives."

"Perhaps it is only a rumor," my mother said, soothingly; "for what crime can François have committed?"

"No, it is not a rumor. My lawyers wrote to me by the evening post from Paris. My agony is indescribable. M. Mesnard! You have often aided me: can you think of no help now? Can no one save my darling, handsome, innocent boy?"

Madame Lepelletier's agony grew into a hysterical attack. While the ladies assisted the poor lady, I walked up and down the room with my father. The fate of the poor people painfully touched our hearts. I must help them in their fearful position, of that I felt determined. The open danger connected with this; the thought of rendering such a chivalrous service to a pretty woman, like Madame Lepelletier of Paris; all this had a mighty charm for a young man as I then was. At the same time magnanimity pervaded the air at that day, and instances of grand self-sacrifice were witnessed daily.

"I will save the condemned!" I suddenly stopped and exclaimed.

"Anatole!" cried my father, "you are out of your senses."

"For Heaven's sake, dear son," my mother screamed, "do not think of it!"

Madame Lepelletier had been restored by my exalted exclamation. She ran towards me, seized my hand, and pressed it kindly.

"Oh, noble, brave young man!" she cried, poor woman, "you will attempt it? Yes, you are good, courageous, and clever. I am sure you will succeed."

"Anatole, you must reflect—" my father timorously intervened.

"You will venture your life," my mother moaned, as she threw herself on my neck.

I looked in my poor mother's terrified face, but I also thought of the terror of the prisoners, and to this was added a feeling of honor. "No," I exclaimed, "no persuasion—away with fear! I shall start for Paris the first thing to-morrow: I shall speak to Robespierre, but first hasten to friend Lebas. Can not he, Robespierre's Pylades, promote my plans? So have no fear, my dear ones."

The name of Lebas had at least convinced my father that I would not act thoughtlessly and without a regular plan. Hence, after a slight resistance, my worthy parents gave me their blessings, while Madame Lepelletier silently pressed my hand. As far as it went, I had formed a superficial survey of the state of affairs. It was most important for me to be able to speak with the prisoners, which was possible with the aid of the gaoler of the Luxembourg: of course with a large bribe. Madame Lepelletier informed me that the man's name was Lambert, and that I could boldly apply to him, if I conveyed a message from her and showed him her portrait. I also noted the dwelling of the lady's notary, as well as the street where Madame Marion Lepelletier had formerly lived, and then went to my my bedroom.

Of course I could not sleep. When the silence of night surrounded me, my thoughts began to grow regular. I now represented to myself what a daring step I was about to undertake. Was it not dangerous enough merely to intercede for suspected persons? Any one who called himself their friend was an enemy of the nation; an entreaty for the imperilled entailed the highest danger. Then, I asked myself again, whether Lebas, who was a gentle and poetical man in ordinary life, would judge as mildly when political subjects were the question. It was well known that Robespierre was irreproachable in his mode of life, a lover of simple pleasures, a florist; that his highest enjoyment was a walk in a quiet, rural spot; that his eyes turned away in horror from a butcher's block. He was not able to kill the smallest worm which

crept across the path before his feet, and yet he sent thousands of human beings to death. Such a man was assuredly the least likely to yield to an attempt at rescue. To this must be added, that I did not know exactly how deeply the persons arrested had compromised themselves, and that we, I and my family, had the reputation of not being very enthusiastic partisans of the Convention, although no enemies of liberty.

All this whirled about confusedly in my brain, and it was not till morning that I slumbered.

I will not detain you with a description of the parting, the lamentations, wishes, and apprehensions; enough that at five o'clock the diligence rattled through the gate of Arras, and rolled at seven in the evening over the paving-stones of Paris. I had not visited the capital for a year. Hence I gazed in amazement at the wondrous ornaments on the houses. Everywhere flags with the colors of the republic, trees of liberty, whose top bore the Phrygian cap, passages from Rousseau's works, and so on. The busy people hurried here and there; hawkers with the latest news from the seat of war, the decrees of the Convention, lists of the arrested, the condemnations, and the executions. At a corner stood a popular orator on a table, surrounded by a heaving mob; then a battalion of the National Guard, returning from exercise, marched over the square; then, again, a crowd of grotesquely-attired Jacobins forced their way through the throng. Paris was in a state of feverish excitement. On this 8th day of April numerous victims had passed under the guillotine; people were talking about conspiracies among the remaining members of the Gironde, at whose head Louvet was reported to stand.

I took up my quarters with a friend of our family, M. Brotteau, and on the same evening commenced my investigations. Everywhere I met groups of excited and noisy persons. The Caira and the Marseillaise were sung by men, women, and children. I noticed the red cap repeatedly, and a peculiar fashion among the ladies: they carried knitting-bags of an enormous size, on which the destroyed Bastille was represented. I went first to the house of Madame Marion Lepelletier,

in the Rue Blanches Manteaux. Here I learned, however, that, on the previous day, the landlord, a tailor, had been arrested because he had falsely passed himself off as a representative of the people. The portress, an old woman, was the only person living in the house.

The next morning I proceeded, in the first instance, to the Luxembourg prison, but I was unable to speak to Lambert the gaoler, for the simple reason that he had also been arrested. He was charged with favoring prisoners, and was guillotined on April 13.

Although these two first failures rendered me very desponding, I collected my thoughts and courage again. Paris seemed to me on this day to have regained its ordinary physiognomy, and had it not been for the popular red caps, the flags and inscriptions, no one could have fancied he was walking about in the mighty crater, from which the awful stream of lava poured over Europe. Only a few bill-stickers were surrounded by a gaping mob. The posters contained decrees of the Convention, appeals for voluntary contributions for the army of the North, threats against bad citizens. Then came the theatrical bills; and, lastly, sales of the furniture of expelled aristocrats. One of the posters ran as follows:

"In the quarter of the Sorbonne, on the evening before last, and at an assembly of the fifth section, manifestations took place in favor of the arrested aristocratic Courandin. The bad citizens who raised their voices had better be on their guard. Their heads sit no firmer than those of a plaster of Paris figure thrown out of the fourth floor on to the street pavement. Courandin was an adviser of the overthrown tyrant, Louis Capet. Were he not in other respects a criminal, that would suffice. But the intercessors for him are as guilty as he. Whoever is with the friends of the tyrant shall kiss the plank.

(Signed.) "THREE WATCHFUL PATRIOTS."

You can imagine what an impression this bill produced on me! But in the worst moments a man's courage grows the greatest and most evident. I saw that I must set to work at once and dare a visit to Robespierre. The lists of the tried and condemned did not yet contain the names of our friends, and, so long as they still lived, I would not give up all hope. Robespierre lived in the house of

Carpenter Duplay, in the Rue St. Honoré, in the house now numbered 396.

Exactly as the clock struck nine I turned into the Rue St. Honoré. The nearer I drew to the house of the terrible man, the more rapidly I felt my heart beat. At length I was close to Duplay's house. I went on the other side of the street and gazed at the building. The house door was open, and in the passage I noticed a group of sans-culottes. They had placed a table in the center of the passage, and were enjoying their breakfast; their pikes were leaning against the wall. All wore the red cap, and smoked short pipes; some were reading newspapers, others carrying on an animated conversation. It was the guard which the Convention posted daily in Robespierre's house. I saw most of the blinds down in the windows of the houses around; the inhabitants did not wish continually to enjoy the sight of the carts full of condemned people proceeding to the scaffold, which passed through the Rue St. Honoré.

At the entrance of the formidable house, a tall fellow wearing a carmagnole, with his feet in wooden shoes, and a cavalry sabre at his side stalked up to me:

"Whom dost thou seek, my little citizen?" he asked, while blowing into the air a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

"The citizen Lebas," I replied, in a slightly trembling voice.

The man looked at me with a frowning brow.

"Lebas? he is with Robespierre."

"For that very reason I wish to speak with him."

"Thou hast a request?"

"Yes."

"Dost thou not know that petitions for an interview must always be sent in on the previous evening?"

"I did not know it; I am a stranger, and come direct from Arras."

"From Arras? From Robespierre's birthplace?"

This town appeared to be a recommendation for me. During the conversation the remaining members of the guard came up, and I found myself surrounded by a band of horrifying fellows. The uncleanness which they displayed gave them a disgusting appearance.

"A good citizen?" shouted one.

"Not so. He is a Muscadin."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a third. "That he is! Bah! how he smells of civet!"

I noticed, to my terror, that I really had this scent about me.

"Citizen, for a patriot this watch-chain is too long."

"This hat is fastened with a cord, a sign of the aristocrat."

"His neck is good for the lantern."

The company were ready to burst with laughter at this joke. I saw that I could only escape from this circle of fire and attain my object by the greatest resolution. I quickly felt in my pocket, and produced my card of safety, which M. Brotteau had obtained for me.

"I must seriously forbid these bad jokes," I exclaimed. "To be called an aristocrat even in joke is an insult. If thou, citizen, wilt examine my card, thou wilt see that I am unsuspected, and hence I ask thee, for the last time, where is citizen Lebas?"

The guard cast a glance at the card, the stamp of which was familiar to him, and went with it into the house. Fortunately he soon returned, and brought me the glad tidings: Lebas would speak with me directly. I received permission to go into the house. So there I was inside the walls from which so much misery, terror, and despair, burst forth over millions! I will not deny that I commended my soul to Heaven, and silently repented the resolution I had formed. I breathed more freely, however, when Lebas came down the passage to meet me. His noble face and his friendliness dispersed my apprehensions.

"Mesnard, thou here—in our house! Ah, I am glad of it. In what way can I be of service? Dost thou desire a post in the commissariat, eh? Good. Thou shalt have it. Oh, thou art the son of honest citizens. We want such people, for embezzlement is a horror to patriots. Only the day before yesterday we sent two fraudulent officers to the guillotine. They must all die."

He offered me his hand, but I withdrew with a shudder. Ever blood—ever the knife! I was compelled to calm myself. I drew Lebas into a corner, and hurriedly imparted to him the object of my visit to Paris.

He raised his eyes—they looked earnest. Before he began to speak he looked sharply at me.

"Anatole," he said, in a low voice, "it is easy to see that thou hast not been long in Paris. Dost thou know what it means to withdraw two persons from under the knife of the guillotine? Thou dost not know their crimes against the nation."

"But, Lebas, a woman, an innocent scholar at the college, only sixteen years of age."

"Innocent? The republic is imperilled; any one who at this moment draws on himself even a shadow of guilt must be annihilated. I grant that many a man may die innocent, but that does not effect us. Better a thousand sacrificed, than millions hurled into misery."

Lebas's face underwent a strange alteration; his features assumed a savage aspect; his gesticulations grew violent and menacing.

"But supposing," I interposed, "that an innocent person can be saved? If it should be proved that a Frenchman, a citizen has been only rendered suspect by accident? Is it not a duty to save a life, a duty to preserve a citizen to the state? Lebas, remember thy wife, thy mother—remember the changes in life. Perhaps some day a compassionate man will have mercy on thy child, which is now sleeping on thy wife's bosom—perhaps in a few days thou wilt no longer be alive. Lebas, days fly past as rapidly as hours, the storm-winds of the Revolution drive them on, and Danton cried, 'My enemies will not long survive me!'"

Lebas bowed his head; he pressed my hand, and his mouth was contracted by a smile of pain. "Let what will come, we are agreed," he said. "As regards thy protégés, I will make every effort; thou must speak with Robespierre. Saint Just is with him now; they have been working all night. Wait till Robespierre is dressed, down there in the court, till I summon thee. He is sitting up there in the gallery, and having his hair curled; when he has finished thou shall have an audience. I will look through the lists first to find out the crime of the Lepelletiers, and then speak to Robespierre."

Lebas left me. I went, full of anxious

expectation, into the court. In it boards, beams, and similar supplies were piled up. A workman was sawing planks. In the corner of the court was a small fountain, vines crept along the walls, pigeons flew about; there was deep silence, only interrupted by the laughter of the watch and the grating of the saw. I leaned against the wall, and kept my eyes fixed on the man whom Lebas had pointed out to me. It was Robespierre. A gallery ran round the house. Upon this opened the first-floor windows, as well as Robespierre's. Whenever the weather was favorable he would have his hair curled in the gallery, and such, was the case to-day.

He was wrapped in a powdering-cloak, and by his side was a small stool, on which stood a plate of fruit, some slices of bread, and a small glass of wine. I could not notice his face, for he read papers while being curled. Not far from him reposed an enormously large dog; its name was Brouet, and it was Robespierre's favorite. The hairdresser wore a Jacobin cap, but in other respects was very clean. The door of Robespierre's room was open, and now and then the reader looked up, and seemed to be inhaling the spring air.

At length the hairdresser left, and almost at the same moment Lebas appeared on the gallery. My neck became elongated, my eyes were intently fixed on the couple, my blood stood still. My affair was now being discussed. I could, however, only catch some unconnected words. I saw that Robespierre grew violent, that Lebas also gesticulated fiercely, and pointed to papers he held in his hand; then Robespierre turned his head towards the door of the room, and said something. It appeared to me as if a voice answered from the room. At length he got up, walked into the room, and banged the door after him. A few minutes after Lebas was by my side.

"Thy matter has gone well so far," he said, hastily; "but I do not believe thou canst save both. The woman, hardly. She is seriously compromised. Her landlord, a tailor, ruined her, for he induced her to keep letters to the Coblenz émigrés in her room; by giving himself out as a representative, he has led many citizens astray. The young man, François,



carried letters of traitorous purport to a certain agent of the émigrés; but his crime is less, as he acted without knowledge. Present thyself to Robespierre as if perfectly ignorant of this. Come."

We went up the stairs. I can not tell you how I got into Robespierre's room. Before I had collected my thoughts I was standing before the terrible man. There was nothing to produce an alarming effect on the senses. Plain whitewashed walls, a walnut-wood bedstead, over it a white coverlet worked with pink flowers; a table covered with oilcloth, a few straw-bottomed chairs—such was the furniture of the little room. On the left of the entrance were some book-shelves, littered with papers, a few books, and pamphlets. On the window-sill stood pretty flowers in pots, round which butterflies were sporting. At the table a man was sitting, and reading. Robespierre was standing by the side of his bed, with his right hand on its backboard.

The passions and hatred which his arbitrary measures excited against him, have frequently attempted to make the man's appearance, his face, his voice, agree with the sanguinary orders he issued—that is to say, the formidable man must resemble a hyena or tiger, his voice sound like the croak of a carrion crow, and so on. All this is false. Robespierre's face, on the contrary, had a gentle expression; his forehead was high, and slightly wrinkled; his eyes, generally half closed, were fiery when he raised them; his shapely nose displayed large nostrils, which moved when he spoke; his face was thin, and of the color of ivory; when he spoke kindly, a winning friendliness played round the corners of his lips, but at other times they were firmly closed. He had remarkably fine teeth and hair; his figure was slim and well built, his chest broad, and his voice, not at all harsh, rang sharp in moments of excitement, but was generally soft, and almost halting. He gesticulated very little while speaking. His dress was excessively neat: a grey coat with polished buttons, a striped waistcoat, dark breeches, and half boots. A carefully plaited jabot formed his narrow snow-white neckcloth.

"Anatole Mesnard, I know thee again," such were Robespierre's first words to me.

"I am glad, citizen representative, that thou rememberest me."

"Thy family is well known to me. You are lukewarm, but not hostile. Self-sacrifice can not be expected from everybody; hence I am the more surprised that thou hast formed the resolution to venture a prayer for suspects."

"Because I am capable of the self-sacrifice, citizen representative."

"What does that mean?" Robespierre asked, watchfully.

"I was conscious that I should risk my life if I ventured a word on behalf of my compromised friends. Dost thou not believe, citizen representative, that at the present day it requires as much courage to implore thy mercy for a condemned person as to storm a hostile battery, behind which the enemies of the nation are concealed?"

Robespierre's eyes flashed. "That is true," he said, phlegmatically. "Life and death are in the hands of the Convention. Why do not the light-minded people think of that? The Convention is the voice of the nation; it cries loudly and powerfully. I can not understand why so many persons will not hear it. Still more incomprehensible are beings like thy friends. What—do they not see our life? Look around thee, this modest room is my whole empire; my table is that of my landlord, an artisan. I possess no estates, no treasures; what thou seest here is everything I call mine; there is no stain on my life or that of my friends—well, go and compare with it the orgies of the émigrés at Coblenz! Listen with what contempt even the Prussian troops speak of these miserable Frenchmen, who are a curse to the country in which they have sought shelter—hear it, and then say to me, how is it possible that French citizens can condescend to support such people against the nation? Thy friends have been guilty of this villany."

He then explained to me, in fuller detail, what Lebas had but cursorily told me. His tone was shrill when he spoke; he kept his eyes fixed upon me, and I could not divert mine from his; I thought involuntarily of the fable of the serpent fascinating birds.

Lebas noticed that, as I followed the flood of Robespierre's eloquence, I con-

tinually grew more confused and anxious. He came to my aid. "Maximilien," he said, gently touching the speaker's arm, "leave off exciting thyself. The people are not worth so many words."

"No, by the salvation of the nation, they are not," Robespierre shrieked; "and art thou worthy," he addressed me, "that I should waste so much time, throw away so many words? If thou hast not understood long ago that they are guilty, thou art a bad citizen—a suspect."

The affair was dangerous. Lebas parried the blow.

"Maximilien, do not go too far," he said. "I have already explained to thee why our friend Mesnard acted thus. Thou hast thyself allowed that it is more dangerous to risk a prayer for compromised persons, than to rush upon the foe—well, then, does not our friend's courage deserve a reward? We have no external symbols, so reward the republican devotion of Anatole, which did not shun death, with an order for the release of the prisoners. Anatole is returning to Arras—shall he daily pass the house of thy birth in grief and sorrow, because thou hast refused him the liberation of a woman and of a poor, misguided, blinded boy?—he who has staked his head? François Lepelletier and his sister-in-law are worthy of being commended to the mercy of the Convention; let them return to their, to thy, native town—let them enter as free citizens within those walls from which thou camest to save the nation."

Robespierre reflected for a moment; then he gave Lebas an earnest look and walked to the table. "Thank fortune," he said to me, "that thou comest from Arras, and hast Lebas for a friend."

He seized a stamped paper and dipped the pen in the ink. I began to breathe more freely. Suddenly the man, who had hitherto been reading so busily, rose. It was St. Just. I never saw a more interesting masculine beauty. Few faces displayed so much gentleness, combined with such energy. St. Just was at that time six-and-twenty years of age. He looked like a martyr; the old painters impressed such earnestness, such beauty on their heroes, when they represented them undergoing death in honor

of their faith at the martyr's stake; and yet this handsome man was the most fearful of all, and my hair stood on end when he said, in a voice almost devoid of accent, "Stay, nothing hurried. The boy—yes. I do not object to that. The woman—never."

Marion Lepelletier was lost.

"What, art thou of opinion, Antoine, that I ought not?" Robespierre asked.

"Thou darkest not," St. Just said, firmly; "women are the worst. This one acted with perfect knowledge of the consequences. Shall it be said that the people of Arras form an exception in the eye of the law? Moreover, the woman is an aristocrat by birth, who could not live with her patriotic husband. And you would save such vermin? Lebas, wilt thou accept the responsibility?"

St. Just was fearful to look upon, his awful beauty had such an imposing effect, that any words of protest stuck in my throat. Lebas shrugged his shoulders and was silent. Robespierre wrote a few lines. While writing, he said: "Enough talking: the woman dies."

St. Just was reading his newspaper again. Lebas nodded to me, and I looked up my sorrow in my breast. Robespierre gave the paper to Lebas. "Send Simon with this to the Luxembourg. The young man will be set at liberty. I trust he will bear it in mind: people do not escape twice so easily when they have committed a crime against the nation."

I stammered my thanks. Robespierre offered me his hand.

"Remember me to friends in Arras, citizen Mesnard, and to thy parents. Do not be negligent in thy duties. Now good morning. Thou hast detained me long enough."

Lebas made me a sign. The door of Robespierre's room soon closed after us. The air appeared to be lighter and more balmy, the sky higher, the sun more beaming. At any rate, I had saved one life, and the lion's den—Robespierre's room—luckily lay behind me!

"Thank Heaven," said Lebas, "that thou hast liberated one. The woman, I knew from the first, was not to be saved."

On the same afternoon I quitted Paris with my protégé. At six o'clock on the following morning he was clasped in his mother's arms. Her joy, and the delight

of my parents, were indescribable: they were only painfully clouded by Marion's awful death. She died on the guillotine on April 18, as did her landlord. On the same day twenty-one other condemned persons died under the knife.

Three months later, Robespierre and St. Just had ceased to set the world in terror. The Revolution devoured even these darling children. My poor Lebas shot himself. His amiable wife, however, is still alive: she is supported by numerous friends, and I have repeatedly talked with her about those eventful hours of a terrible epoch.

Bentley's Miscellany.

#### CHATEAU CHAMBORD.

THE castle of Chambord, it is well known was purchased by a committee after the murder of the Duc de Berry, and presented to the duke's posthumous son on his christening day, May 1, 1821, in the name of France: through gratitude the royal pretender now bears in exile the name of a Count de Chambord. This is all the family of the Bourbons, the royal house of France, possesses on French soil after a reign of nearly one thousand years! The descendant of Louis XIV., called like him Dieudonné, as if God himself had sent him to bless the nation, he, who in all his letters signs himself Henri de France, is in reality nothing but a Count de Chambord. A solitary castle, almost like a ruin, the more affecting, because, being still kept up, recalls the days of its former splendor, inhabited by none save the spectres of the past and the silence of the grave, and, lastly, to heighten the fearful impression, lost in a miserable-looking desert. This is all that the Bourbons still hold of la Belle France.

The château is situated in the Sologne; such is the name of the district of Romorantin on the left bank of the Loire to the south of Blois, an uncultivated desert with about a thousand ponds. The soil consists of sand and gravel with a thin layer of humus; beneath this not very productive layer is clay, so that the ground forms in summer a dry heath, in winter a swamp. As the ground is, so are its fruits; agriculture is behindhand, and for this

reason the emperor has purchased a large estate in eastern Sologne, where he has established a model farm, in the hope of exciting emulation. The domestic animals are like the plants; the horses are poor looking, but good tempered and staunch. The sheep alone are good; though small, they produce fine wool and excellent meat. Unfortunately, wolves and foxes have largely increased in numbers. The population is equally crippled, for it is continually suffering from fever. And yet it was not always so. Traces of Roman settlements are found; and Dezobry's "Lexicon Géographique" states: "Formerly a flourishing and blooming country, ruined by the revocation of the edict of Nantes." The Bourbons committed grievous sins. Perhaps the count, during his stay at Homburg, may have been struck by hearing the French tongue of the seventeenth century, and seeing before him descendants of the expelled Huguenots. These refugees probably came from the same Sologne, where his only property in France is situated. History performs terrible justice: Henri breathes the same air of exile as the victims of the despotism of his ancestor. History, I have said, is just. In Barbé's "France Illustrée," I read: "The revocation of the edict of Nantes ruined the cloth trade of Romorantin: the Revolution saved it. It is true that the town has not regained its old importance, owing to the competition of the north, but a perceptible progress has been visible during the last fifty years." France could only be saved by the overthrow of the Bourbons. And a trip to Chambord taught me this truth. What a lesson!

In Orleans I was frequently reminded of the pretender. There is a considerable Legitimist party here, branching out into the bourgeoisie through religious societies. In one of the shops I saw a medal, struck at the birth of the Duke de Bordeaux, as he was called during the restoration. Accident also led me to the house in which the Marquis Larochejacquelin, so well known in the war of the Vendée, died. It is the house next the post-office in the Rue Colombier; in a corner of the yard is an acacia planted by the marquise herself. I had visited the Vendée, and the strug-

gles of 1793 and 1832 rose before my mind, when I heard the foliage of this tree whispering: ghostly voices seemed to speak out of them.

It is best to take the train, not to Blois, but only to the little town of Mer, five leagues from it; here you are nearer Chambord, and the castle presents itself better to the traveler, while in coming from Blois he sees it for hours; here it suddenly surprises him in all its splendor. Mer is a little town, but its name has a fearful sound for the ear of the Bourbons, for it was the home of Jurien, that madly-excited wrestler against Bossuet and Louis the despot, the author of the "*Soupirs de la France Esclave*." France had fallen into the deepest wallow of serfdom under the Bourbon Louis, who fancied himself more than a Sultan—fancied himself a God. For he sacrificed hecatombs of noble men to his religion, because it was his personal religion. But Jurien the prophet truly foretold the downfall of this idolatry, for which Bossuet's little soul was not ashamed to enter the lists. Five months after the revocation of the edict of Nantes appeared his book, "*L'Accomplissement des Prophéties*," which dealt the first blow at the Antichrist, in April, 1689. And lo! on April 11, 1689, William of Orange was crowned at Westminster, and thus the center of the resistance against the despotism of Bourbonism was established. Among the Protestants who fled before Louis, was Denys Papin, who discovered the secret of steam power. A statue is now erected to him at Blois, his native town. People are enriching themselves with his glory; even the adherents of the ancient régime, who are numerous in Blois, and have an organ there in *La France Centrale*, are now proud of him; but they have not given up their hatred of the Huguenots, which rendered France poor, and drove Papin into banishment. At Mer a small Protestant community has been re-established, which has its chapel in the adjoining village of Auray, and, strangely enough, it was legally established under Louis XVIII, by a gentleman of Brittany, who emigrated to England in 1793, as a Legitimist and Catholic, but there became a Protestant. Jurien's house is in the

town, and belongs to a Protestant family, whose grey-haired head described to me with the utmost excitement, the horrors of the Huguenot persecution. Thus two Huguenot shadows—two victims of Louis XIV.—guard on the Loire the passage to Chambord, and warn the descendant of the guilt of his house.

Mer is about a league from the Loire; a suspension-bridge runs across to the Sologne, Secalaunica in mediæval Latin, whence local savans, blinded by local patriotism, remove hither the great battle of the Huns in 451, by reading the *campis Seca*, instead of *Cata, launicis*. On the left bank of the Loire is the village of Muides; farther down, another, Saint-Dié; as they are on a height, they look quite stately. The interior of the village, however, differs very greatly from the elegance that prevails on the right bank of the Loire, and the poor village inn proves the poverty of the district. At the end of an hour's stroll you reach the park wall, which is eight leagues in circumference; on the left of the entrance a road branches off, and we must look carefully at the finger-post, for it reveals to us the secret of the wondrous building we are approaching. On the arm we read: "*Chemin de Thoury*." The beautiful countess de Thoury had enchained the heart of Francis I. when he was still Count d'Angoulême, and Chambord owes its origin to the charm of love and the passion for the chase, which the wooded country satisfied.

It is true that there was on the same spot an old hunting lodge, inhabited by the old Count of Blois, of the House of Champagne, the only hereditary family under the Capets; it was called in the twelfth century Chambord-Montfrault, from a still older castle of these counts, whose name is still preserved within the park in the Pavillon-Montfrault. The founder of this family, the savage Thibault le Tricheux, still wanders around this pavilion. When a peasant has unwittingly trodden on the weed of straying (*l'herbe qui égare*), and comes here at midnight, he often meets a black hunter with black dogs; it is Thibault, in his day the terror of the region. In the fourteenth century, Chambord was held as a château fort by paid seneschals; in 1359 it served as a prison for English



soldiers. After the death of the last Count of Blois, in 1397, Chambord fell to Duke Louis d'Orléans, brother of Charles VI., who bought it of Gui II. de Chatillon. The castle gradually decayed; in 1498, when Louis d'Orléans, grandson of the purchaser, mounted the throne of France, it was united with the crown lands. The Orleans family were distinguished by excellent taste; the founder of the house married an Italian, Valentine of Milan, and the contact with the land of beauty probably exerted its influence. But the natural taste in the family was unmistakable; Charles, the father of Louis XII., was a thoughtful poet, and the fact that after his return from captivity he allowed the citizens of Blois to fell wood in his forest to rebuild their houses (*"J'aime mieux loger des hommes que des bêtes,"* he said), is a proof of his liking for pretty houses, as well as his liberality. The feeling for art spread through the province. In the reign of Francis I., also a scion of the Orleans family, this artistic life attained its highest lustre, of which the towns along the Loire still display rich proofs.

The old castle of Chambord was rebuilt by Francis I., and the works began in 1526, after his return from captivity in Madrid. In a social point of view, the château is merely a sterile creation of absolutistic whim; useful for nothing, lost for ever, it is, in spite of its perfect preservation, a ruin occupied by the ghosts of recollections. What can be made out of such labyrinths? Does even Versailles, as a museum, repay the cost of its building? Not at all. These enormous edifices only lived when they served as a residence for the extravagant court of the old monarchy. Around the palace of Francis I., pranced constantly six thousand horses, rarely fewer, and at times eighteen thousand. And as he was of opinion that a royal court without ladies was like a year without spring, and a spring without roses, he summoned to his brilliant banquets the pretty ladies who, during the middle ages, had escaped royal glances in their feudal castles. "At first it had a good effect," says Mézeray, the historian; "the amiable sex introduced its pleasing manners at court; but morals soon became corrupted, and female caprice gave away

dignities and offices." Well, we all know that the court of the kings of France became a harem, and at last a Du Barri reigned over king and state.

But if we regard Chambord from an artistic point of view, it is one of the finest architectural ornaments of France, and a pearl of the native national art. Charles V., who saw it incomplete, without the side wings, considered it "an abridgment of what human art and industry can effect." The Venetian envoy, Jerome Lippomano, who had seen the city of the Doges, wrote, in 1577: "I have seen many fine buildings in my time, but never a more beautiful or rich one. In the centre of the park rises the château, with its gilt parapets, its lead-covered wings, its pavilions, terraces, and galleries, like the palace of Morgana or Alcine, as our poets describe it. We left it, full of astonishment and admiration, and even of confusion." I could go on quoting; for he can not find words enough to describe his wonderment at everything he saw.

And this magic palace is a work of native art, created by a Frenchman in the heart of the renaissance. Daruy, the historian, expresses himself as follows about this epoch: "France does not owe everything to Francis I., as Benvenuto Cellini asserted. A special French art was formed, which retained everything from the past, that is so admirably adapted for our climate—the lofty gables, the ornaments for the roof, the *turrets* tastefully suspended at the corners." &c., &c. This description is capitally suited for Chambord. But, in spite of its thoroughly national character, the château was for a long time assumed to be the work of an Italian. It has been ascribed to Primaticcio, who, however, only came to France in 1531, or five years after the beginning of the building: others considered Vignola the architect, but he reached France even later (1540); others, too, voted for Maître Roux, who arrived only a year before Primaticcio. The boasting Italians would not have omitted including this splendid edifice in the list of their buildings. "The very obscurity that enshrouds the name of the architect is a proof that he was a modest provincial artist, whose merits were silently passed over by the jealous

foreign masters at court. That there was no lack of competent native artists, is proved by the fact that the Italian masters had a number of Frenchmen as assistants." (De la Saussaye, in his account of Chambord.) It is now established that Pierre Nepveu, called Trinqureau, of Blois, drew the plan of Chambord, and executed it himself to a great extent.

After this introduction let us enter the park. From the Pavillon de Mnides it is an hour and a half's walk to the château. The land at the entrance is cultivated. The barns and farm-house had a cleanly look; a little boy was minding geese, but there was nobody else in the field. After a short stroll the forest is reached. Everything was quiet; only a pheasant stalked in the grass, or the twittering of birds disturbed the wayfarer. The roads in the park have historic names: Rue de François I., Rue du Maréchal de Saxe. We turn round a corner, and the wondrous edifice surprises us in the very heart of the wilderness, like a palace in the Arabian Nights. Opposite to it, on a grass plot, is a pillar surmounted by a cross; we rest here and survey the château. The Cosson, which traverses the entire park from east to west, separates us from it. The building forms a quadrangle, a hundred and fifty-six metres in length and a hundred and seventeen in breadth; the north side, which we have before us, forms an imposing façade, divided into four nearly equal parts by four turrets. On closer inspection, however, the building is found to be composed of two quadrangles. The centre one has at each corner a round tower with a pointed roof, and contains two stories beside the ground floor; in the centre of the quadrangle a splendid winding staircase, turning round a double screw, and thus forming two flights of steps, leads to the terrace of the roof. These steps, of bold design and rich detail, are the greatest curiosity in the château. Two persons go up at the same time, constantly see each other, and yet do not meet. But the steps do not leave off at the terrace; they rise for another hundred feet in a pyramidal form. This pyramid consists of eight arcades, with pillars eight metres high; upon this colonnade rises

another order, ornamented with a balustrade and eight columns. The latter carry the continuation of the steps to a belvedere, crowned by a richly ornamented and elegant turret, upon which a huge stone lily rises in the air.

The inner quadrangle forms the nucleus of the château, and the original plan was probably restricted to it. But the work grew beneath the artist's hand. He surrounded the first quadrangle by a second, but in such a way that the north side of both forms one line: on the east and west side the buildings of the outer quadrangle break off in the middle, and the remainder is enclosed by a low terrace. The north side was built in the reign of Francis I.: the ornaments still bear the F and the Salamander, which he took into his coat of arms. In the angle of the tower and the façade an outbuilding slightly disturbs the effect. It was the favorite residence of Francis I. On fine summer nights he talked here on the terrace with the ladies and gentlemen who formed *la petite bande de la cour*. Here, in his study, he is said, at an early age, to have scratched on a pane with a diamond the well-known verses:

Souvent femme varie  
Mal habil qui s'y fie!

According to another story, Louis XIV., when he was in love with Mademoiselle La Vallière, broke the pane. But, as Brantôme tells us, the two verses are limited to the three words, "Toute femme varie," which Francis wrote near a window. The north side was completed under Henri II.; among the ornaments may still be seen the H and the crescent which he selected as his device, with the motto, "Donec totum impleat orbem." Perhaps it was an allusion to the name of his beloved, the beauteous Diane, but the royal initial is not here openly interwoven with that of Diana. The tower contains the chapel, which is in a splendid state of preservation. Mass is read here every Sunday. This part of the château is the least ornamented.

The plan of the whole reminds one of former centuries, of the castles of the feudal lords: a wall with towers surrounded a stronger building called the donjon or keep—the latter name has also been applied to the inner quadrangle of Chambord. But that which was formerly a

plan of defence, was here merely a traditional form: the towers became an ornament instead of a refuge. This plan, however, was of purely French origin, and Italian artists would never have chosen it. The façade has no decorations and arabesques, as would have been introduced by the Italians; it consists of two galleries in the form of arcades. What produces the irresistible effect on the visitor is the simplicity of the lines, the noble symmetry of the arrangement in spite of the enormous size of the whole; the latter is not observed, as you wander about the multitude of galleries and rooms, for the proportions are so harmonious. The spot where the artist has displayed the fullness of his genius is the roof. At the most difficult spot, says De la Saussaye, the fancy of the architect has revealed its most valuable treasures. The chimneys, over which modern architects rack their brains, since degenerate art has converted them into repulsive pipes, have here become monuments, grouped with unparalleled taste. The building thus gains a character of grandeur and originality of which there was no pre-existing model. Perhaps the terrain forced the architect into this. The castle lies in a hollow; in order to produce an artistic effect at a distance, the upper part must be more richly treated. Chateaubriand, against whose fanciful description I warn the reader, made the natural and yet striking remark that the château seems to rise as you approach, while other high-placed buildings, on the contrary, appear to sink in.

The exterior removes us to the age of Francis I. The stones shine as white as they did then, the slabs of slate nailed on them (the war prevented the importation of black marble from Italy) stand out from them with all their old freshness. But when we enter we find vacuity. The château contains thirteen great flights of stairs and four hundred and forty rooms, each provided with a tasteful chimney-piece, and formerly richly adorned with carpets, furniture and pictures (among them the portraits of the learned Greeks who fled to Italy after the sack of Constantinople. The Revolution destroyed everything; we find here the silence of the grave.

But how rich is the castle in events! Let me cursorily recall the most piquant

of them. Eighteen hundred workmen had been engaged on the castle for twelve years, when Charles V. declared it a masterpiece in 1539. The architect, Trinqueau, died in the previous year. The recollection of his youthful love for the Countess de Thoury guided Francis I. in the choice of the spot: in his old age he lamented in the same château the illusions of his youth. His sister Marguerite accompanied him here. Henri II. continued the building on his father's plan, but was unable to complete it. He, like Francis I., was fond of this residence. Here he confirmed, on January 16, 1552, as "friend of the German nation," the secret treaty which he had formed in the year previous with Maurice of Saxony, and other German princes, against Charles V., and which secured him—point d'argent, point de Suisse—Metz, Toul, and Verdun.

Catherine de Médicis frequently visited Chambord during the regency. At night she went with astrologers up to the Lily Tower to consult the stars. Love of the chase brought her son, Charles IX., hither; once he hunted a stag to death alone and without a pack. Under this king the château was entrusted to hereditary governors; under him, too, the works ceased in 1571, owing to war troubles and financial embarrassments, after costing over two million francs, at the present value. The château was then much in the same state as we now find it, but the period of its royal lustre had passed. Henri III., with his superstition, did not feel comfortable among these forests, and rarely visited Chambord. Nor was it a time for festivals, and his dearest sport was hunting Huguenots. At length the Protestant Bourbons sold their conscience, and peace returned. But the French court, which under the second Valois preferred residing in the valley of the Loire, moved to the neighborhood of Paris for political reasons. Henry IV. preferred St. Germain and Fontainebleau to the château in the Sologne. His son, however, Louis XIII., frequently went to Chambord; a droll anecdote displays his prudery. Mademoiselle de Hontefort, for whom his heart beat with modest affection, had concealed a letter in her bosom, which Louis wished to read. In love affairs,

however, he was the opposite of his father, and much too timid to touch the beautiful bosom with his hand. But curiosity pricked him too greatly, so, what did he do? He fetched the tongs, and carefully drew the letter forth.

In 1626, Louis XIII. gave the county of Blois, to which Chambord belonged, to his brother, Gaston d'Orléans, as appanage. The latter, who played so wretched a part in history, often inhabited the château, especially in the last eight years of his life, during which period he was exiled to his county. His daughter, the famous Mademoiselle de Montpensier, known like him for her strange character, describes in her *Memoirs* her first visit to Chambord when a child. Her father was at the top of the grand double steps, and came down to meet her as she went up, and the result was a very amusing scene, as they could not meet. Thirty years later the unfortunate passion was developed here, which so embittered the last years of Mademoiselle.

With Gaston's death, in 1660, Chambord reverted to the crown. But immediately after its alienation, Louis XIII. had begun to build another palace at Versailles. Here the brilliancy of the French court was displayed under Louis XIV., who had so many points of resemblance with Francis I. Still Louis visited Chambord several times; the first, early in July, 1660, when he was returning from his marriage in the Pyrenees. Six years later he made the village of Chambord into a parish, and built the present church; it was dedicated to St. Louis, and bore the title of the royal church. As regards the title of parish, it was only a name. Up to this time not one of the inhabitants is a landowner, and the entire parochial liberty was concentrated in the king.

Through the incomparable splendor which everywhere surrounded the residence of the French Nebuchadnezzar, the château probably dreamed at times of the brilliant days of Francis I. Pellisson, on the occasion of the festivals in October, 1668, draws this parallel in a letter to Mademoiselle de Scudéry. In the following year Chambord played a part in the history of French literature, for Molière's troop performed there for

the first time the comedy of "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac." The history of another piece, the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," also played here for the first time on October 14, 1670, is rather instructive. The Chevalier d'Arvieux tells us: The king, who went to Chambord to hunt, wished to amuse his court with a ballet, and have the Turkish costume employed in it, because at that time everybody was talking about the Turks who had been seen in Paris. He therefore gave orders to Messrs. Molière and Lully to write a piece into which Turks could be thrust. Molière obeyed, and wrote his "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," a farce with masks. At the first performance the king remained cold, for he was afraid that his taste was overcome by the excellent comedy. The court, who regarded this coldness as blame, plucked all the feathers out of poor Molière. But when the king, a few days later, after the second performance, publicly praised the author, the same courtiers overwhelmed Molière with compliments.

When the sun of Louis XIV. was beginning to set, he paid another visit to Chambord. The journey—it was in 1684—left a bad impression behind it. Madame de Maintenon was rising in the king's favor, and rode in his carriage, while Madame de Montespan followed behind with her children. The jealousy and ill humor of the two rivals rendered everybody uncomfortable. But still worse is the feeling with which the friend of art remembers Louis's stay at Chambord. The creator of Versailles disfigured this masterpiece of the age of Francis I. He and his era, however, usually did this with the monuments of earlier epochs. The inner quadrangle, or what is called the donjon, has on the ground floor four *salles des gardes*, forming a Greek cross, and thus dividing the whole into four buildings, with separate rooms on the floors. The roof of these *salles* was in the second floor, or the height of the whole building; in the center of the cross thus formed the double flight of steps rose freely from the ground floor to the roof, whence it ascended skywards as an artistic pyramid, adorned with sculptures and columns. We can not imagine the effect this work



of art produced on the visitor, whose eyes followed it to the roof of the second floor, which in all four rooms was adorned with the monogram of Francis and salamanders. But the Sultan of Versailles did not understand it; dazzled by false greatness, his eye was blind to real grandeur. He made twelve smaller rooms out of the four imposing guard-rooms, by laying down a wooden floor in the first story, "for the sake of gaining space." The grand flight of steps was naturally taken into the flooring, so that it now forms three pieces, according to the floors. The great king acted in this like an utter bourgeois. In one of these rooms—the uppermost one on the north side—the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was performed. No better piece could have been selected to glorify this architectural atrocity; the title sounds as a satire on the royal bourgeois. When a man is despotic ruler over a kingdom like France, ought he to try and gain space from such a work of art? Another and slighter disfigurement was the roofing over of the low terraces which terminates the building on the east and west; this can be easily altered, and is being done. But all these disfigurements from 1661 to 1717, cost the state 1,225,710 livres.

A great honor was reserved for Chambord in the last years of Louis XIV. When Prince Eugene marched on Paris in 1712, the court consulted whether it should not quit Versailles and retire behind the Loire, that bulwark of national independence against the foreign conqueror. Chambord was selected as the safest spot, and as being in the center of the kingdom. Villar's victory at Denain rendered the retreat unnecessary. But the thought of this choice may be flattering to the present proprietor. No King of France has since occupied Chambord.

Thus it stood deserted in the solitude of its woods, when it became, in 1725, the asylum of the expelled King Stanislaus Leszczynski, who had shortly before married his daughter to Louis XV. He enjoyed here, with his wife, peaceful, quiet happiness. In the parish archives frequent instances of his condescension may be found; he was often godfather to the village children, visited the peas-

ants in their huts with paternal care, settled their disputes—in a word, he had here a foretaste of the cheerful evening of life which awaited him in Lorraine after so many storms. The queen was greatly attached to the little chapel near Francis's apartments in the annexe, and it has hence retained the name of *L'Oratoire de la reine de Pologne*. For sanitary reasons, Stanislaus had the moats filled up which surrounded the château. Through this, however, the splendid façade lost much of its freelightness. Still, if it was not the most splendid, it was certainly the purest and most worthy epoch in the history of this château. But, unfortunately, the charm of a throne is so seductive, that even Stanislaus, at the end of eight years, became tired of the idyll, and hastened back to Poland, after the death of Augustus, in 1733. His adventurous career is well known; he escaped with difficulty the dangers that surrounded him, and ended his days in philosophic peace and useful activity. Count de Chambord, will you not let this life serve you as a lesson?

After Stanislaus' departure there was again quiet at Chambord, but then all the more noise and pleasure with the son of Stanislaus political foe, Maurice de Saxe. There could hardly be a more piquant change. The victor of Fontenoy occupied the castle, which Louis XV. gave for his use, at the end of 1748. It is well known that he had refused to join the Catholic faith; a Protestant was master of Chambord. If Francis I., and Louis XIV. had known that! It is true that Maurice in private life was a thorough pagan, and carried to an excess his veneration of Bacchus and Venus. He did not do so long, for he was ill when he arrived at Chambord. His favorite amusement was the opera; hence he had the large west room on the second floor of the keep fitted up as a theatre, in which the celebrated Favart and his troupe gave performances, to which people flocked from all the surrounding towns. The Pompadour, too, came across once from her château of Menars, on the right bank of the Loire. Favart was the creator of the comic opera, the true national opera of France; it had a temple worthy of it in Château Chambord, that work of real French art. The marshal's princi-

pal passion was, the art of war, and his life was, before all, military. Every day he paraded on the large square behind the château, where the remains of a barrack are still visible, the two regiments of Uhlans, which the king had given him as a garrison. An almost regal court surrounded the marshal; for was he not a royal child? He had the whim of posting a sentry before his door, after the royal custom. He helped his vanity in a cunning way: he had "Military chest" painted on a door in front of the saloon, and under this pretext had the post guarded by a sentry. The wild life he led brought him to the grave in two years; he died on November 30, 1750. After his death, his nephew and heir, Count Friesen, inhabited the château for a while, and then it reverted to the crown.

And then all was quiet up to the Revolution. The people, who had destroyed the Bastille, soon laid hands on all the memorials of monarchy. At the request of the National Assembly, the municipality of Blois appointed on May 3, 1790, a commission to draw up a memorial of the use that could be made of Chambord, "in so far as the Assembly did not order the destruction of the château." In the following year a society of English Quakers offered to purchase the domain for manufacturing purposes, and this and similar proposals were carefully discussed at Blois; but a war and other cares turned people's thoughts to other questions. In the mean while, the district of Blois ordered the sale of all the furniture. All the hawkers of the province flocked in. All the marvels of art, collected during three centuries, were dispersed in a couple of days; as an account tells us, the panelling of the walls was pulled down, the inlaid floors torn up, and the very mantel-pieces and windows removed. The richly-carved doors and picture-frames were thrown into the fire of the auction-room, so that the mantel-pieces were cracked by the heat. The only piece of furniture that remains of all this luxury is the stone slab on which the *Maréchal de Saxe* was embalmed—a grave-stone of the monarchy.

A few months later, an official of the department arrived to destroy all the

lilies and other insignia of monarchy; but the architect of the château proved to him that this job would cost more than one hundred thousand francs. Of course, the money could be better employed. But the fate of the château was still uncertain, and "horror dwelt in the desolate window niches." If it was lamentable that a really national work of art should be so barbarously destroyed, the Legitimists have no right to condemn the nation and the Revolution on that account. The nation only wished to destroy a seat of princely licentiousness—and all the palaces of the Valois and the Bourbons were nothing else—without any value for the commonwealth: they only existed for pomp. And if an artistic feeling did not check this destruction, the blame lies with the old monarchy, which did not teach the nation better. Just as the Church, to which monarchy had sacrificed thousands of Protestants, set the chief value on external things and ceremonies, so the nation, groaning under taxes and burdens, saw nothing of monarchy but the external glitter. It is not surprising that they should take their revenge on the external ensigns of these two powers, and destroy churches and palaces whose artistic value they did not feel, or else overlooked in their anger.

In 1797, the National Assembly wished to make a present to General Bonaparte, who had concluded the peace of Campo-Formio, and proposed Chambord; but the jealous Directory contrived to put aside the proposition, and paid the dangerous hero in glory. The general contrived to reward himself: instead of a château, all France became his, and Bonaparte was called Napoleon.

The new emperor selected Chambord as head-quarters of the fifteenth cohort of the Legion of Honor, under General Augereau. At a later date he wished to remove there the school of the orphan daughters of the Legionaries, but gave up the idea on account of the great expense which it would have entailed. For the same reason he did not select it as the residence of the Spanish princes: furniture and restoration would have cost nine millions of francs. On February 28, 1809, Chambord was reunited with the crown lands, but in the

same year Napoleon gave it to Marshal Berthier, Prince of Wagram, and an annuity of five hundred thousand francs out of the produce of the navigation of the Rhine, on condition that he employed all the revenue in restoring the château. But this condition was never fulfilled; the marshal only passed two days at Chambord, and it was again deserted till 1814.

In this year the imperial government retreated to Blois, and the court thought of flying across the Loire, precisely as in the reign of Louis XIV. A portion of the equipages was sent off to Chambord, and the coronation carriage stood in the palace-yard. Napoleon abdicated in another château of Francis I., at Fontainebleau. After the restoration, Berthier's widow, a Bavarian princess, who naturally lost the annuity from the Rhine navigation, drew all she could out of the domain: she felled wood, cleared land, and, finally, let the château and shooting for two years to an Englishman for the paltry sum of four thousand francs. Instead of Molière's witty comedies and Favart's operas, the halls of Chambord re-echoed the songs of drunken revellers. The destruction by the hand of the Revolution would have been better than this degradation.

I have called the history of this château piquant: the most piquant thing of all is the conclusion of its history. Fallen, after so many adventures, into the dirty hands of a drunkard, this pearl of French art was picked up by the hand of France, and given as a present from the nation to the last scion of the Bourbons. The estate had long been a burden to the Princess of Wagram: she was not rich enough to keep up a royal palace, and though she had not fulfilled the condition of restoring the old splendor of the château, she obtained permission from Louis XVIII., in 1819, to sell it. It would now have been hopelessly lost, the well-known *bande noire*, which undertook to settle the testamentary affairs of the Revolution, were already stretching out their greedy hands towards it, and even the witty Paul Louis Courier wrote in the heat of partisan war: "I wish from the bottom of my soul that the black band may succeed, for, in my opinion, it is worth quite as much as the white band,

and serves State and Church better. I pray to Heaven that they may buy Chambord." At this moment a royalist idea saved the château from destruction.

Louvel believed that he had extirpated the race of Bourbons with the Duke de Berry, but "God gave" him unexpectedly an heir. Henri Dieudonné was, consequently, his name, and in an outburst of enthusiasm Count Adrien de Calonne proposed to open subscription lists in every parish of France, and purchase the domain of Chambord as a present for the Duke de Bordeaux. A committee was formed, and on March 5, 1821, the estate was knocked down to the count, as representative of the committee, for 15,420,000 francs. Whether the government officials were forced to subscribe is an open question; the moral pressure was strong enough, persons rendered themselves popular by subscribing, and the words of the Minister of the Interior, Count Siméon, on December 20, 1820, according to which the government wished to be entirely uncommitted, were dictated by the feeling of public decency. The king still hesitated to accept: it was said that Charles X. unwillingly allowed the Duchess de Berry, when traveling in the Vendée in 1828, to remain at Chambord. She was received here on June 18 by upwards of seven thousand inhabitants of the department, and carved her name on a stone under the cupola of the great stairs. The inscription has been covered with mortar, in order to protect it from curious hands or political hatred. As we see, Courier was not so much to be blamed. Chambord was merely a station on the pilgrimage to the Vendée. On February 7, 1830, the estate was solemnly handed over by the committee to the king, who received it in his grandson's name. A few months later the family of the Bourbons went into exile, and the Duke de Bordeaux became Count de Chambord. The château, too, was menaced by the Revolution. After the February disturbances and the destruction of the archiepiscopal palace in Paris in 1831, the administration of the department were obliged to remove the colossal lily over the cupola of the grand winding staircase (it has since been restored); indeed, the property was reclaimed, and the estate was seized by the

July government on December 5, 1832, in the name of the state. The government supported itself on the title of "apanage," which was employed in some of the deeds, and probably felt incensed by the rising in the Vendée in the same year. Still, public opinion never allowed the justice of this step, and though an enormous majority of the nation does not desire the return of the Bourbons, still a feeling of self-respect forbids them grudging the last banished scion of the old kings this domain, which was expressly presented to him, the more so as his claims had such little prospect of success. The trial for the property of the last of the Bourbons lasted nearly twenty years, and then the house of Orleans itself was obliged to go into exile. All the possessions of the latter have since been confiscated by the imperial government and sold, but the domain of the Count de Chambord has been unassailed, and no one disturbs his tranquil possession, though, of course, he never sees or visits it. He spends his idle existence, which is only stirred up by vain dreams, in a foreign land, while in the Château of Chambord the silence of solitude reigns, and the romance of its story ends with an elegy.

All these reminiscences rose vividly before my mind as I crossed the Cosson, and approached the château. In the neighboring village there is an excellent hotel, and it deserves notice, that the landlord does not abuse his monopoly, and overcharge the numerous strangers. Of course the picture of the count, who is honored here as a sovereign, is to be found everywhere. "The domain," I said, "almost looks like a small state." "It is one," was the reply. The inhabitants are usually very cautious and chary of speech with tourists, as can be easily understood. If even they may regard themselves as the subjects of Henry V., they are also the subjects of the reigning sovereign. The attachment to the count is explained by the active sympathy he displays towards all the inhabitants.

The interior of the château is, as I said, quite empty; there is no furniture in the rooms and halls. Only four apartments are partially hung with pictures, and form a small museum; they are in the western tower of the roof, on the north side.

In the waiting-room of Louis XIV. hang antlers dating from the hunts of Francis I., Henri IV., and Louis XIV.; in the adjoining dining-room of the grand monarch stands a perfect small park of artillery, which was used in instructing the Duke de Bordeaux in his childhood, as well as busts of Louis XIII., Charles X., &c.; and the before-mentioned stone-slab, on which the body of Maurice de Saxe reposed. In the third, or reception-room, hang portraits of the Bourbons, as well as that of Madame de Maintenon; near a statue of Louis the Saint stand two vases, sent by the Countess de Chambord. In the last room, the bed-chamber of Louis XIV., hang the portraits of the Valois, and a painting of the battle of Fontenoy; another represents the count's palace at Venice, swarming with Austrian uniforms. A bust of the Duke de Berry may also be noticed here. Among the curiosities is a handsomely worked set of fire-irons, which a blacksmith of Blois presented to the count. Another man, who made a table service out of deer-horn from the forest of Chambord, had his traveling expenses paid by a noble Legitimist, that he might present himself to the count at Frohsdorf. The Legitimists at times perform such farces, in order to keep up the pretender's illusions about his popularity. As we see, the whole history of the château is represented in the museum.

On the roof terrace, however, we forget it, and only revel in the art-enjoyment. The pyramid would have an imposing effect on level ground, much more so here, where it has the whole château for a pedestal; and all around the cupolas, turrets, sculptured chimneys, decorated windows, not one like the other, a constant change in the arrangements and yet no disturbing confusion, but everywhere taste and harmony! On the south clock-tower there is a weathercock, representing an H and a crown. So far as the horizon extends we see nothing but forest, and the count might easily fancy himself here in his kingdom, "thanks to these pleasant pine-trees, which hide his prison walls." Up to the very foot of the château, however, everything is quite rural: on the great grass-plat running down to the stream, where the count formerly strolled



among flower-beds, corn and potatoes are now grown.

I went down into the park, the sun was setting behind Blois, it was a wondrously mild evening, which harmonized with my feelings. Everything was still around me, and the château seemed only to be a vast hermitage in the solitude of the forest. "Oh, Count de Chambord," I said pensively to myself, "may your end be like this sunset. May you never crave for a throne, round which the tempests of revolution howl; let this nation complete its destiny at its own risk. Your life is tranquil, and sympathy stands reverentially on the road along which you wander in exile, so let your end be tranquil too. Since your ancestor Louis XVI. died on the scaffold, since you went into exile, the world of the new era has grown reconciled with your race, and the revolution grants you the peaceful happiness of this life. Be contented with a crown of sorrow, do not listen to the false suggestions of so-called royalists, who play a daring game with you, and only wish to employ your person for their own profit."

I spent the night here. The next morning I visited the pretty village church, which has been rebuilt at the count's expense. He spends the entire income of the estate—eighty thousand francs—in preserving and restoring the château: owing to the smallness of the sum, the works progress very slowly. The glass paintings in the windows represent St. Clotilde, and Queen Blanca, mother of St. Louis, as well as St. Henri and Charlemagne. It may be asked what the last does here. In the first place, the Catholic Church made him a saint, and, secondly, he is reckoned in France a French emperor, an ancestor of the Count de Chambord, according to the Legitimists. Lilies and H's are everywhere painted on the walls and ceiling. In this solitude a monastic silence constantly rules. I sat down and thought over the varied scenes which I had witnessed during my wanderings in Brittany and the Vendée, and saw how history buried a dynasty. It was thus I bade farewell to Chambord.

#### LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

THE name of this distinguished Nobleman is widely known and highly honored among all the leading governments of Europe, and the United States. At nearly every Court of Europe of any political importance, his Lordship has, at one time or another in the long and brilliant career of his diplomatic life of some fifty years, filled the office of Ambassador or Minister plenipotentiary as the representative of the English government. In addition to this, he has been sent on special missions for the adjustment of difficult questions and treaties of international importance requiring consummate skill and judgment. The fact that the English government under different cabinet Ministers has so often called for his eminent talents and services for so long a period, furnishes ample proof of the high estimation in which he is held among the statesmen of the old world. Perhaps no Ambassador from a foreign court, was ever regarded and treated with higher respect and consideration by the government of the Sublime Porte, than Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Six times—from 1810 to 1858—he had gone as Ambassador to that court at Constantinople. He was present at the celebrated Congress of Vienna, in 1814, by order of the English government, to aid by his counsels in adjusting the affairs of Europe at the close of the long wars of the old Napoleon, and perhaps is the only survivor of that renowned Congress. He was Ambassador at Washington in 1820, when John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State, with whom he attempted the adjustment of the boundary questions, which, though the treaty passed the House of Lords, yet failed at Washington. The sun of his bright and useful life in the public service still shines luminous upon his path. His place in the House of Lords is still well filled and honored by his presence and counsels. We make these few obvious statements concerning the character and history of this distinguished nobleman in connection with his fine Portrait, which adorns our present number of the Eclectic. We are sure many of our readers who are familiar with his name and public servi-

ces will be gratified to possess so good a portrait of his face and form. In regard to its accuracy and truthfulness, we may be permitted to say, that it has been carefully engraved for the Eclectic by Mr. Perine, from a portrait which his Lordship kindly gave us, at our request at his house in London, last summer, 1864. The kindness of his manner was only equalled by the affluence of his instructive conversation of historic interest, on the past and present current events on both sides of the Atlantic.

We beg to record also a brief outline biographical sketch of his lordship, for the interest of the reader. Viscount Stratford Canning is the fourth son of Stratford Canning, Esq., merchant of London, and first cousin to the late Right Honorable George Canning and of the first Lord Garvagh, and is descended from a younger branch of the ancient family of Canning of Foxcote, in the county of Warwick. He was born in London, January 6th, 1788, and received his early education on the foundation at Eton, where he rose to the captaincy of the school. He was admitted a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, in 1806, but quitted the university in the following year, without having taken a degree, on being appointed a *précis* writer in the Foreign Office under his cousin; and in the same year he accompanied Mr. Merry as secretary on his embassy to Denmark and Sweden. In 1808 he was despatched as secretary to Sir Robert Adair's special mission to the Dardanelles, for the purpose of negotiating terms of peace between England and the Porte, which had been forcibly interrupted in 1807; an object which was eventually accomplished by the treaty signed January 5, 1809. These negotiations were secretly opposed by both France and Russia; but the Sultan Mohammed remained firm to the interests of Britain. In the following April Mr. Canning was made secretary of legation at the Porte, and on the recall of Sir Robert Adair in 1810 was accredited minister plenipotentiary at that court. This important post he retained till 1812, when he returned to England and took the degree of M. A. by royal letters at King's College, Cambridge. In 1814 he was appointed envoy to Switzerland, and assisted in the formation of

the Treaty of Alliance between the nineteen cantons, which eventually became the basis of their federal compact. In 1820 having been sworn a member of his majesty's Privy Council, he was accredited as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States, and remained at Washington for three years; during which time he had an opportunity of obtaining correct knowledge of the details of the various questions which had been left for future adjustment between the two governments by the treaty of Ghent. At the end of 1824, Mr. Stratford Canning was sent to St. Petersburg on a special mission, having reference to the Greek troubles, and another also to the Emperor of Austria. After accomplishing the duties of these missions he proceeded to Constantinople, having been appointed ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to that court on the 10th of October, 1825. Here he lost no occasion of negotiating with the sultan in favor of the Greek nation, whose heroic exertions and horrible sufferings had engaged alike the admiration and sympathy of men of all nations and of all parties; but his appeals were unfortunately without avail. The obdurate sultan could pardon, but would not treat with men whom he looked upon as his slaves. Under these circumstances, the three powers—England, France, and Russia—determined upon concerting more effectually for terminating a condition of things which had become a scandal to all Europe. In 1827 Mr. Canning returned to England for a time, and in the July of that year was signed the treaty of London, by which the three powers agreed to tender to the Sublime Porte their mediating offices towards putting an end to the internal war and establishing the relations which ought to exist between Turkey and the people of Greece, and in event of such mediation being rejected, to interfere by force in the matter. The reply of the Porte was a refusal, and was immediately followed by active measures of coercion. The battle of Navarino, on the policy of which so much discussion and debate has taken place, was fought in September 1827, and the allied powers resolved to take the Greek nation under their protection, and consulted on the

propriety and means of establishing it as an independent state. Mr. Canning, on the part of the British government, took an active share in the inquiries and deliberations necessary towards this result. In 1829 he had conferred upon him the distinction of a Civil Knight Grand Cross of the Bath for these and former diplomatic services. He had been already elected for the borough of Old Sarum, and shortly afterwards was chosen to represent the since disfranchised constituency of Stockbridge, Hants. In October 1831 he was again despatched on a special mission to the Ottoman Porte, for the purpose of treating upon and defining the future boundaries of the kingdom of Greece, which were eventually settled according to his recommendations in 1829. The result was another treaty signed at London, on May 7th, 1832, between the same three powers, and ratified by Bavaria on the 27th of the same month, upon the basis of which Prince Otho of Bavaria accepted and ascended the throne of Greece. In the same year Sir Stratford Canning was deputed upon a special mission to the courts of Madrid and Lisbon, the latter of which however he did not visit. In December 1834 he was again elected to Parliament, this time for King's Lynn, Norfolk, which he continued to represent down to the month of January 1842. In 1836 and again in 1841 the ministry of Lord Melbourne offered to him, though politically opposed to them, the governorship-general of Canada, the acceptance of which however he declined. Towards the close of the year 1841 he was appointed a third time as ambassador at Constantinople, in succession to the late Lord Ponsonby: this post he has held under each successive ministry down to 1857. In April 1852 he was elevated to the peerage as Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, a title which he chose to mark his paternal descent from William Cannynge, the "pious founder of the Church of St. Marye Redclyffe," at Bristol.

The policy of Lord Stratford in Turkey has been manly and consistent. Considering the integrity of the Ottoman power to be essential to the permanent relations of Europe, he gave a firm support to the independent policy of the Porte, against the attacks and machinations of Russia.

Shrewd to detect the schemes of that government, he met them when discovered with a bold and resolute front. In the dispute between the Porte and the Court of Russia, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe gave to the Porte the full extent of the moral support at his command, without compromising his government beyond the point to which his instructions warranted him. When, in May, 1854, the Foreign Secretary of the Porte consulted him, in common with the representatives of France and Austria, in reference to the ultimatum of Prince Menzikoff, the reply was one leaving the Ottoman government free to adopt and declare its own line of policy; but that line of policy being once adopted, and announced to the British ambassador, the latter did not hesitate to express his approval of it and to promise the friendly offices of his government. Independently of the more important political questions bearing upon European relations, to which Lord Stratford has never been blind, and of the part which he has taken in transactions connected therewith, too numerous for us to mention, there have been very many occasions on which he has been the means of promoting the ends of humanity, religious freedom and intellectual progress. Owing to his successful representations, the infliction of torture was prohibited in the Turkish dominions; to him is due the abolition of the penalty of death, formerly inflicted upon renegades—that is, Christians who, having embraced the Mohammedan belief, reverted to Christianity; also the appointment of the mixed courts for the trial of civil and criminal causes in which Europeans are concerned, and the reception therein of the testimony of Christians upon an equal footing with that of Mohammedans; he likewise procured, in 1845, a firman for the establishment of the first Protestant chapel in the British Consulate at Jerusalem; and in 1853 another firman, establishing the religious and political freedom of all descriptions of Protestants throughout the Turkish empire—for which he has received memorials of thanks from the representatives of various bodies of Protestants. To scientific discovery Lord Stratford has always lent his valuable aid. In 1845, when Mr. Layard could not find a govern-

ment, or scientific body, or public, to second his aspirations for the discovery of ancient Nineveh, Lord Stratford authorised and enabled him, at his own risk and expense, to proceed upon his researches. In 1847, those interesting relics, the Budrum marbles—being, as supposed, the remains of the mausoleum erected at Halicarnassus, by Artemisia, queen of Caria, to her husband, Mausolus—were obtained by Lord Stratford, by firman from the Porte, and presented by him to the British Museum.

We only add what of thanks and gratitude are due to his Lordship from the friends of Missions and especially the friends of Missionaries of the American Board at Constantinople, for his very efficient protection and kindness to them extended through many years, which, perhaps no one else could have so effectually performed.

The services rendered by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to the cause of religious liberty in Turkey, have linked his name imperishably with the names of the great benefactors of mankind. Confining himself within the sphere of his just influence, in view of the relations subsisting between the English and Turkish governments, he was ever ready to make that influence felt in behalf of the persecuted of whatever religious faith, when the rights of conscience were assailed in their persons. In 1843, by a decided and firm course of action, in which he was happily sustained by his own government, and aided by the representatives of other Christian powers, he was enabled to gain a pledge, in the Sultan's autograph, for the non-application of the law making apostasy from Mohammedanism a capital crime, to Moslems who had once been Christians, and returned to the profession of Christianity. This was a step of immense difficulty and the greatest importance, as setting aside, in a large class of cases, an express injunction of the Koran, which is the statute-book of Mohammedan civil and ecclesiastical law, and implying as a consequence the abrogation of religious intolerance.

On the ground of the understood meaning of that guarantee, Lord Stratford interposed his good offices for protection to Jews, Roman Catholics, and

other religionists, in instances of outrage against such, which were made known to him. But it was more frequently in behalf of converts to Protestantism from among the Armenians that his kind offices were sought. To the American Missionaries, whose discretion, prudence and forbearance as well as zeal in their work, he publicly acknowledged, he gave ready access, although the details of the many cases of grievous persecution which they were obliged to present, made large demands on his fully occupied time; and he pleaded for the oppressed for conscience's sake with a dignity, patience, and perseverance, which the fraud and chicanery of the persecutors, and the frequent ill-will of the Turkish officials, could not withstand. In the end, his efforts resulted in the formal recognition of the right of such native Protestants to protection, and enabled Lord Cowley to secure for them in 1847, during Lord Stratford's brief absence from Turkey, an official decree placing them on the same footing before the law with all other Christian subjects of the Porte.

But the crowning glory of Lord de Redcliffe's diplomatic career is in the stipulations of the remarkable document called the *Hatti Sherif* or *Hatti Humayoun*, obtained chiefly by his instrumentality, and given by the Sultan as a Magna Charta to his people at the close of the war with Russia in the beginning of 1856. Its most important article is in the following words: "As all forms of religion are and shall be freely professed in my dominions, no subject of my empire shall be hindered in the exercise of the religion that he professes, nor shall be in any way annoyed on this account. No one shall be under restraint in respect to changing his religion."

This was, and was understood to be, a direct annulment of the law forbidding apostasy from Mohammedanism, and a pledge of the most entire religious freedom for all classes of the population. A change so fundamental, and so at war with oriental fanatical bigotry, Mohammedan, Christian, and Jewish, can be but imperfectly carried out with the best intentions of the supreme government; but during the life of the late sovereign, this guarantee was carried into effect with a good degree of fidelity, at least in



the capital and its vicinity. Converts from Mohammedanism have been baptized, and dwelt in safety, where but a few years ago they would have been beheaded. Recently a reactionary policy has been inaugurated; the attempts to crush Protestantism not going however beyond temporary imprisonments and exile at the capitol. In the interior and Syria lawless violence and the secret action of unprincipled or bigoted officials have, as there is reason to believe, taken the lives of several Moslem converts to Christianity. This sad change has arisen from the fact that the British government is now represented at Constantinople, by Sir Henry Bulwer instead of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The Palmerston Ministry have the grave question to determine whether the grandly beneficent fruits of the latter's diplomacy shall be sacrificed or preserved.

This is but a brief and imperfect outline of his Lordship's very useful and brilliant public life, which is still prolonged. He resigned his embassy in May, 1858, and retired on his pension. He was sent on a special mission to take leave of the Sultan, in September, 1858. He was chairman of the jury of works in precious metals and their imitations, and jewelry, in the International Exhibition of 1862, and still continues an active and honored member of the English House of Lords at the present time.

Bentley's Miscellany.

#### A PETTICOAT INTRIGUE.

A PERIOD of the last century bears in history the name of the period of the Adventurers. It comprises the epoch when Elizabeth of Parma, Princess Orsini, Alberoni, Ripperda, and people of a similar stamp, kept the world in suspense, and made far more important changes in the map of Europe than in our age can be effected with far greater resources. The whole of the last century continued to work with adventurous means. Through annoyance at the paltry intrigues which were drawn round his policy like spider-webs, until he cut them with his sword; Frederick the Great christened his enemies Petticoats and numbered them Cotillon I. II. and III. When

Cotillon I. (Maria Theresa) had succeeded in winning over Cotillon II. (Elizabeth of Russia) and Cotillon III. (Madame de Pompadour), the great king of Prussia was driven to the very brink of the abyss.

Kaunitz was sent to Paris, in order to gain over the French court for an Austrian alliance. The clever diplomatist ostensibly ignored politics entirely, formed the acquaintance of *beaux esprits* and artists, and constantly kept himself before the public in one way or the other. He was imperceptibly conveyed by the little waves of gossip to the throne, and then he began his game, which consisted in nothing less than doing homage to the Pompadour in the way she liked best, and amusing the wearied king better than any one else could do it. One fine day, however, it happened that he was as little heeded as if he were living in a Trappist monastery or among the Otaheitans. A delicious mystery, a Russian woman of marvelous beauty, occupied the court and the king more especially. She seemed to have come to the world's capital, in order to live there more solitary than on a steppe of Southern Russia. She occupied a ruined castle in the neighborhood of Paris, which had been magnificently fitted up for her, but to which no one was admitted. At times a wild team of Russian horses flew through the Champs Elysées, or a tall lady appeared at a masked ball, so disguised that little was visible of her beyond her eyes, which discharged from behind her velvet mask glances like death's arrows. When Richelieu had reported, in a hunt in the forest of Sénart, the little he knew about the Russian, the king was inflamed with curiosity to learn more. From this time the favorite, only accompanied by one servant, rode daily round the mysterious castle, but could discover nothing. A charcoal-burner in the adjoining forest had once been led into the castle, foreign-looking men conveyed him through the forest with bandaged eyes, and it seemed to him as if he went downwards and passed through hollow, damp passages. His bandage was removed in a turret-shaped vault. He was asked whether he would remain in the lady's service, but he shuddered at the gloomy, damp spot, and returned to daylight by the

same route. The charcoal-burner, however, was unable to tell Richelieu where the entrance to the castle was; he merely pointed to the ground, and seemed to wish the duke to understand that a secret subterranean passage led into the building. Richelieu at length formed a resolution to watch the castle from one sunset to the next. In the forest he gave his horse to his servant, and sent him away. The duke waited for nightfall at the charcoal-burner's fire.

The full moon favored the adventure. At about midnight it emerged from the clouds, and threw a pale shimmer over the grey walls and towers of the building. The duke took a burning log from the charcoal-burner's fire, and lighted himself by its means through the forest. Then he threw it away, and ascended the gentle elevation to the building. Everything was silent in the castle. A few stones stood out from the wall, and Richelieu attempted to clamber up them, but did not get very high. Whenever the attempt failed, however, he repeated it, until a merry laugh rang out above his head. He looked up in surprise, and saw a dark form bending down towards him; the duke laid hand on his sword. "Leave your weapon in its sheath, and go to bed yourself," a rich, wonderful woman's voice cried to him; "here there are no victories to be gained, either in the battle-field, in a duel, or in a boudoir; so go to bed. Go to bed, Richelieu."

Days passed away, and the delicious enigma was not solved. The mysterious chateau of the Russian lady extended in gloomy monotony over the larger portion of a slight elevation, at the base of which lay a dry sandy plain. In the direction of Paris it was bounded by a thick wood close at hand, but on all the others, and at a greater distance, by farms and villages. The road which formerly led to the majestic edifice now ran into a deep swampy rut. No sound of a carriage, no mark of a hoof or a foot, now showed it to be a human track. The bushes, which advanced beyond the forest, as it were like videttes, shook with amazement in the spring breeze when two horsemen emerged in the morning light and tried to reach the old road. Was here war in the land, a garrison in the

castle, or had a hostile camp been formed behind the forest? According to their garb, the horsemen were bearers of a flag of truce. Their clothes had a military cut, and they were armed with swords and pistols. One of them carried a large white flag, supported on the saddle-bow, while on the shoulder of the other hung the cavalry bugle of those days. From time to time he raised the massive instrument to his lips and blew a tremendous blast, while the other waved his flag simultaneously, as if to protect themselves from a hostile attack or shots.

They halted at the foot of the hill on which the castle stood. The trumpeter blew thrice, the other waved the flag thrice. Not a sound was heard in reply, no form became visible, the castle, and neighborhood remained solitary, deserted, silent as before. The horseman with the flag shook his head. The trumpet rang out again thrice. Then the flag-bearer drew a large folded paper from his breast, spread out a species of gigantic proclamation on his horse's neck, and read aloud a declaration of war in the most tender verses. In the name of the Duke de Richelieu and seventeen other cavaliers, whom he solemnly rehearsed, he declared war afloat and ashore against the goddess of Love, who had descended from Olympus, and held her court in this mysterious castle, until she hoisted the white flag, or made the duke and his allies her prisoners. After this the horsemen galloped round the castle, and blew their horn, and read the declaration from the four cardinal points of the compass. Everything remained silent, however. The flag-bearer, greatly annoyed, turned his horse and galloped back to Paris, followed by the trumpeter.

After sunset a troop of horsemen were encamped on the skirt of the forest, looking towards Paris. They were young gentlemen belonging to the court and garde of Louis XV., all splendidly dressed, armed with swords and pistols, and wearing bright red scarfs as a badge of recognition. Some were engaged in dragging withered branches, brushwood, and even whole saplings to a huge fire; while others were unloading a mule, on whose back all the dainties of a French vivandière tent were packed. A cask was speedily rolled up and tapped, and

the filled glasses were clinked together amid singing and toasts. Others still arrived singly, and were greeted with cries of joy. They dismounted and attached their horses to some branch. A young lieutenant, the Marquis de Chauvelin, amused the company by counting them over whenever a new comer arrived. At length he arrived at the result that they were all present, except their leader, the Duke de Richelieu. It had grown almost dark, and only a few stars stood in the heavens, when two horsemen slowly approached the bivouac fire from the direction of Paris. No sooner did Chauvelin notice them, than he alarmed the whole troop. "Two horsemen!" he cried; "that is contrary to the agreement. The number is full; it is not the duke, for he will come alone." He quickly leaped into his saddle and galloped to meet them. When twenty paces distant he pulled up his horse, cocked a pistol, and challenged them. A loud laugh from Richelieu answered his manoeuvre. Chauvelin bowed politely. "Are you assembled?" the duke asked. The officer bowed. "We are only waiting for you to begin the campaign. But who is your friend?" he asked, pointing to the duke's companion. "The man with the iron mask," Richelieu laughingly replied.

As they rode together towards the forest, Chauvelin noticed that Richelieu's companion wore a black velvet mask. With this exception, there was nothing remarkable about his appearance. He seemed a powerful man, and was dressed in an elegant black suit and horseman's boots. On his black hat was a bright red bow, and he wore the scarf distinguishing the whole troop. When they approached the fire, he kept behind and a little apart, while Richelieu dashed up, accompanied by Chauvelin. The cavaliers surrounded the duke with shouts, lifted him off his horse, carried him in their arms with a wild laughing tumult round the fire, and seated him on the wine cask.

"First a glass of wine," Richelieu cried, "and then the war-subordination commences." He emptied the glass which one of the gentlemen handed him, had it filled again, and carried it to the man in the mask. The latter, however,

declined it, and the duke, consequently, emptied it himself. The cavaliers in the meanwhile, were gazing with some curiosity at the mysterious horseman, but Richelieu allowed them no time to do so. "To horse!" he commanded. In an instant the troop were mounted, and drew up in two lines. "Count Tourville," the duke said, "you will form an advanced post with two gentlemen. You will ride round the castle and signal to us whatever may happen. Prince Conti, you will post yourself with another gentleman on the skirt of the forest, and cover our rear; and now, gentlemen, forwards!"

Tourville galloped ahead with his companions and carried out the duke's commands. Richelieu, who had again been joined by the mysterious horseman, placed himself at the head of the main body, and led it against the castle, while Conti followed slowly and stopped in observation on the forest edge. Richelieu was just riding round the swamp into which the road ran, when Tourville came back at a gallop.

"They are stirring on the walls," he shouted. "Men are running up and down; it will be earnest."

The duke waved his hat joyfully.

"All the better! the adventure is perfect. To your post, Tourville," he commanded.

The count returned, and the duke shouted, "Dismount!" The cavaliers leaped from their steeds and fastened them to the willows which spread out their withered branches over the swamp. "Forwards!"

They crept up the mound to the castle, Richelieu and the man with the mask in front, the rest in open order. Suddenly the sound of a galloping horse was heard, and Tourville dashed up. "Duke," he cried, "this is getting beyond a joke; they are mounting guns on the walls."

"Back!" Richelieu commanded. The cavaliers hurried to the hollow, where they were hidden from the castle, and collected again near the willows. "They have artillery," Tourville repeated.

"Nonsense! they will not fire upon harmless revellers," Chauvelin objected.

"They take us for robbers," Tourville was of opinion.

"Supposing they fire?" others shout-

ed; and the cry of "A flag of truce!" was repeated on all sides.

"Advance, trumpeter!" the duke said. "I will read the declaration of war once again."

Accompanied by the trumpeter, he hurried up the hill; on the walls he now distinctly saw the outlines of human forms planting guns, and pointing them down the hill. At the foot of the walls the trumpet was blown thrice, and the declaration of war read, but Richelieu received no answer, and the spectral, menacing movement on the walls continued. The duke returned to his band. "What is to be done?" he asked. "I expect she is not in the castle, and her besotted serfs will blow us away with their guns like summer flies."

"To horse!" some shouted; "let us return to Paris." Others caught hold of their reins. In the midst of the tumult Richelieu's voice could be heard:

"We will not fly! Shall the nobles of France be intimidated by a couple of cannon? We are here, so let us advance."

"Victory or death!" shouted Chauvelin. And the cavaliers burst into a peal of laughter. The enthusiastic lieutenant turned away at this insult, and sharpened his sword-blade on the sole of his boot. After the duke had attempted in vain to make the man in the mask retire, he asked whether the pistols were loaded. "As you ordered," said Chauvelin, "one with bullet, the other blank."

"Very good, now advance!"

The cavaliers crept up the hill, covered by bushes and hollows in the ground, as far as possible. Presently they stopped, and Chauvelin alone crawled along the ground. He reached the wall, and climbed up unnoticed, by putting his feet and hands into holes where stones had fallen out. When near the embrasure, he produced a rope-ladder, fastened it to a projecting stone, and let it fall down. At the same instant, Richelieu leaped up and waved his sword. The cavaliers did the same, and rushed toward the castle with the shout of "Notre Dame!" This was the moment when they expected to be received with a salvo, but the castle guns were silent. The cavaliers reached the wall; some climbed

up the rope-ladder, while others tried to ascend by the help of the holes. The head of Richelieu, Chauvelin, and the man in the mask were already raised above the parapet, when there was a flash from the castle keep; Bengal lights blazed along the walls, and lit up the country for a long distance. Masked men filled the bastion; the guns were rolled up to the embrasure, and just as Richelieu stood on the wall and set a foot on the nearest gun, a full salvo was discharged at the assailants. A wild cry from the wounded and the dead, as it seemed, rang through the air. Then came noisy shouts of laughter, and then again a yell from dripping-wet, splashing, half-drowned men—not bullets, but dense streams of icy water from upwards of a dozen immense fire-engines received the cavaliers, and produced a really annihilating effect upon them. Here flew away a hat, there a sword; one fell off a ladder, and carried two others with him. In vain did Richelieu and Chauvelin attack the engine-men with the flat of their swords—in vain did the man in the mask leap on a captured gun and try to defend it against the garrison. Others advanced with hand-squirts, and completed the victory by their musketry fire.

The cavaliers fled, laughing, cursing, and yelling. Those who had scaled the wall were compelled to follow, if they did not wish to be captured. They rushed, followed by the salvos of the engines, down the hill to the hollow, where they arrived dripping and shivering. "There is nothing to be done," shouted the duke, "but to blow a retreat." The trumpet rang out, every one tried to gain his saddle, while peals of laughter rang from the walls. Tourville and Conti joined the dripping army, and, followed for a long distance by the laughter of the victors, they galloped back to Paris.

On the morning after the unsuccessful attack on the mysterious castle, the Duke de Richelieu appeared in the king's antechamber, and was not admitted. This had never happened to him before. He asked almost violently for the reason, and the chamberlain on duty declared, with a shrug of the shoulders, that his majesty was very poorly. Richelieu was obliged to content himself with this.



But on the following day, too, the king's door was closed against him. He appeared to yield to his fate, and the report was soon spread that the duke was ill. A court gentleman called twice a day to inquire into his health, and at last the king expressed a wish to see him. On the next day the duke had quite recovered, and when he appeared at Versailles the pages hastened to open the doors of the royal apartments to him.

"Well, what is the matter with you?" Louis XV. cried to him, as he entered.

"Well, what is the matter with you, sire?" Richelieu asked, as he gazed at the king in amazement.

Louis was seated in an arm-chair in a costly dressing-gown of Oriental fabric, with thick silk handkerchiefs bound round his neck and head. It produced the impression of an old woman rather than of a king of France, the ally of the great Frederick.

"There—there," the king said, in a sort of hoarse chant—"it strikes there." And he pointed to his head, neck, and chest.

"What, sire?"

"The cold; do you not hear it?" He tried several times to cough violently while looking at the duke, and shaking his head sadly. "Yes, yes"—here he wrapped himself up still more tightly in his dressing-gown, and continued, in a complaining voice—"that is what I got by following you. You are the seducer, and I am the victim." And here the king coughed again violently.

"Sire," the duke answered, "we are

all the victims of the fire-engines. In the halls of Versailles, on guard, on the parade ground, everybody is coughing. Everybody is hoarse, and the young gentlemen call the illness the Russian cough."

"Not bad," said Louis XV. "But what good is it to me? I am utterly destroyed for several weeks; I must keep my room, and I am ennuyé. I did not wish to see you. Kaunitz is ill, the marquise is ill; and do you know why, Richelieu? She wishes to punish me for my adventure. My condition betrayed me. Now she believes more than did happen, or was intended to happen. She behaves as if she had detected me in an infidelity."

"You were not very far from it either."

The king had a tremendous fit of coughing, and wrung his hands with a glance at Heaven. "Mon Dieu! I unfaithful!" he cried, as loudly as if he knew the marquise was listening at the door. "But the scandalous cold. I tremble with fury when I think that millions are going about who have no cold, and that all the trouble was in vain. Oh! the world is growing worse daily; the men are suffering from colds in the head, and the women from virtue."

The adventure, however, was fated to cost France more than a royal cold. The Russian lady was an agent of her empress, and, recommended in this strange way, she carried through, with Kaunitz's assistance, the alliance of the three "petticoats" against Frederick the Great.

## POETRY.

### THOR AT THE BRIDGE.

In old Norse legend have I heard  
How Odin, with his sons and daughters,  
Set out to seek the Fount of Urd,\*  
And drink its pure, life-giving waters.

The highest of earth's hills, whose crest  
Is lost in clouds, they quick ascended;  
The rainbow on its height doth rest,—  
That wondrous Bridge, in air suspended.

A stately mansion, fair and bright,

\* "This water is so holy that everything placed in the spring becomes as white as the film within an egg-shell."—*The Prose Edda*.

Stands on the summit of the mountain,  
Here the god Heimdall dwells, the White,†  
To keep the way unto the Fountain.

Heimdall, whose piercing eye can see  
A hundred miles, the gods' wise Warder,  
The gateway opens instantly;  
He bids them pass the Bridge in order.

† "Heimdall, the White God," "is the warder of the gods, and is placed on the borders of heaven, to prevent the giants from forcing their way over the bridge. He requires less sleep than a bird, and sees by night as well as by day, a hundred miles around him. So acute is his ear that he can hear the grass growing on the earth, and the wool on a sheep's back."—*Ibid*.

He bids them enter, one by one,  
The youngest first, then all the others,  
Until at last remains alone  
The first and strongest of the brothers.

Thor now his giant foot would fain  
Set on the Bridge—that glittering wonder!  
But Heimdall waves him back again;  
“Tarry, thou lover of the thunder.

“The Bridge Bifrost was never made  
For you; that jewelled pavement faery  
Is for the weak; without its aid  
Your strength can ford the abysses æry.”

Black grew his brow at Heimdall’s word;  
“Am I, of Odin’s seed, I only,  
Forbid to taste the Fount of Urd?  
Shut out from life? left sad and lonely?”

“Nay,” then replied wise Heimdall; “nay;  
See yonder River-clouds that darken!  
Their names are Kormt and Ermt; the way  
Lies straight through them, if thou wilt hearken.”

Now gazed great Thor, first on the black  
Cold River-clouds before him spreading.  
Then, longing, lingering, turns he back  
To the fair Bridge the rest are treading.

“The eldest I”—his musings run—  
“Therefore forbid the flowery portal;  
Unfair! and Odin’s eldest son  
Renounces this your life immortal.”

Then Odin spake; “Son Thor,” quoth he,  
“Why linger longer on the mountain?  
The Bridge for us, the Clouds for thee,  
But both alike lead to the Fountain.

“What matter, when the goal is ours,  
Whether ’twas reached through Bridge or River?  
Through Bifrost’s magic path of flowers,  
Or Kormt and Ermt, with fierce endeavor?”

Then turned he from the Bridge, no more  
He thought, he wavered now no longer,  
Waist-deep into the clouds plunged Thor,  
Intent to prove himself the stronger.

Beneath, firm-footing found his feet,  
He breasts the tide with ne’er a shiver,  
Blue shone the sky on no defeat,—  
He won the Fountain thro’ the River!

Oh, thou whose life may little know  
Of summer sunshine or of flowers,  
Unmurm’ring, stem the tide of woe!  
Fight bravely through the black storm showers!

Birth-right of Elder son be thine!  
“The burden heavier, pathway longer;  
What! would’st refuse it? dar’st repine?  
—For this has thou been made the stronger.  
—Good Words. C. P.

#### THE OLD LETTER.

I BURNED the others, one by one; but my cour-  
age failed at last,

And I snatched this, scorched and yellow, where  
the fire’s breath had passed.  
I could not let it lie there, for it turned like a  
thing in pain;  
And I love it for the old time’s sake, that never  
come again.

They used to call me beautiful; I had nothing  
else beside.  
There was none more great or wise than he in all  
the world wide;  
And it’s still a sort of pleasure—very mournful  
though it be—  
To know he once could think such thoughts, and  
write such words of me.

But my poor beauty faded; ’twas the only thing I  
had.  
I was always weak and foolish, and my whole life  
grew sad,  
For the cruel blighting fever left me pitiful to see  
(Oh, it’s true that ‘Beauty’s fleeting!’), and my  
Love no more loved me.

I’d have loved him all the more for that or any  
grief beside;  
But then he was so different. Oh, if I had only  
died!  
And yet how can I wish him to have suffered in  
my stead?  
I think it would have grieved him then to hear  
that I was dead.

I have nothing to forgive him; still, he very soon  
forgot.  
Men have much to do and think of, that we girls  
have not.  
A man has little thought to spare for his own  
chosen wife;  
Women’s minds are very narrow, and a girl’s love  
is her life.

They say I should forget him, but I can not if I  
would,  
For since my beauty left me, I have tried hard to  
be good;  
And his name is always on my lips, when I pray  
to God above—  
Oh, surely I may pray for one I can never cease  
to love!

I was never fit to be his wife, even when my face  
was fair;  
But every one may pray to Heaven; we are all  
equal there.  
And God, in His great mercy, will not pass my  
prayers by.  
I have one thing left to live for—to pray for him  
till I die.

—Chamber’s Journal.

#### THE GLOVE.

SINCE you have asked, I needs but tell the history  
Of how I gained you pearly little glove:  
Alas! it is the key to no soft mystery,  
Nor gage of tourney in the lists of love.

’Twas thus I found it,—through the city’s bustle  
I wandered one still autumn eve, alone:

A tall slight form brushed by with silken rustle,  
And passed into a carriage, and was gone.

One glance I had, in that I caught the gleaming  
Of violet eyes, o'er which the rippling tress  
Glanced gold,—a face like those we see in dream-  
ing,  
As perfect in its shadowy loveliness.

And so she passed, a glorious light about her  
Clothed, like a summer-dawn, in silver-gray,  
And left the crowded street as dark without her  
As winter skies whose moon has passed away.

This little gauntlet which her hand was clasping,  
Fell from her as she reached the carriage door,  
And floated down, as flutters from the aspen  
Some trembling leaflet whose brief day is o'er.

And I,—I found it on the pavement lying,  
Pale as the marble Venus-missing hand,  
Or some small flake of foam which Ocean, flying,  
Leaves in a furrow of the moistened sand.

She was so like some queen of the ideal—  
With that bright bow, those soft eyes' shadowy  
gleam—  
I fain would keep this pledge to prove her real,  
To mark her difference from an airy-dream.

And though her glove has unto me been donor  
Of much sweet thought, yet I can think it well  
That she should know as little of its owner  
As I of her from whose fair hand it fell.

Why should I drag her from her high position,  
Her niche above this work-day world's long  
reach?

Hardly a fact, nor wholly yet a vision,  
She joins for me the better parts of each.

#### • A WOMAN'S NO.

I said my love was deep and true;  
She only answered with a jest,  
A mocking word, a smile at best,  
As one who nought of passion knew.

How earnestly I tried to plead!  
Her eyes roved idly here and there,  
Her fingers toyed with chain or hair,  
She scarcely seemed my words to heed.

At last I said, "then is it so?  
My darling, must I go away?  
Have you no word of hope to say?"  
She answered firmly, proudly, "No!"

I turned to go and leave her free;  
When on my arm a hand was laid,  
And in my ear a whisper said,  
"I love you; oh, come back to me!"

—Temple Bar.

#### PASSING AWAY.

O River of Time! how ceaselessly  
Thou flowest on the boundless sea!  
Whether upon the sunny tide

The sweet Spring blossoms drop and glide,  
Or whether the dreary snow-flakes only  
Fall in the winter cold and lonely—  
Whether we wake or whether we sleep,  
Thou hastest on to Eternity's deep.

'Twas long ago, in my life's sweet May,  
My childhood silently floated away;  
I hear the noon-bells distinctly chime,  
And youth glides by on the stream of time.  
My days, though sunny or overcast,  
Are stealing away to the changeless past;  
But I mark their flight with a smile of cheer,  
And not with a sigh or falling tear.

So often, so sadly, the people say,  
"Passing away! still passing away!"  
That the words have borrowed a pensive tone  
And a shade of sadness not their own;  
And I fain would reclaim their notes again  
From their minor key on the lips of men,  
And make the refrain of my gladdest lay,  
"Passing away! ever passing away!"

For what is the transient? and what will last?  
What maketh its grave in the growing past?  
And what lives on in the deathless spheres,  
Where nought corrupts by the rust of years?  
Does Time, who gathers our fairest flowers,  
Destroy no weeds in this world of ours?  
What rises victorious o'er dull decay?  
And what is that which is passing away?

Our time is flying. The years sweep by  
Like flitting clouds in a breezy sky.  
But time is a drop of the boundless sea  
Of an infinite eternity.  
As our seas are spanned by arching skies,  
'Neath the presence of God that ocean lies,  
And though the tides may fall in life's shallow  
bay,  
Eternity's deep is not ebbing away.

#### MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

'My mother's grave, my mother's grave!  
Oh! dreamless is her slumber there,  
And drowsily the banners wave  
O'er her that was so chaste and fair:  
Yea! love is dead, and memory faded!  
But when the dew is on the brake,  
And silence sleeps on earth and sea,  
And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,  
Oh! then she cometh back to me,  
In her cold beauty darkly shaded!

'I cannot guess her face or form;  
But what to me is form or face?  
I do not ask the weary worm  
To give me back each buried grace  
Of glistening eyes, or trailing tresses!  
I only feel that she is here,  
And that we meet, and that we part;  
And that I drink within mine ear,  
And that I clasp around my heart,  
Her sweet still voice, and soft carresses!

'Not in the waking thought by day,  
Not in the sightless dream by night,  
Do the mild tones and glances play,  
Of her who was my cradle's light!

But in some twilight of calm weather  
She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,  
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,  
With all the quiet of a thought,  
And all the passion of a dream,  
Linked in a golden spell together.

W. M. FRAED.

### ENIGMA.

'A Templar kneeled at a friars knee;  
He was a comely youth to see,  
With curling locks, and forehead high,  
And flushing cheek, and flashing eye:  
And the Monk was as jolly and large a man  
As ever laid lip to a convent can  
Or called for a contribution,  
As ever read at midnight hour  
Confessional in lady's bower,  
Ordained for a peasant the penance whip,  
Or spoke for a noble's venial slip  
A venal absolution.

'O Father! in the dim twilight  
I have sinned a grievous sin to-night;  
And I feel hot pain e'en now begun  
For the fearful murder I have done.

'I rent my victim's coat of green,  
I pierced his neck with my dagger keen;  
The red stream mantled high:  
I grasped him, Father, all the while,  
With shaking hand, and feverish smile,  
And said my jest, and sang my song,  
And laughed my laughter, loud and long,  
Until his glass was dry!

'Though he was rich, and very old,  
I did not touch a grain of gold,  
But the blood I drank from the bubbling vein  
Hath left on my lip a purple stain!"

'My son! my son! for this thou hast done,  
Though the sands of thy life for aye should  
run,"

The merry Monk did say,  
"Though thine eye be bright, and thine  
heart be light,  
Hot spirits shall haunt thee all the night,  
Blue devils all the day!"

'The thunders of the Church were ended;  
Back on his way the Templar wended;  
But the name of him the Templar slew  
Was more than the Inquisition knew.'

### SONNET.

#### MUTABILITY.

The earth itself is mobile: through the vast  
Dim aeons of th' immeasurable past  
The tropic flamed where now the icy poles  
Front sunless space in spectral darkness ghast:  
The ocean beds to continents have grown  
Like bubbles, slowly verdure-clothed and sown  
Through each condition change with forms of life  
Progressive, bestial, semi-human souls—  
Insect and giant, multiform and rife.  
The whale once swam where the Sahara burns,

And generations rest in sightless urns  
In cities where the great Atlantic rolls:  
The sun projects the planet, and now draws  
Back to its centre, by eternal laws,  
The orb: yet man is Nature's final cause!  
—*Dublin Magazine.*

### WHEN IN OUR NURSERY GARDEN.

When in our nursery garden falls a blossom,  
And as we kiss the hand and fold the feet,  
We can not see the lamb in Abraham's bosom,  
Nor hear the footfall in the golden street.

When all is silent, neither moan nor cheering,  
The hush of hope, the end of all our cares—  
All but that harp above, beyond our hearing,  
Then most we need to trouble Him with prayers.

Then most we need the thoughts of Resurrection,  
Not the life here, 'mid pain, and sin and woe,  
But ever in the fullness of perfection  
To walk with Him in robes as white as snow.

### GRIEF IS SHORT, AND JOY IS LONG.

"Hast thou cast us off for ever?"—*Psalms lxxiv.*

When the tide of bliss is highest,  
When we closest clasp the toy  
Then the heart feels grief is highest,  
Trembles, looking on her joy;  
Singing softly, sighing sadly,  
"Joy was never made to last,  
Soon the sky shall be o'ercast,  
And the voices ringing gladly,  
And the pulses leaping madly,  
To death's stillness shall have passed."

When the flood of grief is swelling,  
Deep is calling unto deep,  
Then the soul, in darkness dwelling,  
Sits apart to wail and weep;  
Wailing always, weeping weary,  
Says, "It is perpetual sorrow,  
To-day, to-morrow, each to-morrow  
Rising on the darkness dreary,  
Setting on the evening dreary,  
Only grief from time shall borrow."

Soft! a voice is drawing nearer,  
"Sweet, my love, why lost in woe?"  
Whispering ever, whispering clearer,  
"Rise, my dove, and mourn not so;  
Smooth again thy ruffled plume  
Thou shalt sing a better song,  
Gird thy spirit and be strong;  
In the life beyond the tomb,  
In the light beyond the gloom,  
Grief is short, and joy is long."

"I am lord of land and sea,  
Hide thee underneath my shield,  
All my love is pledged to thee  
In summer's sun and harvest field;  
And my covenant thou shalt know  
Where the loving shall not sever,  
Where the storm-cloud darkens never,  
Tides will neither ebb nor flow,  
Wandering ships will never go,  
And rests the shining sea for ever."

—*Sunday Magazine.*



## BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

MR. KAYE, the author of the "History of the War in Afghanistan," has issued the first volume of a "History of the Sepoy War in India."<sup>1</sup> To us he appears admirably qualified for the task—qualified by experience and knowledge—qualified by sobriety of judgment and enlightened impartiality—qualified, finally, by ample command of material and ability to shape it into narrative vigorously written, clearly arranged, unostentatiously interesting. Of the value of the resources at his disposal an adequate idea may be formed from the fact, that the executors of Lord Canning have placed in Mr. Kaye's hands the private and demi-official correspondence of the deceased statesman, extending over the whole of his Indian administration; that Sir John Lawrence and Sir Herbert Edwardes have furnished documents for the description of the rising in the Punjab; while the family of the late Colonel Baird Smith, Sir James Outram, Sir Robert Hamilton, Mr. E. A. Reade, and the Secretary of State for India, have all aided Mr. Kaye in his arduous labors, by furnishing papers, giving personal information, or affording access to official records. Thus a trustworthy and even authoritative account of the Sepoy War is presumably before us, or rather will be before us when the work shall be completed. The first of the three volumes, in which the entire narrative will be comprised, relates the antecedents of the mutiny of the Bengal army, touches on the principal political events, and describes the social and material progress of the previous ten years; and after tracing the history of the Bengal army from its formation till the retirement of Lord Dalhousie, details the incidents of the first year of Lord Canning's government, and of the commencement of the mutiny up to the period of the outbreak at Meerut and the seizure of Delhi. The first book or division of the volume, which is introductory, relates the conquest of the Punjab and Pegu, discusses the administration of Lord Dalhousie with special reference to the right of lapse, the annexation of Oude, and what the author calls the progress of Englishism. The rise, progress, and decline of the Sepoy army are the topics of the second book; the early life and the beginning of Lord Canning's Indian administration, the Oude commission, the Persian war, and the growth of the mutiny till the final bursting of the storm, form the subject-matter of the third and last book. Of the spirit in which the work is conceived we are not long kept in doubt. "It was," says Mr. Kaye in his preface, "in the over-eager pursuit of humanity any civilization that Indian statesmen of the new school were betrayed into the excesses which have been so grievously visited upon the nation. It was the vehement self-assertion of the Englishman that produced this conflagration; it was the same vehement self-assertion that enabled him, by God's blessing, to trample it out." And he adds, "If I have any predominant theory, it is this: Because we were too English the great crisis arose; but it was only because we were English that when it arose it did not utterly overwhelm us." This theory is excellently illustrated in

the fourth chapter of the first book. In this chapter Mr. Kaye shows, or at any rate endeavors to show, that the cardinal error of English policy lay in the application of a theory, sound in the abstract, but unsuited to the genius and disposition of the people of India. This policy consisted in the systematic obliteration of the landed aristocracy. There were two processes by which the depression of the native gentry was effected—the process of settlement and the process of resumption. First, the great besom of the settlement reduced the proprietary class to ruin, and converted into bitter enemies those whom a different policy would have made the friends of the State. Under the name of Resumption Mr. Kaye includes all those operations which ensued on the failure of freeholders required after undisturbed possession for forty years to establish their title by genuine documentary evidence to make good, in this way, their right of proprietorship. These operations are characterized by Mr. Kaye as wholesale confiscation, involving the fraudulent usurper and the rightful possessor in one common ruin. Thus, in all good faith and with the most benevolent intentions, we made enemies of a large number of influential persons—nobles of royal descent, military chiefs with large bodies of retainers, ancient landholders with their feudally attached dependents; and lastly, Brahmins or priests, "who had been supported by the alienated revenue which we resumed, and who turned the power which we exercised over the minds of others to fatal account in fomenting popular discontent and instilling into the minds of the people the poison of religious fear." The antagonism of social reform and positive science to the cherished fictions and superstitions of Hindoo sacerdotalism is forcibly exhibited in pages which reflect or suggest the phenomena of a corresponding movement in Europe. Intellectual progress excited in India a new appetite for truth and beauty, and the exact sciences of the West, with their clear demonstrable facts and inevitable deductions, were putting to shame the physical errors of Hindooism. The growing enlightenment alarmed the sacerdotal mind, for it threatened the ascendancy of men to whom all the accidents and concerns of life, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, birth, sickness, marriage, death, even a future state, were sources of revenue. It tended to suppress the murder of women, infants, the sick, the aged, the unsuspecting traveler, and thus to diminish the power or the profit of the priesthood. Female education, remarriage of widows, physical science in its practical manifestations, all menaced the vested interest of the Brahmins. "That the fire-carriage on the iron road was a heavy blow to the Brahmirical priesthood is not to be doubted. The lightning-post which sent invisible letters through the air and brought back answers from incredible distances in less time than an ordinary messenger could bring them from the next street, was a still greater marvel and a still greater disturbance." The civilization of the West gave practical proof of its ability to do what Brahminism had never done, "and from that time the Hindoo hierarchy lost half its power, for the people lost half their faith." One institution, of paramount importance, was threatened by English social innovation—the great institution of Caste. The introduction of the messing system in gaols gave an

<sup>1</sup> "A History of the Sepoy War in India, 1857-1858." By John William Kaye, Author of the "History of the War in Afghanistan." In Three Vols. Vol. I. London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1864.

opening to designing men to misrepresent the policy of the government. At Shahabad, Behar, Patna, and Sarun, there were serious disturbances. Benares itself, the very nursery of Hindooism, was saved only by prudent concessions from becoming the scene of a sanguinary outbreak. All this occurred between 1845 and 1852. Hindoo misconception and discontent were reinforced by Mohammedan mendacity and curiosity, for the Moulavee was scarcely less alarmed than the Pundit by the tendency of our educational measures, and many old Mussulman families resented the resumption of the land tenures. To all these elements of discord must be added the predisposition to mutiny of the Sepoy soldier, irritated by the uncertainty which prevailed with respect to pay and allowances, secretly emboldened by concession and unable to reconcile himself to the British theory of annexation. The annexation of Oude, in particular, weakened the attachment of the Sepoy to his colors, till, finding what the revolution had cost him, he was ready to join hands with other sufferers over a common grief." In 1801 the Newab Wuzer entered into engagements with the British Government for the good administration of the provinces in question. How these engagements were violated may be learned from page 120 of Mr. Kaye's volume. A succession of rulers in Oude abandoned themselves to sensual pollution, neglected State affairs, and trafficked in place, honor, and justice; corruption, murder, extortion, outrage, and robbery were the characteristics of their reign. A crisis occurred while Lord Auckland was Governor-General of India. The new king pledged himself to sign a new treaty. This treaty provided, that in case of prolonged misrule the British Government should be entitled to appoint its own functionaries to the management of any part of the province; that there should be a new military force, commanded by British officers, but supported by the Oude Government; but the revenues of the country were not to be applied to any other purpose than that of its maintenance. This treaty, which Mr. Kaye disparages as an abortion, was often cited in later years as the Oude Treaty of 1837. It was, he says, wholly and absolutely disallowed by the Home Government—that is to say, he explains in a note, by the Secret Committee specially empowered by Act of Parliament. If this be so, it is unfortunate that Lord Auckland had too much pride to acknowledge its nullity; unfortunate that—though in 1838 the Home Government in general terms denied the existence of any treaty with the King of Oude, duly ratified and approved—the treaty, years after this date, was still held to be valid, and described as such by Colonel Sleeman in a letter to Sir James Hogg. It is still further unfortunate—if indeed we ought not to substitute throughout a stronger term—that it crept by mistake into a collection of treaties, under the auspices of an Under-Secretary. So matters stood when, in 1852, the misrule in Oude was of so fearful a description that Colonel Sleeman, who was opposed to annexation, advised the new Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, to assume the administration, but not to grasp the revenues of the country. In defiance of advice and warnings, Lord Dalhousie proposed that the King of Oude should vest all power, jurisdiction,

rights, and claims thereto belonging, in the hands of the East India Company, "and that the surplus revenues should be at the disposal of the Company." The province, however, declared British territory was, according to this scheme, not to be incorporated with the British dominions. The scheme did not in itself exclude annexation, but "the distinction without a difference" upheld by the Governor-General was overlooked by the Government at home, the Court of Directors, the Board of Control, and the British Cabinet all consenting to the annexation of Oude. The annexation of Oude accordingly took place. It was the last act of Lord Dalhousie's government. The processes of settlement and resumption now came into operation. The bad feeling engendered by the appropriation, and which in happier times might have gradually died out, was sustained and invigorated by a combination of maleficent influences. First, there was an impression that our resources were exhausted by the Crimean and by the Persian wars. Then the animosity of the ejected nobles and Brahminical party was inflamed and extended by the cartridge panic, which, in Mr. Kaye's belief, was a real motive, and by the movement under Nana Sahib, whose claim, he thinks, did not receive the consideration to which it was entitled. The account of the increasing disaffection occasioned by the greased cartridges and the bone-dust flour, and of the various outbreaks which ensued, carries the narrative down to the insurrection at Meerut, with which critical event Mr. Kaye concludes the first volume of this excellent history. The biographical notices of the Lawrences, Dalhousie, Canning, and other eminent men, in whom Mr. Kaye recognizes the existence of high, sometimes supremely high, moral and intellectual qualities, are clear, discriminating, and vividly written, and much of the expository portion of the book is valuable for its perspicuous statement and philosophical insight. In the two volumes intended to complete the work—the publication of which we shall gladly welcome—the author promises to describe the progress of the mutiny and rebellion in the North-Western provinces, the mutiny in the Punjab, the rebellion in Oude, the rising in Behar, the insurrection in the Southern Mahratta country, the siege and capture of Delhi, and the first relief of Lucknow. The third volume will comprise a narrative of the operations of the army under Sir Colin Campbell, of the recovery of Oude, of the campaign in Central India, and finally of those measures by which Lord Canning sought to restore confidence to the princes and people of India, and general prosperity to the land.—*Westminster Review*.

#### SCIENCE.

*Heat.*—Professor Tyndall has communicated to the Royal Society the results of his important researches on the invisible heat radiation of the electric light. The distribution of heat in the spectrum of the electric light was examined by means of a linear thermo-electric pile. The electric spectrum was formed by lenses and prisms of pure rock-salt, its width being equal to the length of the row of elements forming the pile. The latter standing at right angles to the length of

the spectrum was caused to pass through its various colors in succession, and to search the spaces beyond the region of color in both directions. As is in the case of the solar spectrum the heat was found to augment from the violet to the red, while the maximum heating effect was observed beyond the red. The augmentation of temperature beyond the red in the case of the electric light is sudden and enormous, being much greater than that obtained by Professor Müller for the solar spectrum. Aqueous vapor acts powerfully upon the invisible rays, and doubtless the action of this substance in our atmosphere has modified the intensity of the rays beyond the red. In the experiments now to be referred to, the rays from the electric light were converged by a small concave glass mirror silvered at the back. It was brought so near the electric light as to cast an image of the coal points five or six inches in advance of the light. A solution of iodine in bisulphide of carbon contained in a rock-salt cell was then placed in front of the lamp; the whole of the luminous rays were thereby cut off, the dark heat rays only coming to a focus.

In this focus of intense heat, in which nothing whatever is visible to the sight, what will take place if a solid body is introduced? Will the body become red or white hot; that is to say, will the long vibrations of the heat rays be exalted in refrangibility and vibrate in a quicker period? We know that rays can be lowered in refrangibility, but the possibility of rays of low refrangibility being raised higher has been denied by some physicists on theoretical grounds. The experiments of Professor Tyndall have conclusively settled the question, and proved that rays can be transmitted upwards, as well as downwards.

With an eight-inch mirror behind the electric light, the opaque solution of iodine in front, and the focus of invisible rays about six inches distant from the electric light, the following effects have been obtained:—Wood painted black, when brought into the dark focus, emits copious volumes of smoke, and is soon kindled at the two spots on which the images of the two coal points fall. A piece of brown paper placed near the focus soon shows a burning surface which spreads over a considerable space, the paper finally bursting into flame. The end of a cigar placed at the dark focus is instantly ignited. A piece of charcoal suspended in a receiver of oxygen is ignited in the dark focus and caused to burn brilliantly. A mixture of oxygen and hydrogen is exploded in the dark focus by the ignition of its envelope. Magnesium wire presented suitably to the focus, burns with its intensely luminous flame. In all these cases the effect was due in part to chemical action; this, however, may be excluded. For instance, platinized platinum in thin leaf may be rendered white hot, and on it is depicted an incandescent image of the coal points. When the points are drawn apart or caused to approach each other, their incandescent images conform to their motion. Professor Tyndall proposes that the assemblage of phenomena here described, and others to be referred to in his completed memoirs, should be expressed by the term "calorescence." This word involves no hypothesis, and it harmonizes well with the term fluorescence, now universally employed with reference to the more refrangible end of the spectrum.—*Quarterly Journal of Science.*

**Petroleum.**—The use of petroleum as steam fuel in place of coal, is attracting considerable attention. Mr. C. J. Richardson is conducting experiments at Woolwich Dockyard, with the view to test the capability of petroleum to supersede coal and other fuel on board ship. Dr. Paul has published some calculations, in which he attempts to prove that the proposed application of it is based upon erroneous impressions respecting the composition and character of petroleum as compared with coal. He starts with the statement that the oil can be so utilized that one ton is equal for steam purposes to five tons of coal. Now, the specific gravity of coal being about 1.44, while that of petroleum is from 0.80 to 0.85, the weight of a cubic foot of these materials would be respectively—coal 90lbs., and petroleum 50lbs to 53lbs. But since petroleum, being liquid, lies in a more compact manner than coal, in estimating the spaces occupied by these materials an allowance of one-third should be made for the interstices or empty spaces between the lumps of coal; so that the spaces occupied by equal weights of coal and petroleum are about as 1 is to 1.2 or 1.4. Then the relative heating-power of equal weights of coal and petroleum, depending upon their respective chemical composition, are in the following ratio:—Calorific power—coal, 1.02, petroleum, 1.50; and the spaces occupied by quantities of petroleum and of coal would be in the ratio of 1 to 1.16; a difference in favor of petroleum too small to admit of any advantage being gained in regard to stowage. The question of price, moreover, must not be left out in such discussions. Dr. Paul argues that, since the price of petroleum varies from 15*l.* to 20*l.* per ton, while that of coal used for steam-vessels varies from under 1*l.* to 3*l.* 10*s.*, the cost of equal quantities of heat produced from these materials would be, under the most favorable circumstances, as in the ratio of 15*l.* to 4*l.* In addition to this, the highly inflammable nature of petroleum must be considered. Its storage on board a ship would require the use of air-tight vessels, and even then there might be considerable risk of the production of explosive mixtures of the petroleum vapor and air. What, asks Dr. Paul, would be the condition of a vessel of war provided with petroleum as fuel if a shot penetrated the vessel containing the petroleum, and allowed it to escape in proximity to the boiler fires?

In answer to these objections of Dr. Paul, Mr. Richardson, the patentee, asserts that the relative heating-powers of petroleum and coal, as depending upon their chemical composition, is not the question; the ability of each to create steam is the real matter to be considered. Petroleum, as steam fuel, can be very nearly fully utilized; it produces no ash, submits to mechanical management, and makes little or no smoke; does not require any strong draught or current of air like coal, which will not burn without it, the consequence being that a very considerable portion of the fuel is lost, as waste heat, in the chimney. In careful experiments by Mr. Wye Williams, to ascertain the best form of boiler to obtain the greatest amount of heat from coal, he gives the temperature of the waste heat in the first experiment as 1060°; in the second, 760°; and in the third, 635°. If these are the temperatures, with a consumption of only three-and-a-half cwt. of coal

in each experiment, what would be the temperature of the waste heat in the chimney of a furnace burning from twenty to thirty tons of coals per day? We know the current is so strong that it often carries up small coal and cinders along with it; that the heated gases often take fire by a spark from the furnace, and burn at the top of the funnel with a fierceness almost equalling the flame from a blast furnace. Is this flame or waste heat employed in creating steam? And how much of the coal is utilized? In practice, Mr. Richardson says, the ratio of the heating-power of petroleum and coal is about 1.4 to 0.4. The patented grate, which burns petroleum through a porous matter, proves that one ton of petroleum does as much work as five tons of coal. If four tons out of five are saved for freight space, the price of the latter being 71. per ton, the profit on every ton of petroleum would be 141. 15s.—the coal at 15s., the petroleum at 171. per ton. But a ship-owner might not select the American crude oil at 171.; he could take the Flintshire coal oil, which is quite as good for his purpose, and costs only about 104. per ton. The average price of coal on a long voyage would be low at 24. per ton. Taking the prices and the freight at the reduced sum of 54. per ton in a ship requiring 500 tons of coal, and using instead 100 tons of petroleum, the profit by the exchange would be 2,000l. Respecting the highly dangerous inflammable nature of petroleum, Mr. Richardson considers it to be greatly exaggerated. If the oil were contained in cast-iron cases, securely closed, no vapor could escape; or if the small amount of spirit which produces the inflammable vapor was first extracted, the residue, the burning oil and heavy petroleum, would be no more dangerous than so much lard or sperm-ceti.—*Quarterly Journal of Science*.

*Electricity.*—The adaptation of electricity to the production of motive force is attracting considerable attention in France just now. MM. Bellet and Rouve are exhibiting at Versailles a small locomotive driven by electricity. This certainly merits some attention since the inventors do not seem to claim any extraordinary powers for their machine. They only propose it for carrying light weights, such as letters by an underground railway. The driving-wheel of the engine is made of copper, through which at equidistant intervals pass a series of horse-shoe electro-magnets—twenty in the whole circumference. The current is made to pass successively through these magnets, contact being made and broken by means of two discs at the axis of the wheel, the iron rail attracting these magnets causes the rotation of the wheel, and in the absence of great weight the vehicle progresses at an extraordinary speed; locomotives on this plan being asserted to be able to travel with ease on existing railways at a rapidity of 120 miles an hour. The batteries are placed at the termini to save the weight and the carriage, and the current is conveyed by insulated wires running between the rails and over a roller in the locomotive. With respect to this plan an American paper enters into some curious calculations as to what such an engine would do in the way of jumping. The velocity is 181,825 feet per

second; the square of 11th of which is 516,55, which is the height to which a body moving upward at this speed would rise. Were this electrical horse to make a turn upwards at an angle of 45°, he would describe a parabola 258 feet high and 1,032 feet long.

In connection with this subject we may mention an electric brake which has been recently under experiment on the Strasburg Railway. A system of brakes attached to any number of carriages in a train is brought into operation by interrupting an electric current by means of a little apparatus attached to the tender, and thus under the control of the driver. When contact is made, and the current is established again, the brakes cease to act. Connected with this is an arrangement by which the guard and even the passengers can communicate with the engine-driver. The experiments made showed that all the contrivances were perfectly effective, trains going at great speed being brought to rest in a distance of 250 to 300 metres, instead of from 1,200 to 1,500 as by the usual system of brakes.

With an improved method of pointing pins and needles, we will conclude our chronicles of physics for this quarter. It is known that if the two electrodes of copper, iron, or steel, are set vertically in acidulated water, and reaching nearly to each other, the positive very quickly becomes pointed. The experiment can of course be made by making the positive pole of a number of wires, and carefully regulating the negative pole. Two or three Bunsen's cells only are required to do the work. Considering the diseases which arise from pointing pins and needles in the usual way, this method, which is a discovery of M. Cauderay, certainly deserves attention, although some supplementary polishing would seem to be inevitably required.—*Ibid*.

*Royal and Imperial Honors.*—The author of the fine Epic poem, "Pelayo," of the "Olden Moorish Times," Mrs. E. T. Porter Beach, of New York, received from the Empress of France, a gold Medal of rare beauty and value, a year since, and quite recently, as we learn, has received from the Queen of Spain a golden Bracelet, massive, elaborately wrought, richly enameled, gemed with a large Oriental topaz of rare lustre and value, on the centre of which is the cipher of her Majesty set in diamonds—at the top of this stone, a crown of diamonds, on either side and at its base pure pearls of great size. The bracelet contains sixty-three diamonds, and was accompanied by complimentary letters from the Spanish Minister, and the American Charge d' Affairs, who expressed his special gratification for the royal honor paid to his gifted country woman. As the Empress and Queen of Spain are both natives of that country, they both express their high gratification on the perusal of this fine poem so rich in its historic allusions to Spanish scenes and incidents, in Moorish annals. The private Secretary of her Majesty was commanded by the Queen to express in her royal name her great pleasure in "Pelayo," as descriptive of her people and country. The poem is beautifully published by the Appletons.

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